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CONVERSATIONS WITH ECKERMANN

BEING

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS

On Many Subjects

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

WITH A PREFACE

BY

ECKERMANN

AND SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

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And an INDEX

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

THE author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has told us there are two ways in which a man may dare to be himself: prayer and song. And we may add, there are two ways in which a man may be entrapped into being himself. One is by letters, the other by interviews. Happy is the entrapper, and also deserving of our gratitude. We will erect monuments to the humble Boswell and to Eckermann.

Priceless is the book. We have not merely a dozen or more private interviews with Goethe, even he, the Olympian, but we have almost daily interviews for a period of ten years.

Would the reader like to know Goethe really and truly and intimately, instead of knowing something about him and something round about him? Then, assuredly, go to Eckermann. There are masterpieces and something still better, the head and heart of the master. There are classics of official philosophy and there are classics of secret counsel and intimate and infinite wisdom. We often prefer the latter, and of the latter, some are worldly like Chesterfield, some are eternal like Goethe, and I would say to the American, "Brother, give Chesterfield to our sons. Let us have a few gentlemen in the new world. Brother, give Goethe's "Conversations" to our sons; let us have a few gods in the new world."

The work goes on like a diary. "Sat., Oct. 25, 1823. At twilight I passed half an hour at Goethe's. I found him in a singularly gentle mood, as one who is quite filled with a celestial peace, or who is recalling a delicious happiness which he has enjoyed, and which again floats before his soul in all its fulness."

What was the cause of this happiness?

Two days later we find the following entry which tells us:—

"Stadlemann brought in two wax lights which he set down on the table. Goethe desired me to sit down and he would give me something to read. And what should this be but his newest, dearest poem, his 'Elegy from Marianbad?'"

"Immediately after Goethe's return from Marianbad, the report had been spread that he had there made the acquaintance of a young lady, equally charming in mind and person, and had been inspired with a passion for her. When her voice was heard in the Bunnen-Allee he had always seized his hat and hastened down to join her. He had missed no opportunity of being in her society, and had passed happy days. The parting had been very painful, and he had in this excited state written a most beautiful poem which, however, he looked upon as a sort of consecrated thing, and kept hid from every eye."

This paragraph will have its enemies. Man looks at the outside. God looks at the heart. Let us not evade the question of Goethe's heart, for it has been the bone of contention through the whole century. The "Quarterly Review" does not understand it, nor does the "Edinburgh," neither does any woman,—yet Lewes says that the heart of Goethe, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew.

What is the true heart then? It is the heart of Romeo, of Othello, of Mark Antony; it is the devotion of a negro woman, an Irish mother, a faithful dog. That Goethe had this true heart will appear when, if ever, we shall see the biography of Christine, his wife. We always forget that. We have never asked her. But the truth is we have here properly no question of the love passion, but rather the principle of artistic sympathy.

Let us see how this is. I go out for a morning walk, I observe a charming girl reaping rye, I unite myself to her and the result is a spiritual child, "The Highland Reaper." To-morrow it is "Alice Fell," the next day it is "Johanna." Again it is a daisy, a mountain lamb, a skylark. Such is the way of Wordsworth.

Shelley spiritually weds the beautiful nun behind the bars, and to them a child is born called "Epipsychidion." Keats falls in love with a nightingale and the offspring is an ode most famous. Burns, the peasant, weds a mouse, a daisy, a louse. Goethe, high born, *hofrath*, court counselor, chooses noble ladies or fair maidens; the principle is the same. It was laid down long ago by Dante and Petrarch. As for Goethe, is it not perfectly certain that, with the exception of Christine, he never loved anybody, that is to say, he loved everybody — as Wordsworth did. Goethe is the Architect in his own "Elective Affinities." "High above all, Solger placed the Architect, because while all the other persons show themselves loving and weak, he alone remains strong and free."

"The beauty of his nature is such, the poet has made him so noble, that he COULD not fall into the bewilderments of love."

The common nature "loves," "falls," and propagates; the noble nature sympathizes, rises, and creates.

Ulrike von Levetzow, the heroine of Marianbad, was still living in 1898.

The time is out of joint for Marianbad elegies or any other. Who is this poet, after all? "*Le plus grand des critiques modernes et de tous les temps*,"— the greatest critic of modern times and of all time.

This book reveals the mysteries of our souls and renders us sensible to the wonders of the external world. We see in him how the master ordered his life in accord with that vast intelligence, that universality of taste, we see how by supreme ordinance he works to make of himself the most noble and complete creature possible. He builds upon the solid ground of nature. No poesies in the air, nor thoughts in the air. Even his aphorisms are not universals; though they are hardly of the nature of apothegms, they apply to the time, place, and object. His first master was Ovid, his last was Homer; some of his watchwords are "health" and "manly" and "activity" and "culture."

He is a Man, a Universal. An English writer has said that Wordsworth was like a mountain, but Goethe was like a whole range. Wordsworth was poet, but Goethe was poet,

dramatist, novelist, critic, botanist, physicist, zoologist, art collector, archæologist and court counselor. As in Leonardo da Vinci, Goethe's many-faceted *entelechia* is the germ out of which has sprouted half a dozen trees. It would take seven specialists to write the biography of Leonardo, and more to write that of Goethe, and where is the living man who can deal with the *Farbenlehr* or with the plant morphology, or with the "Elective Affinities"? He is the father of the whole nineteenth century, and may be of the twentieth century also. He is of the breed of Lorenzo di Medici, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Napoleon: he is *l'homme*, the MAN, the *Uomo universale* born in Germany, the every-compartment-full man, the Universal, the *göttliche*. Goethe and Napoleon, spiritual and temporal powers, exceed the normal on their wave as Aristotle and Alexander exceed the normal upon their wave.

He has been called happy. Goethe was happy in his birth, his ancestry, his make-up; fortunate in his breeding and circumstances, fortunate in his position and destiny, fortunate in his epoch, riding on a great classic wave; happy in the glory of a second summer, a second life. He belongs to two centuries, and we think of him as a Nineteenth Century man, whereas he was the youngest of the Eighteenth Century brood, and by birth belongs to the *Siècle de Voltaire*, not to the century of Darwin and Edison. He has been called the Conqueror of his century. This book is the very wine of Goethe's life. Here we have the essence of his views of man, love, God, life, mind, conduct, culture, morals, polities, art, nature, chief end. Where shall we find another complete guide like this?

Wallace Wood

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS collection of "Conversations with Goethe" took its rise chiefly from an impulse, natural to my mind, to appropriate to myself by writing any part of my experience which strikes me as valuable or remarkable.

Moreover, I felt constantly the need of instruction, not only when I first met with that extraordinary man, but also after I had lived with him for years; and I loved to seize on the import of his words, and to note it down, that I might possess them for the rest of my life.

When I think how rich and full were the communications by which he made me so happy for a period of nine years, and now observe how small a part I have retained in writing, I seem to myself like a child who, endeavoring to catch the refreshing spring shower with open hands, finds that the greater part of it runs through his fingers.

But, as the saying is that books have their destiny, and as this applies no less to the origin of a book than to its subsequent appearance in the broad wide world, so we may use it with regard to the origin of this present book. Whole months often passed away, while the stars were unpropitious, and ill health, business, or various toils needful to daily existence, prevented me from writing a single line; but then again kindly stars arose, and health, leisure, and the desire to write, combined to help me a good step forward. And then, where persons are long domesticated together, where will there not be intervals of indifference; and where is he who knows always how to prize the present at its due rate?

I mention these things to excuse the frequent and important gaps which the reader will find, if he is inclined to read the book in chronological order. To such gaps belong much that is good, but is now lost, especially many favorable words spoken by Goethe of his widely scattered friends, as well as of the works of various living German authors, while other remarks of a similar kind have been noted down. But, as I said

before, books have their destinies even at the time of their origin.

For the rest, I consider that which I have succeeded in making my own in these two volumes, and which I have some title to regard as the ornament of my own existence, with deep-felt gratitude as the gift of Providence, and I have a certain confidence that the world with which I share it will also feel gratitude toward me.

I think that these conversations not only contain many valuable explanations and instructions on science, art, and practical life, but that these sketches of Goethe, taken directly from life, will be especially serviceable in completing the portrait which each reader may have formed of Goethe from his manifold works.

Still, I am far from imagining that the whole internal Goethe is here adequately portrayed. We may, with propriety, compare this extraordinary mind and man to a many-sided diamond, which in each direction shines with a different hue. And as, under different circumstances and with different persons, he became another being, so I, too, can only say, in a very modest sense, this is MY Goethe. Perhaps, too, the reader will find much here which at first sight seems unimportant. But if, on looking deeper, he perceive that such trifles often lead to something important, or serve as a foundation to something which comes afterward, or contribute some slight touch to a delineation of character, these may be, if not sanctified, at least excused, as a sort of necessity. Now when that voice has been hushed for years I have found, in hours of reverie, my inspiration arise from my delight in that great man; the details of thought and of oral expression were again fresh, as if I had experienced them yesterday. The living Goethe was again there: I again heard the peculiarly charming sound of his voice, to which no other can compare. I saw him again in the evening, with his black frock and star, jesting, laughing, and cheerfully conversing amid the social circle in his well-lighted room. Another day, when the weather was fine, he was with me in the carriage in his brown surtout, and blue cloth cap, with his light gray cloak laid over his knees; there he was, with

his countenance brown and healthy as the fresh air; his words freely flowing forth, and sounding above the noise of the wheels. Or I saw myself in the evening by the quiet taper light again transported into his study, where he sat opposite to me at his table, in his white flannel dressing gown, mild as the impression of a well-spent day. We talked about things good and great: he set before me the noblest part of his own nature, and his mind kindled my own — the most perfect harmony existed between us. He extended his hand to me across the table, and I pressed it: I then took a full glass which stood by me, and which I drank to him without uttering a word, my glances being directed into his eyes across the wine.

Thus was I again associated with him as in actual life, and his words again sounded to me as of old.

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE

1822

Tues., Dec. 3.

At an evening party at Goethe's, Herren Riemer, Coudray, and Meyer, Goethe's son, and Frau von Goethe, were among those assembled.

The students at Jena are in an uproar, and a company of artillery has been sent to quiet them. Riemer read a collection of songs, which were prohibited, and which had thus given occasion or pretext to the revolt. All these songs, being read aloud, received decisive applause, on account of the great talent they displayed. Goethe himself thought well of them, and promised me a private inspection of them.

After we had spent some time in examining copperplates and valuable books, Goethe, to our great delight, read to us the poem of "Charon." I could not but admire the clear, distinct, and energetic manner in which Goethe read the poem. I have never heard so beautiful a declamation. What fire! what a glance! and what a voice! Alternately like thunder, and then soft and mild. Perhaps, in some parts, he displayed too much force for the small room in which we were assembled; but yet there was nothing in his delivery which we could wish otherwise. Goethe afterward conversed upon literature, and upon his works, also upon Madame de Staël, and kindred subjects. He is at present occupied with the translation and arrangement of the fragments of the "Phaëton" of Euripides. He began this work about a year ago, and has lately resumed it.

Mon., Feb. 9.

THIS evening at Goethe's, whom I found alone, in conversation with Meyer. I perused an album belonging to bygone times, containing the handwriting of several renowned men, such as Luther, Erasmus, Mosheim, and others. The last mentioned has written, in Latin, the following remarkable words: "Renown is a source of toil and sorrow; obscurity is a source of happiness."

Mon., Feb. 23.—Goethe has been for some days dangerously ill; yesterday he lay in a hopeless condition. To-day, however, a crisis has arrived, by which he appears to be saved. Still, this morning he said that he considered himself lost; later, at noon, he seemed to hope that he might recover; and again, in the evening, he said that, if he escaped, it must be allowed that, for an old man, he had played too high a game.

Tues., Feb. 24.—This day has been an anxious one on account of Goethe, because there was not at noon the same improvement in him which was observable yesterday. In a paroxysm of weakness he said to his daughter-in-law, "I feel that the moment is come in which the struggle between life and death begins within me." Still, in the evening the invalid retained his full intellectual consciousness, and even displayed a playful levity. "You are too timid with your remedies," said he to Rehbein; "you spare me too much: when one has a patient like me to deal with, one must set to work a little in the Napoleon fashion." Thereupon he drank off a cup of decoction of arnica, which, employed by Huschke at the most dangerous moment yesterday, had brought on the favorable crisis. Goethe gave a beautiful description of this plant, and extolled its powerful effect to the skies. He was told that the physicians would not allow the grand duke to see him: "Were I the grand duke," exclaimed Goethe, "I would have asked a great

deal, and troubled myself a great deal about you." At a moment when he felt better, and when his chest appeared less oppressed, he spoke with facility and clear intelligence, whereupon Rehbein whispered in the ear of a bystander: "A better respiration generally brings with it a better inspiration." Goethe, who heard this, immediately exclaimed, very pleasantly, "I knew that long ago; but this truth does not apply to you, you rogue."

Goethe sat upright in his bed, facing the open door of his workroom, where his nearest friends were assembled without his knowledge. His features appeared to me little altered; his voice was clear and distinct, still there was a solemnity in its tone like that of a dying man. "You seem to believe," said he to his children, "that I am better, but you deceive yourselves." We endeavored playfully to reason him out of his apprehensions, and he appeared to take it in good part. More persons were constantly entering the chamber, which appeared to me by no means desirable, for the presence of so many people would needlessly deteriorate the air, and hinder the attendants on the patient. I could not forbear to speak of it and went down into the lower room, whence I issued my bulletins to her imperial highness.

Wed., Feb. 25. — Goethe has caused an account to be given of the treatment which has been employed toward him up to the present time; he has also read a list of the persons who have made inquiries concerning the state of his health, of whom the number daily was very great. He afterward received the grand duke, and did not appear fatigued by his visit. I found fewer persons in his workroom to-day; whereupon I observed, to my joy, that my remark yesterday had been productive of some good. Now that the disease is removed, people seem to dread the consequences. His left hand is swollen, and there appear threatening precursors of the dropsy. We shall not know for some days what will be the final result of the illness. To-day, for the first time, Goethe has inquired after one of his friends; namely, his oldest friend Meyer. He wished to show him a scarce medal which he has received from Bohemia, and with which he is enraptured.

I came at twelve o'clock; and when Goethe heard that I had arrived, he had me called to his side. He gave me his hand, saying, "You see in me one risen from the dead." He then commissioned me to thank her imperial highness for the sympathy which she had shown him during his illness. "My recovery will be very slow," he added; "but to the physicians, notwithstanding, belongs the honor of having worked a little miracle upon me."

After a few minutes I withdrew. His color is good; only he has much fallen away, and still breathes with some pain. It appeared to me that he spoke with greater difficulty than yesterday. The swelling of the left arm is very conspicuous. He keeps his eyes closed, and only opens them when he speaks.

Mon., Mar. 2. — This evening at Goethe's, whom I had not seen for several days. He sat in his armchair, and had with him his daughter and Riemer. He was strikingly better. His voice had recovered its natural tone; his breathing was free; his hand was no longer swollen; his appearance again was what it had been in a state of health; and his conversation was easy. He rose and walked, without effort, into his sleeping room and back. We took tea with him; and as this was the first time, I playfully reproached Frau von Goethe with having forgotten to place a nosegay on the tea tray. Frau von Goethe directly took a colored ribbon from her hat, and bound it on the tea urn. This joke appeared to give Goethe much pleasure.

We afterward examined a collection of imitated jewels, which the grand duke had received from Paris.

Sat., Mar. 22. — To-day, in celebration of Goethe's recovery, his "Tasso" was represented at the theatre with a prologue by Riemer, spoken by Frau von Heigendorf. His bust was adorned with a crown of laurel, amid the loud exclamations of the excited spectators. After the performance was over, Frau von Heigendorf went to Goethe's. She was still in the costume of Leonora, and presented to Goethe the crown of Tasso; which he took, to adorn with it the bust of the Grand Duchess Alexandra.

Wed., Apr. 1.—I brought Goethe, from her imperial highness, a number of the French "*Journal des Modes,*" in which a translation of his works was discussed. On this occasion we conversed on "*Rameau's Neffe*" (Rameau's Nephew), the original of which has long been lost. Many Germans believe that the original never existed, and that it is all Goethe's own invention. Goethe, however, affirms that it would have been impossible for him to imitate Diderot's spirited style and manner, and that the German "Rameau" is nothing but a very faithful translation.

Fri., Apr. 3.—A portion of this evening was passed at Goethe's, in company with Herr Coudray, the government architect. We talked about the theatre, and the improvements which have taken place in it lately. "I have remarked it without going there," said Goethe, laughing. "Two months ago my children always came home in an ill humor; they were never satisfied with the entertainment which had been provided. But now they have turned over a new leaf; they come with joyful countenances, BECAUSE FOR ONCE AND AWAY THEY CAN HAVE A GOOD CRY. Yesterday, they owed this 'pleasure in weeping' to a drama by Kotzebue."

Wed., Apr. 13.—This evening alone with Goethe. We talked about literature, Lord Byron, his "Sardanapalus" and "Werner." We then came to "Faust," a subject on which Goethe frequently and willingly speaks. He wished that it might be translated into French, in the style of Marot's period. He considers it as the source whence Byron derived the tone of his "Manfred." Goethe thinks that Byron has made decided progress in his two last tragedies; because in these he appears less gloomy and misanthropical. We afterward spoke about the text of "*Zauberflöte,*" to which Goethe has written a sequel; but he has not yet found a composer to treat the subject properly. He admits that the well-known first part is full of improbabilities and jests which every one cannot understand and appreciate; still we must at all events allow that the author understood, to a high degree, the art of producing great theatrical effects by means of CONTRASTS.

Weimar, June 10. — I arrived here a few days ago, but did not see Goethe till to-day. He received me with great cordiality; and the impression he made on me was such, that I consider this day as one of the happiest in my life.

The interior of the house made a very pleasant impression upon me; without being showy, everything was extremely simple and noble; even the casts from antique statues, placed upon the stairs, indicated Goethe's especial partiality for plastic art, and for Grecian antiquity. I saw several ladies moving busily about in the lower part of the house, and one of Ottilie's beautiful boys, who came familiarly up to me, and looked fixedly in my face.

After I had cast a glance around, I ascended the stairs, with the very talkative servant, to the first floor. He opened a room, on the threshold of which the motto SALVE was stepped over as a good omen of a friendly welcome. He led me through this apartment and opened another, somewhat more spacious, where he requested me to wait, while he went to announce me to his master. The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet: the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano; and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes.

Through an open door opposite, one looked into a farther room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and his presence, and could say little or nothing.

He began by speaking of my manuscript. "I have just come from YOU," said he; "I have been reading your writing all the morning; it needs no recommendation — it recommends itself." He praised the clearness of the style, the flow of the thought, and the peculiarity, that all rested on a solid basis, and had been thoroughly considered. "I will soon forward it," said he; "to-day I shall write to Cotta

by post, and send him the parcel to-morrow." I thanked him with words and looks.

We then talked of my proposed excursion. I told him that my design was to go into the Rhineland, where I intended to stay at a suitable place, and write something new. First, however, I would go to Jena, and there await Herr von Cotta's answer.

Goethe asked whether I had acquaintance in Jena. I replied that I hoped to come in contact with Herr von Knebel; on which he promised me a letter which would insure me a more favorable reception. "And, indeed," said he, "while you are in Jena, we shall be near neighbors, and can see or write to one another as often as we please."

We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him — I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.

He then spoke of my letter, and remarked that I was perfectly right, and that, if one can treat ONE matter with clearness, one is fitted for many things besides.

"No one can tell what turn this may take," said he; "I have many good friends in Berlin, and have lately thought of you in that quarter." Here he smiled pleasantly to himself. He then pointed out to me what I ought now to see in Weimar, and said he would desire secretary Kräuter to be my *cicerone*. Above all, I must not fail to visit the theatre. He asked me where I lodged, saying that he should like to see me once more, and would send for me at a suitable time.

We bade each other an affectionate farewell; I was supremely happy; for every word of his spoke kindness, and I felt that he was thoroughly well-intentioned toward me.

Wed., June 11.— This morning I received a card from Goethe, written by his own hand, desiring me to come to him. I went and stayed an hour. He seemed quite a different man from that of yesterday, and had the impetuous and decided manner of a youth.

He entered, bringing two thick books. "It is not well," said he, "that you should go from us so soon; let us become better acquainted. I wish more ample opportunity to see and talk with you. But as the field of generalities is so wide, I have thought of something in particular, which may serve as a groundwork for intercourse. These two volumes contain the '*Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen*' (Frankfort Literary Notices) of the years 1772 and 1773, among which are almost all my little *critiques* written at that time. These are not marked; but as you are familiar with my style and tone of thought, you will easily distinguish them from the others. I would have you examine somewhat more closely these youthful productions, and tell me what you think of them. I wish to know whether they deserve a place in a future edition of my works. From my present self these things stand so far, that I have no judgment about them. But you younger people can tell whether they are to you of any value, and how far they suit our present literary point of view. I have already had copies taken of them which you can have by and by to compare with the originals. Afterward, by a careful survey, we might ascertain whether here and there some trifle might not be left out, or touched up with advantage, and without injuring the general character of the whole."

I replied that I would gladly make the attempt, and that nothing could gratify me more than to proceed according to his intention.

"You will find yourself perfectly competent," said he, "when you have once entered on the employment; it will come quite naturally to you."

He then told me that he intended to set off for Marienbad in a week, and that he should be glad if I could remain at Weimar till then; that we might see one another in the meantime, and become better acquainted.

"I wish too," said he, "that you would not merely pass a few days or weeks in Jena, but would live there all the summer, till I return from Marienbad toward the autumn. Already I have written about a lodging for you, and other things of the kind necessary to make your stay convenient and pleasant.

"You will find there the most various resources and means for further studies, and a very cultivated social circle; besides, the country presents so many aspects, that you may take fifty walks, each different from the others, each pleasant, and almost all suited for undisturbed meditation. You will find there plenty of leisure and opportunity to write many new things for yourself, and also to accomplish my designs."

I could make no objection to such good proposals, and consented joyfully to them all. When I departed he was especially amiable, and he fixed another hour the day after to-morrow for further converse.

Mon., June 16.—I have lately been frequently with Goethe. To-day, we talked principally of business. I declared my opinion also of his Frankfort criticisms, calling them echoes of his academic years, an expression which seemed to please him, as marking the point of view from which these youthful productions should be regarded.

He then gave me the first eleven numbers of "*Kunst und Alterthum*," * that I might take them with me to Jena, together with the Frankfort *critiques* as a second task.

"It is my wish," said he, "that you should study carefully these numbers, and not only make a general index of contents, but also set down what subjects are not to be looked upon as concluded, that I may thus see at once what threads I have to take up again and spin longer. This will be a great assistance to me, and so far an advantage to you, that, in this practical way, you will more keenly observe and apprehend the import of each particular treaties, than by common perusal, regulated solely by inclination."

I found these remarks judicious, and said that I would willingly undertake this labor also.

* Art and Antiquity.

Thurs., June 19.— I was to have gone to Jena to-day; but Goethe yesterday requested earnestly that I would stay till Sunday, and then go by the post. He gave me yesterday the letters of recommendation, and also one for the family of Frommann. "You will enjoy their circle," said he; "I have passed many delightful evenings there. Jean Paul, Tieck, the Schlegels, and all the other distinguished men of Germany, have visited there, and always with delight; and even now it is the union point of many learned men, *artistes*, and other persons of note. In a few weeks, write to me at Marienbad, that I may know how you are going on, and how you are pleased with Jena. I have requested my son to visit you there during my absence."

I felt very grateful to Goethe for so much care, and was very happy to see that he regarded me as one of his own, and wished me to be so considered.

Saturday, the 21st of June, I bade farewell to Goethe, and on the following day went to Jena, where I established myself in a rural dwelling, with very good, respectable people. In the families of von Knebel and Frommann, I found, on Goethe's recommendation, a cordial reception and very instructive society. I made the best possible progress with the work I had taken with me, and had, besides, the pleasure of receiving a letter from Herr von Cotta, in which he not only declared himself ready to publish my manuscript which had been sent him, but promised me a handsome remuneration, adding that I myself should superintend the printing at Jena.

Thus my subsistence was secured for at least a year, and I felt the liveliest desire to produce something new at this time, and so to found my future prosperity as an author. I hoped that I had already, in my "*Beiträge zur Poesie*," come to an end with theory and criticism; I had in them endeavored to get clear views as to the principal laws of art, and my whole inner nature now urged me to a practical application. I had plans for innumerable poems, both long and short, also for dramas of various sorts; and I had now, as I thought, only to think which

way I should turn, to produce one after the other, with some degree of convenience to myself.

I was not long content in Jena; my life there was too quiet and uniform. I longed for a great city, where there was not only a good theatre, but where a popular life was developed on a great scale, that I might seize upon important elements of life, and advance my own mental culture as rapidly as possible. In such a town, too, I hoped to live quite unobserved, and to be free always to isolate myself for completely undisturbed production.

Meanwhile, I had sketched the index which Goethe wished for the first four volumes of "*Kunst und Alterthum*," and sent it to Marienbad with a letter, in which I openly expressed my plans and wishes. I received in answer the following lines:—

"The index arrived just at the right time, and corresponds precisely with my wishes and intentions. Let me, when I return, find the Frankfort criticisms arranged in a like manner, and receive my best thanks, which I already silently pay beforehand, by carrying about with me your views, situation, wishes, aims, and plans, so that, on my return, I may be able to discuss more solidly your future welfare. To-day I will say no more. My departure from Marienbad gives me much to think of and to do, while my stay, all too brief, with persons of interest, occasions painful feelings.

"May I find you in that state of tranquil activity, from which, after all, views of the world and experiences are evolved in the surest and purest manner. Farewell. Rejoice with me in the anticipation of a prolonged and more intimate acquaintance. GOETHE.

"MARIENBAD, Aug. 14, 1823."

By these lines of Goethe's, the reception of which made me extremely happy, I felt tranquilized as to the future. They determined me to take no step for myself, but to be wholly resigned to his will and counsel. Meanwhile, I wrote some little poems, finished arranging the Frankfort criticisms, and expressed my opinion of them in a short

treatise, intended for Goethe. I looked forward with eagerness to his return from Marienbad; for my "*Beiträge zur Poesie*" was almost through the press, and I wished, at all events, to refresh myself this autumn, by going for a few weeks to the Rhine.

Jena, Sept. 15.—Goethe is returned safe from Marienbad, but, as his country house in this place is not so convenient as he requires, he will only stay here a few days. He is well and active, so that he can take walks several miles long, and it is truly delightful to see him.

After an interchange of joyful greetings, Goethe commenced speaking on the subject of my affairs:—

"To speak out plainly," he began, "it is my wish that you should pass this winter with me in Weimar." These where his first words. Approaching closer to me, he continued thus:—"With respect to poetry and criticism, you are in the best possible condition. You have a natural foundation for them. They are your profession, to which you must adhere, and which will soon bring you a good livelihood. But yet there is much, not strictly appertaining to this department, which you ought to know. It is, however, a great point that you should not expend much time upon this, but get over it quickly. This you shall do with us this winter in Weimar, and you will wonder to find what progress you have made by Easter. You shall have the best of everything; because the best means are in my hands. Thus you will have laid a firm foundation for life. You will have attained a feeling of comfort, and will be able to appear anywhere with confidence."

I was much pleased by this proposal, and replied, that I would regulate myself entirely by his views and wishes.

"With a home in my neighborhood," continued Goethe, "I will provide you; you shall pass no unprofitable moment during the whole winter. Much that is good is brought together in Weimar, and you will gradually find, in the higher circles, a society equal to the best in any of the great cities. Besides, many eminent men are personally connected with me. With them you will gradually make acquaintance, and you will find their conversation in the highest degree useful and instructive."

Goethe then mentioned many distinguished men, indicating, in a few words, the peculiar merits of each.

"Where else," he continued, "would you find so much good in such a narrow space? We also possess an excellent library, and a theatre which, in the chief requisites, does not yield to the best in other German towns. Therefore, — I repeat it, — stay with us, and not only this winter, but make Weimar your home. From thence proceed highways to all quarters of the globe. In summer you can travel, and see, by degrees, what you wish. I have lived there fifty years; and where have I not been? But I was always glad to return to Weimar."

I was very happy in being again with Goethe, and hearing him talk, and I felt that my whole soul was devoted to him. If I could only have THEE, thought I, all else will go well with me. So I repeated to him the assurance that I was ready to do whatever he, after weighing the circumstances of my peculiar situation, should think right.

Jena, Thurs., Sept. 18. — Yesterday morning, before Goethe's return to Weimar, I had the happiness of another interview with him. What he said at that time was quite important; to me it was quite invaluable, and will have a beneficial influence on all my life. All the young poets of Germany should know it, as it may be of great profit to them.

He introduced the conversation by asking me whether I had written any poems this summer. I replied that I had indeed written some, but that on the whole I lacked the feeling of ease requisite for production.

"Beware," said he, "of attempting a large work. It is exactly that which injures our best minds, even those distinguished by the finest talents and the most earnest efforts. I have suffered from this cause, and know how much it injured me. What have I not let fall into the well? If I had written all that I well might, a hundred volumes would not contain it.

"The Present will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings which daily press upon the poet will and should be expressed. But, if you have a great work in your head, nothing else thrives near it, all other thoughts are repelled, and the pleasantness of life itself is for the time lost. What

exertion and expenditure of mental force are required to arrange and round off a great whole, and then what powers, and what a tranquil, undisturbed situation in life, to express it with the proper fluency. If you have erred as to the whole, all your toil is lost; and further, if, in treating so extensive a subject, you are not perfectly master of your material in the details, the whole will be defective, and censure will be incurred. Thus, for all his toil and sacrifice, the poet gets, instead of reward and pleasure, nothing but discomfort and a paralysis of his powers. But if he daily seizes the present, and always treats with a freshness of feeling what is offered him, he always makes sure of something good, and if he sometimes does not succeed, has, at least, lost nothing.

"There is August Hagen, in Königsberg, a splendid talent: have you ever read his 'Olfried and Lisena?' There you may find passages which could not be better; the situations on the Baltic, and the other particulars of that locality are all masterly. But these are only fine passages; as a whole, it pleases nobody. And what labor and power he has lavished upon it; indeed, he has almost exhausted himself. Now, he has been writing a tragedy." Here Goethe smiled, and paused for a moment. I took up the discourse, and said that, if I was not mistaken, he had advised Hagen (in "*Kunst und Alterthum*") to treat only small subjects. "I did so, indeed," he replied; "but do people conform to the instructions of us old ones? Each thinks he must know best about himself, and thus many are lost entirely, and many for a long time go astray. Now it is no more the time to blunder about — THAT belonged to us old ones; and what was the use of all our seeking and blundering, if you young people choose to go the very same way over again. In this way we can never get on at all. Our errors were endured because we found no beaten path; but from him who comes later into the world more is required; he must not be seeking and blundering, but should use the instructions of the old ones to proceed at once on the right path. It is not enough to take steps which may some day lead to a goal; each step must be itself a goal and a step likewise.

"Carry these words about with you, and see how you can apply them to yourself. Not that I really feel uneasy about you, but perhaps by my advice I help you quickly over a period which is not suitable to your present situation. If you treat, at present, only small subjects, freshly dashing off what every day offers you, you will generally produce something good, and each day will bring you pleasure. Give what you do to the pocket-books and periodicals, but never submit yourself to the requisition of others; always follow your own sense.

"The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be occasional* poems; that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. A particular case becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet. All my poems are occasional poems, suggested by real life, and having therein a firm foundation. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air.

"Let no one say that reality wants poetical interest; for in this the poet proves his vocation, that he has the art to win from a common subject an interesting side. Reality must give the motive, the points to be expressed, the kernel, as I may say; but to work out of it a beautiful, animated whole, belongs to the poet. You know Fürnstein, called the Poet of Nature; he has written the prettiest poem possible, on the cultivation of hops. I have now proposed to him to make songs for the different crafts of workingmen, particularly a weaver's song, and I am sure he will do it well, for he has lived among such people from his youth; he understands the subject thoroughly, and is therefore master of his material. That is exactly the advantage of small works; you need only choose those sub-

*The word "*Gelegenheitsgedicht*" (occasional poem) properly applies to poems written for special occasions, such as birthdays, weddings, etc., but Goethe here extends the meaning, as he himself explains. As the English word "occasional" often implies no more than "occurrence now and then," the phrase "occasional poem" is not very happy, and is only used for want of a better. The reader must conceive the word in the limited sense, produced on some special event.—TRANS.

jects of which you are master. With a great poem, this cannot be: no part can be evaded; all which belongs to the animation of the whole, and is interwoven into the plan, must be represented with precision. In youth, however, the knowledge of things is only one-sided. A great work requires many-sidedness, and on that rock the young author splits."

I told Goethe that I had contemplated writing a great poem upon the seasons, in which I might interweave the employments and amusements of all classes. "Here is the very case in point," replied Goethe; "you may succeed in many parts, but fail in others which refer to what you have not duly investigated. Perhaps you would do the fisherman well, and the huntsman ill; and if you fail anywhere, the whole is a failure, however good single parts may be, and you have not produced a perfect work. Give separately the single parts to which you are equal, and you make sure of something good.

"I especially warn you against great inventions of your own; for then you would try to give a view of things, and for that purpose youth is seldom ripe. Further, character and views detach themselves as sides from the poet's mind, and deprive him of the fullness requisite for future productions. And, finally, how much time is lost in invention, internal arrangement, and combination, for which nobody thanks us, even supposing our work is happily accomplished.

"With a GIVEN material, on the other hand, all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fullness, for he needs to part with but little of himself, and there is much less loss of time and power, since he has only the trouble of execution. Indeed, I would advise the choice of subjects which have been worked before. How many Iphigenias have been written! Yet they are all different, for each writer considers and arranges the subject differently; namely, after his own fashion.

"But, for the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and

for the attainment of this, the working out of small subjects is the best expedient."

During this conversation, we had been walking up and down the room. I could do nothing but assent, for I felt the truth of each word through my whole being. At each step I felt lighter and happier, for I must confess that various grand schemes, of which I had not as yet been able to take a clear view, had been no little burden to me. I have now thrown them aside, and shall let them rest till I can take up and sketch off one subject and one part after another in cheerfulness, as by study of the world I gradually become master of the several parts of the material.

I feel, through these words of Goethe's, several years wiser, and perceive, in the very depths of my soul, the good fortune of meeting with a true master. The advantage is incalculable.

What shall I not learn from him this winter! what shall I not gain merely from intercourse with him, even in times when he does not speak what is so very important! His personality, his mere presence, seeme to educate me, even when he does not speak a word.

Weimar, Thurs., Oct. 2.—I came here yesterday from Jena, favored by very agreeable weather. Immediately after my arrival, Goethe, by way of welcoming me to Weimar, sent me a season ticket for the theater. I passed yesterday in making my domestic arrangements; and the rather, as they were very busy at Goethe's; for the French Ambassador from Frankfort, Count Reinhard, and the Prussian State Councilor (*Staatsrath*) Schultz, from Berlin, had come to visit him.

This forenoon I was again at Goethe's. He was rejoiced to see me, and was in every way kind and amiable. As I was about to take my leave, he said he would first make me acquainted with the State Councilor, Schultz. He took me into the next room, where I found that gentleman busy in looking at the works of art, introduced me, and then left us together for further discourse.

"I am very glad," said Schultz, "that you are to stay in Weimar, and assist Goethe in arranging his unpublished

works. He has been telling me how much advantage he promises himself from your assistance, and that he now hopes to complete many new plans."

I replied that I had no other aim in life than to aid German literature; and that, in the hope of being useful here, I had willingly laid aside, for the present, my own literary designs. I added, that a practical intercourse with Goethe would have a most favorable effect on my own culture. I hoped, by this means, to gain a certain maturity in some years, and thus, in the end, better to perform those tasks for which I was at present less perfectly prepared.

"Certainly," replied Schultz, "the personal influence of so extraordinary a man and a master as Goethe is quite invaluable. I, too, have come hither to refresh myself once more from his great mind."

He then inquired about the printing of my book, concerning which Goethe had written to him last summer. I said that I hoped, in a few days, to receive the first copies from Jena, and would not fail to present him with one, and to send it to Berlin, if he should not be here.

We separated with a cordial shake of the hand.

Tues., Oct. 14.—This evening I went for the first time to a large tea party at Goethe's. I arrived first, and enjoyed the view of the brilliantly lighted apartments, which, through open doors, led one into the other. In one of the furthest, I found Goethe, who came to meet me, with a cheerful air. He was dressed in black, and wore his star, which became him so well. We were for a while alone, and went into the so-called "covered room" (*Deckenzimmer*), where the picture of the Aldobrandine Marriage, which was hung above a red couch, especially attracted my attention. On the green curtains being drawn aside, the picture was before my eyes in a broad light, and I was delighted to contemplate it quietly.

"Yes," said Goethe, "the ancients had not only great intentions, but they carried them into effect. On the contrary, we moderns have also great intentions, but are seldom able to bring them out with such power and freshness as we have thought them."

Now came Riemer, Meyer, Chancellor von Müller, and many other distinguished gentlemen and ladies of the court. Goethe's son and Frau von Goethe, with whom I was now for the first time made acquainted, also entered. The rooms filled gradually, and there was life and cheerfulness in them all. Some pretty youthful foreigners were present, with whom Goethe spoke French.

The society pleased me, all were so free and unconstrained; each stood or sat, laughed and talked with this person and that, just as he pleased. I had a lively conversation with young Goethe about Houwald's "*Bild*" (picture),* which was given a few days since. We had the same opinion about the piece, and I was greatly pleased to see this young man expound the different points with so much animation and intelligence.

Goethe himself appeared very amiable in society. He went about from one to another, and seemed to prefer listening, and hearing his guests talk, to talking much himself. Frau von Goethe would often come and lean upon him, and kiss him. I had lately said to him that I enjoyed the theatre highly, and that I felt great pleasure in giving myself up to the impression of the piece, without reflecting much upon it. This to him seemed right, and suited to my present state.

He came to me with Frau von Goethe. "This is my daughter-in-law," said he; "do you know each other?"

We told him that we had just become acquainted.

"He is as much a child about a theatre as you, Ottilie!" said he; and we exchanged congratulations upon this taste which we had in common. "My daughter," continued he, "never misses an evening."

"That is all very well," said I, "as long as they give good lively pieces; but when the pieces are bad, they try the patience."

"But," said Goethe, "it is a good thing that you cannot leave, but are forced to hear and see even what is bad. By this means, you are penetrated with the hatred for the bad, and come to a clearer insight into the good. In reading, it is not so,—you throw aside the book, if it dis-

* A drama of some celebrity.—TRANS.

pleases you; but at the theatre you must endure." I gave my assent, and thought how the old gentleman always said something opportune.

We now separated, and joined the rest, who were loudly and merrily amusing themselves about us,—now in this room, now in that. Goethe went to the ladies, and I joined Riemer and Meyer, who told us much about Italy.

Afterward, Councilor Schmidt seated himself at the piano, and played some of Beethoven's pieces, which seemed to be received with deep sympathy by the company. An intelligent lady then related many interesting particulars respecting Beethoven. Ten o'clock came at last, and thus had passed an extremely pleasant evening.

Sun., Oct. 19.—To-day, I dined for the first time with Goethe. No one was present except Frau von Goethe, Fräulein Ulrica, and little Walter, and thus we were all very comfortable. Goethe appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses. We had much lively chat about the theater, young English people, and other topics of the day; Fräulein Ulrica was especially lively and entertaining. Goethe was generally silent, coming out only now and then with some pertinent remark. From time to time he glanced at the newspaper, now and then reading us some passages, especially about the progress of the Greeks.

They then talked about the necessity of my learning English, and Goethe earnestly advised me to do so, particularly on account of Lord Byron; saying, that a character of such eminence had never existed before, and probably would never come again. They discussed the merits of the different teachers here, but found none with a thoroughly good pronunciation; on which account they deemed it better to go to some young Englishman.

After dinner Goethe showed me some experiments relating to his theory of colors. The subject was, however, new to me; I neither understood the phenomena, nor what he said about them. Nevertheless, I hoped that the future would afford me leisure and opportunity to initiate myself a little into this science.

Tues., Oct. 21.— I went to see Goethe this evening. We talked of his "Pandora." I asked him whether this poem was to be regarded as a whole, or whether there was anything further. He said there was nothing further in existence, and that he had written no more for the very reason that the first part was planned on so large a scale, that he could not afterward get through with a second. Besides, what was done might be regarded as a whole, so he felt quite easy about the matter.

I said that I had only penetrated the meaning of this difficult poem by degrees, namely, after I had read it so many times as almost to know it by heart. Goethe smiled, and said, "I can well believe that; for all its parts are, as one may say, wedged one within another."

I added, that I could not be perfectly satisfied with Schubarth's remarks upon this poem, who found there united all which had been said separately in "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," "Faust," and the "Elective Affinities," thus making the matter very incomprehensible and difficult. "Schubarth," said Goethe, "often goes a little deep, but he is very clever, and all his words are fraught with deep meaning."

We spoke of Uhland, and Goethe said, "When I see great effects, I am apt to suppose great causes; and, with a popularity so extensive as that of Uhland, there must be something superior about him. However, I can scarcely form a judgment as to his poems (*'Gedichte'*). I took up his book with the best intentions, but fell immediately on so many weak and gloomy poems that I could not proceed. I then tried his ballads, where I really did find distinguished talent, and could plainly see that there was some foundation for his celebrity."

I then asked Goethe his opinion as to the kind of verse proper for German tragedy. "People in Germany," he replied, "will scarcely come to an agreement on that point. Every one does just as he likes, and as he finds somewhat suitable to his subject. The iambic trimetre would be the most dignified measure, but it is too long for us Germans, who, for want of epithets, generally find five feet quite enough. The English, on account of their many monosyllables, cannot even get on so far as we do."

Goethe then showed me some copperplates, and afterward talked about old German architecture, adding that, by degrees, he would show me a great deal in this way.

"We see in the works of the old German architecture," he said, "the flower of an extraordinary state of things. Whoever comes immediately close to such a flower, will only stare at it with astonishment; but he who sees into the secret inner life of the plant, into the stirring of its powers, and observes how the flower gradually unfolds itself, sees the matter with quite different eyes — he knows what he sees.

"I will take care that in the course of this winter you attain more insight into this important subject, that when you visit the Rhine next summer, the sight of the Minster of Strasburg and the Cathedral of Cologne may do you some good."

Sat., Oct. 25. — At twilight, I passed half an hour at Goethe's. He sat in a wooden armchair before his table. I found him in a singularly gentle mood, as one who is quite filled with celestial peace, or who is recalling a delicious happiness which he has enjoyed, and which again floats before his soul in all its fullness. Stadelman gave me a seat near him.

We talked of the theatre, which was one of the topics which chiefly interested me this winter. The "*Erdennacht*" (Night on Earth) of Raupach was the last piece I had seen. I gave it as my opinion that the piece was not brought before us as it existed in the mind of the poet; that the Idea was more predominant than Life; that it was rather lyric than dramatic; and that what was spun out through five acts would have been far better in two or three. Goethe added that the idea of the whole which turned upon aristocracy and democracy, was by no means of universal interest to humanity.

I then praised those pieces of Kotzebue's which I had seen — namely, his "*Verwandschaften*" (Affinities), and his "*Versöhnung*" (Reconciliation). I praised in them the quick eye for real life, the dexterity at seizing its interesting side, and the genuine and forcible representation of it. Goethe agreed with me. "What has kept its place for

twenty years, and enjoys the favor of the people," said he, "must have something in it. When Kotzebue contented himself with his own sphere, and did not go beyond his powers, he usually did well. It was the same with him as with Chodowiecky, who always succeeded perfectly with the scenes of common citizens' life, while if he attempted to paint Greek or Roman heroes it proved a failure."

He named several other good pieces of Kotzebue's especially "*die beiden Klinsberge*" (the two Klingsbergs). "None can deny," said he, "that Kotzebue has looked about a great deal in life, and ever kept his eyes open.

"Intellect, and some poetry, cannot be denied to our modern tragic poets, but most of them are incapable of an easy, living representation; they strive after something beyond their powers; and for that reason I might call them FORCED talents."

"I doubt," said I, "whether such poets could write a piece in prose, and am of opinion that this would be the true touchstone of their talent." Goethe agreed with me, adding that versification enhanced, and even called forth poetic feeling.

We then talked about various works. The conversation turned upon his "Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgard to Switzerland," which he has lying by him in three parts, in sheets, and which he will send me, in order that I may read the details, and plan how they may be formed into a whole. "You will see," said he, "that it was all written off on the impulse of the moment; there was no thought of plan or artistical rounding: it was like pouring water from a bucket."

I was pleased with this simile, which seemed very appropriate, to illustrate a thing utterly without plan.

Mon., Oct. 27. — This morning, I was invited to a tea party and concert, which were to be given at Goethe's house this evening. The servant showed me the list of persons to be invited, from which I saw that the company would be very large and brilliant. He said a young Polish lady had arrived, who would play on the piano. I accepted the invitation gladly.

Afterward the bill for the theater was brought, and I saw that the "*Schachmaschine*" (Chess-machine) was to be played. I knew nothing of this piece; but my landlady was so lavish in its praise, that I was seized with a great desire to see it. Besides, I had not been in my best mood all day, and the feeling grew upon me that I was more fit for a merry comedy than for such good society.

In the evening, an hour before the theatre opened, I went to Goethe. All was already in movement throughout the house. As I passed I heard them tuning the piano, in the great room, as preparation for the musical entertainment.

I found Goethe alone in his chamber; he was already dressed, and I seemed to him to have arrived at the right moment. "You shall stay with me here," he said, "and we will entertain one another till the arrival of the others." I thought, "Now I shall not be able to get away: stop, I must; and, though it is very pleasant to be with Goethe alone, yet, when a quantity of strange gentlemen and ladies come, I shall feel quite out of my element."

I walked up and down the room with Goethe. Soon the theatre became the subject of our discourse, and I had an opportunity of repeating that it was to me a source of new delight, especially as I had seen scarce anything in early years, and now almost every piece made quite a fresh impression upon me. "Indeed," added I, "I feel so much about it, that I have had a severe contest with myself, notwithstanding the great attractions of your evening party."

"Well," said Goethe, stopping short, and looking at me with kindness and dignity, "go then; do not constrain yourself; if the lively play this evening suits you best, is more suitable to your mood, go there. You have music here, and that you will often have again." "Then," said I, "I will go; it will, perhaps, do me good to laugh." "Stay with me, however," said Goethe, "till six o'clock: we shall have time to say a word or two."

Stadelman brought in two wax lights, which he set on the table. Goethe desired me to sit down, and he would give me something to read. And what should this be

but his newest, dearest poem, his "Elegy from Marienbad!"

I must here go back a little for a circumstance connected with this poem. Immediately after Goethe's return from Marienbad, the report had been spread that he had there made the acquaintance of a young lady equally charming in mind and person, and had been inspired with a passion for her. When her voice was heard in the Brunnen-Allee, he had always seized his hat, and hastened down to join her. He had missed no opportunity of being in her society, and had passed happy days: the parting had been very painful, and he had, in this excited state, written a most beautiful poem, which, however, he looked upon as a sort of consecrated thing, and kept hid from every eye.

I believed this story, because it not only perfectly accorded with his bodily vigor, but also with the productive force of his mind, and the healthy freshness of his heart. I had long had a great desire to see the poem itself, but naturally felt unwilling to ask Goethe. I had, therefore, to congratulate myself on the fortunate moment which brought it before me.

He had, with his own hand, written these verses, in Roman characters, on fine vellum paper, and fastened them with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

I read it with great delight, and found that every line confirmed the common report. The first verse, however, intimated that the acquaintance was not first made, but only renewed, at this time. The poem revolved constantly on its own axis, and seemed always to return to the point whence it began. The close, wonderfully broken off, made quite a deep and singular impression.

When I had finished, Goethe came to me again. "Well," said he, "there I have shown you something good. But you shall tell me what you think a few days hence." I was very glad that Goethe, by these words, excused me from passing a judgment at the moment; for the impression was too new, and too hastily received, to allow me to say anything that was appropriate.

Goethe promised to let me see it again in some tranquil hour. The time for the theatre had now arrived, and we separated with an affectionate pressure of the hand.

The "Chess-machine" was, perhaps, a good piece, well-acted, but I saw it not — my thoughts were with Goethe. When the play was over, I passed by his house; it was all lighted up; I heard music from within, and regretted that I had not stayed there.

The next day, I was told that the young Polish lady, Madame Szymanowska, in whose honor the party had been given, had played on the piano in most excellent style to the enchantment of the whole company. I learned, also, that Goethe became acquainted with her last summer at Marienbad, and that she had now come to visit him.

At noon, Goethe sent me a little manuscript, "Studies by Zauper," in which I found some very apt remarks. I sent him some poems I had written this summer at Jena, and of which I had spoken to him.

Wed., Oct. 29.—This evening I went to Goethe just as they were lighting the candles. I found him in a very animated state of mind: his eyes sparkled with the reflection of the candlelight; his whole expression was one of cheerfulness, youth, and power.

As he walked up and down with me he began immediately to speak of the poems which I sent him yesterday.

"I understand now," said he, "why you talked to me at Jena, of writing a poem on the seasons. I now advise you to do so; begin at once with Winter. You seem to have a special sense and feeling for natural objects.

"Only two words would I say about your poems. You stand now at that point where you must necessarily break through to the really high and difficult part of art — the apprehension of what is individual. You must do some degree of violence to yourself to get out of the IDEA. You have talent, and have got so far; now you MUST do this. You have lately been at Tiefurt; that might now afford a subject for the attempt. You may perhaps go to Tiefurt and look at it three or four times before you win from it

the characteristic side, and bring all your means (MOTIVE*) together; but spare not your toil; study it throughout, and then represent it; the subject is well worth this trouble. I should have used it long ago, but I could not; for I have lived through those important circumstances, and my being is so interwoven with them, that details press upon me with too great fullness. But you come as a stranger; You let the Castellan tell you the past, and you will see only what is present, prominent, and significant."

I promised to try, but could not deny that this subject seemed to me very far out of my way, and very difficult.

"I know well," said he, "that it is difficult; but the apprehension and representation of the individual is the very life of art. Besides, while you content yourself with generalities, every one can imitate you; but, in the particular, no one can — and why? because no others have experienced exactly the same thing.

"And you need not fear lest what is peculiar should not meet with sympathy. Each character, however peculiar it may be, and each object which you can represent, from the stone up to man, has generality; for there is repetition everywhere, and there is nothing to be found only once in the world.

"At this step of representing what is individual," continued Goethe, "begins, at the same time, what we call composition."

This was not at once clear to me, though I refrained from questions. "Perhaps," thought I, "he means the blending of the Ideal with the Real,— the union of that which is external with that which is innate. But perhaps he means something else." Goethe continued:

"And be sure you put to each poem the date at which you wrote it." I looked at him inquiringly, to know why this was so important. "Your poems will thus serve," he said, "as a diary of your progress. I have done it for many years, and can see its use."

*The word "motive," which is of frequent occurrence in critical disquisition, is exactly defined in Heyse's "*Fremdwörterbuch*," a means in art calculated to produce an effect.—TRANS.

It was now time for the theatre. "So you are going to Finland?" called he, jestingly, after me; for the piece was "*Johann von Finland*" (John of Finland,) by Frau von Weissenthurn.

The piece did not lack effective situations, but it was so overloaded with pathos, and the design was so obvious in every part, that, on the whole, it did not impress me favorably. The last act, however, pleased me much, and reconciled me to the rest.

This piece suggested to me the following remark: Characters which have been but indifferently drawn by the poet gain on the stage, because the actors, as living men, make them living beings, and impart to them some sort of individuality. But the finely drawn characters of the great poet, which already stand out with a sharply marked individuality, must lose on the stage, because actors are not often perfectly fitted for such parts, and very few can completely lay aside their own individualities. If the actor be not the counterpart of the character, or if he do not possess the power of utterly laying aside his own personality, a mixture ensues, and the character loses its purity. Therefore, the play of a really great poet only appears in single figures, just as it was originally intended.

Mon., *Nov. 3.* — I went to Goethe at five o'clock. I heard them, as I came upstairs, laughing very loud, and talking in the great room. The servant said that the Polish lady dined there to-day, and that the company had not yet left the table. I was going away, but he said he had orders to announce me, and that perhaps his master would be glad of my arrival, as it was now late. I let him have his way, and waited a while, after which Goethe came out in a very cheerful mood, and took me to the opposite room. My visit seemed to please him. He had a bottle of wine brought at once, and filled for me and occasionally for himself.

"Before I forget it," said he, looking about the table for something, "let me give you a concert ticket. Madame Szymanowska gives, to-morrow evening, a public concert at the Stadthaus, and you must not fail to be there." I replied that I certainly should not repeat my late folly.

"They say she plays very well," I added. "Admirably," said Goethe. "As well as Hummel?" asked I. "You must remember," said Goethe, "that she is not only a great performer, but a beautiful woman; and this lends a charm to all she does. Her execution is masterly, — astonishing, indeed." "And has she also great power?" said I. "Yes," said he, "great power; and that is what is most remarkable in her, because we do not often find it in ladies." I said that I was delighted with the prospect of hearing her at last.

Secretary Kräuter came in to consult about the library. Goethe, when he left us, praised his talent and integrity in business.

I then turned the conversation to the "Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgard into Switzerland, in 1797," the manuscript of which he had lately given me, and which I had already diligently studied. I spoke of his and Meyer's reflections on the SUBJECTS of plastic art.

"Aye," said Goethe, "what can be more important than the subject, and what is all the science of art without it? All talent is wasted if the subject is unsuitable. It is because modern artists have no worthy subjects, that people are so hampered in all the art of modern times. From this cause we all suffer. I myself have not been able to renounce my modernness.

"Very few artists," he continued, "are clear on this point, or know what will really be satisfactory. For instance, they paint my 'Fisherman' as the subject of a picture, and do not think that it cannot be painted. In this ballad, nothing is expressed but the charm in water which tempts us to bathe in summer; there is nothing else in it: and how can that be painted?"

I mentioned how pleased I was to see how, in that journey, he had taken an interest in everything, and apprehended everything; shape and situation of mountains, with their species of stones; soil, rivers, clouds, air, wind, and weather; then cities, with their origin and growth, architecture, painting, theaters, municipal regulations and police, trade, economy, laying out of streets, varieties of human race, manner of living, peculiarities; then again, politics, martial affairs, and a hundred things beside.

He answered, "But you find no word upon music, because that was not within my sphere. Each traveler should know what he has to see, and what properly belongs to him, on a journey."

The Chancellor came in. He talked a little with Goethe, and then spoke to me very kindly, and with much acuteness, about a little paper which he had lately read. He soon returned to the ladies, among whom I heard the sound of a piano.

When he had left us, Goethe spoke highly of him, and said, "All these excellent men, with whom you are now placed in so pleasant a relation, make what I call a home, to which one is always willing to return."

I said that I already began to perceive the beneficial effect of my present situation, and that I found myself gradually leaving my ideal and theoretic tendencies, and more and more able to appreciate the value of the present moment.

"It would be a pity," said Goethe, "if it were not so. Only persist in this, and hold fast by the present. Every situation — nay, every moment — is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity."

After a short pause, I turned the conversation to Tiefurt, and the mode of treating it. "The subject," said I, "is complex, and it will be difficult to give it proper form. It would be most convenient to me to treat it in prose."

"For that," said Goethe, "the subject is not sufficiently significant. The so-called didactic, descriptive form would, on the whole, be eligible; but even that is not perfectly appropriate. The best method will be to treat the subject in ten or twelve separate little poems, in rhyme, but in various measures and forms, such as the various sides and views demand, by which means light will be given to the whole." This advice I at once adopted as judicious. "Why, indeed," continued he, "should you not for once use dramatic means, and write a conversation or so with the gardener? By this fragmentary method you make your task easy, and can better bring out the various characteristic sides of the subject. A great, comprehensive

whole, on the other hand, is always difficult; and he who attempts it seldom produces anything complete."

Wed., Nov. 10.—Goethe has not been very well for the last few days; it seems he cannot get rid of a very bad cold. He coughs a great deal, very loud, and with much force; but, nevertheless, the cough seems to be painful, for he generally has his hand on his left side.

I passed half an hour with him this evening before the theatre. He sat in an armchair, with his back sunk in a cushion, and seemed to speak with difficulty. After we had talked a little, he wished me to read a poem with which he intended to open a new number of "*Kunst und Alterthum.*" He remained sitting, and showed me where it was kept. I took the light, and sat down at his writing table to read it, at a little distance from him.

This poem was singular in its character, and, though I did not fully understand it on the first reading, it affected me in a peculiar manner. "The Glorification of the Paria" was its subject, and it was treated as a trilogy. The prevailing tone seemed to me that of another world, and the mode of representation such, that I found it very difficult to form a lively notion of the subject. The personal presence of Goethe was also unfavorable to thorough abstraction: now I heard him cough; now I heard him sigh; and thus I was, as it were, divided in two—one half read, and the other felt his presence. I was forced to read the poem again and again, only to approximate to it. However, the more I penetrated into it, the more significant in character, and the higher in art, did it seem to be.

At last I spoke to Goethe, both as to the subject and treatment, and he gave me much new light by some of his remarks.

"Indeed," said he, "the treatment is very terse, and one must go deep into it to seize upon its meaning. It seems, even to me, like a Damascene blade hammered out of steel wire. I have borne this subject about with me for forty years; so that it has had time to get clear of everything extraneous."

"It will produce an effect," said I, "when it comes before the public."

"Ah, the public!" sighed Goethe.

"Would it not be well," said I, "to aid the comprehension, and to add an explanation as we do to pictures, when we endeavor to give life to what is actually present, by describing the preceding circumstances?"

"I think not," said he; "with pictures it is another matter; but, as a poem is already expressed in words, one word only cancels another."

I thought Goethe was here very happy in pointing out the rock on which those who interpret poems are commonly wrecked. Still it may be questioned whether it be not possible to avoid this rock, and affix some explanatory words to a poem without at all injuring the delicacy of its inner life.

Thurs., Nov. 13.—Some days ago, as I was walking one fine afternoon toward Erfurt, I was joined by an elderly man, whom I supposed, from his appearance, to be an opulent citizen. We had not talked together long, before the conversation turned upon Goethe. I asked him whether he knew Goethe. "Know him?" said he, with some delight; "I was his valet almost twenty years!" He then launched into the praises of his former master. I begged to hear something of Goethe's youth, and he gladly consented to gratify me.

"When I first lived with him," said he, "he might have been about twenty-seven years old; he was thin, nimble, and elegant in his person. I could easily have carried him in my arms."

I asked whether Goethe, in that early part of his life here, had not been very gay. "Certainly," replied he; "he was always gay with the gay, but never when they passed a certain limit; in that case he usually became grave. Always working and seeking; his mind always bent on art and science; that was generally the way with my master. The duke often visited him in the evening, and then they often talked on learned topics till late at night, so that I got extremely tired, and wondered when the duke would go. Even then he was interested in natural science.

"One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room I found he had rolled his iron bed to

the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guardhouse, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place;' then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this."

I asked the good old man "what sort of weather it was."

"It was very cloudy," he replied; "no air stiring; very still and sultry."

I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake on Goethe's word.

"Yes," said he, "I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbor, 'Only listen, Goethe is dreaming.' But the duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe, and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake."

Fri., Nov. 14. — Toward evening Goethe sent me an invitation to call upon him. Humboldt, he said, was at court, and therefore I should be all the more welcome. I found him, as I did some days ago, sitting in his armchair; he gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and spoke to me with heavenly mildness. The chancellor soon joined us. We sat near Goethe, and carried on a light conversation, that he might only have to listen. The physician, Counselor (*Hofrath*) Rehbein, soon came also. To use his own expression, he found Goethe's pulse quite lively and easy. At this we were highly pleased, and joked with Goethe on the subject. "If I could only get rid of the pain in my left side!" he said. Rehbein prescribed a plaster there; we talked on the good effect of such a remedy, and Goethe consented to it. Rehbein turned the conversation

to Marienbad, and this appeared to awaken pleasant reminiscences in Goethe. Arrangements were made to go there again, it was said that the great duke would join the party, and these prospects put Goethe in the most cheerful mood. They also talked about Madame Szymanowska, and mentioned the time when she was here, and all the men were solicitous for her favor.

When Rehbein was gone, the chancellor read the Indian poems, and Goethe, in the meanwhile, talked to me about the Marienbad Elegy.

At eight o'clock, the chancellor went, and I was going too, but Goethe bade me stop a little, and I sat down. The conversation turned on the stage, and the fact that "*Wallenstein*" was to be done to-morrow. This gave occasion to talk about Schiller.

"I have," said I, "a peculiar feeling toward Schiller. Some scenes of his great dramas I read with genuine love and admiration; but presently I meet with something which violates the truth of nature, and I can go no further. I feel this even in reading '*Wallenstein*.' I cannot but think that Schiller's turn for philosophy injured his poetry, because this led him to consider the idea far higher than all nature; indeed, thus to annihilate nature. What he could conceive must happen, whether it were in conformity with nature or not."

"It was sad," said Goethe, "to see how so-highly gifted a man tormented himself with philosophical disquisitions which could in no way profit him. Humboldt has shown me letters which Schiller wrote to him in those unblest days of speculation. There we see how he plagued himself with the design of perfectly separating sentimental from NAIVE poetry. For the former he could find no proper soil, and this brought him into unspeakable perplexity. As if," continued he, smiling, "sentimental poetry could exist at all without the NAIVE ground in which, as it were, it has its root.

"It was not Schiller's plan," continued Goethe, "to go to work with a certain unconsciousness, and as it were instinctively; he was forced, on the contrary, to reflect on all he did. Hence it was that he could never leave off

talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with me all his late pieces, scene after scene.

"On the other hand, it was contrary to my nature to talk over my poetic plans with anybody — even with Schiller. I carried everything about with me in silence, and usually nothing was known to any one till the whole was completed. When I showed Schiller my 'Hermann and Dorothea' finished, he was astonished, for I had said not a syllable to him of any such plan.

"But I am curious to hear what you will say of '*Wallenstein*' to-morrow. You will see noble forms, and the piece will make an impression on you such as you probably do not dream of."

Sat., Nov. 15. — In the evening I was in the theatre, where I for the first time saw "*Wallenstein.*" Goethe had not said too much; the impression was great, and stirred my inmost soul. The actors, who had almost all belonged to the time when they were under the personal influence of Schiller and Goethe, gave an ENSEMBLE of significant personages, such as on a mere reading were not presented to my imagination with all their individuality. On this account the piece had an extraordinary effect upon me, and I could not get it out of my head the whole night.

Frau von Goethe and M. Soret went to court, and I was left alone with Goethe.

Remembering his promise to show me again his Marienbad Elegy at a fitting opportunity, Goethe arose, put a light on the table, and gave me the poem. I was delighted to have it once more before me. He quietly seated himself again, and left me to an undisturbed perusal of the piece.

After I had been reading a while, I turned to say something to him, but he seemed to be asleep. I therefore used the favorable moment, and read the poem again and again with a rare delight. The most youthful glow of love, tempered by the moral elevation of the mind, seemed to me its pervading characteristic. Then I thought that the feelings were more strongly expressed than we are accustomed to find in Goethe's other poems, and imputed this to the influence of Byron — which Goethe did not deny.

"You see the product of a highly impassioned mood," said he. "While I was in it I would not for the world have been without it, and now I would not for any consideration fall into it again.

"I wrote that poem immediately after leaving Marienbad, while the feeling of all I had experienced there was fresh. At eight in the morning, when we stopped at the first stage, I wrote down the first strophe; and thus I went on composing in the carriage, and writing down at every stage what I had just composed in my head, so that by the evening the whole was on paper. Thence it has a certain directness, and is, as I may say, poured out at once, which may be an advantage to it as a whole."

"It is," said I, "quite peculiar in its kind, and recalls no other poem of yours."

"That," said he, "may be, because I staked upon the present moment as a man stakes a considerable sum upon a card, and sought to enhance its value as much as I could without exaggeration."

These words struck me as very important, inasmuch as they threw a light on Goethe's method so as to explain that many-sidedness which has excited so much admiration.

It was now near nine o'clock; Goethe bade me call Stadelmann, which I did.

He then let Stadelmann put the prescribed plaster on his left side. I turned to the window, but heard him lamenting to Stadelmann that his illness was not lessening, but assumed a character of permanence. When the process was over, I sat down by him again for a little while. He now complained to me also that he had not slept for some nights, and had no appetite. "The winter," said he, "thus passes away; I can put nothing together; my mind has no force." I tried to soothe him, requesting him not to think so much of his labors at present, and representing that there was reason to hope he would soon be better. "Ah," said he, "I am not impatient; I have lived through too many such situations not to have learned to suffer and to endure." He was in his white flannel gown, and a woolen coverlet was laid on his knees and feet. "I shall not go to bed," he said, "but will

pass the night thus in my chair, for I cannot properly sleep."

In the meanwhile the time for my departure was come, he extended his dear hand to me, and I left.

When I went down into the servants' room, to fetch my cloak, I found Stadelmann much agitated. He said he was alarmed about his master, for if HE complained, it was a bad sign indeed! His feet, too, which had lately been a little swollen, had suddenly become thin. He was going to the physician early in the morning, to tell him these bad signs. I endeavored to pacify him, but he would not be talked out of his fears.

Sun., *Nov. 16.*— Goethe is not any better. The grand duchess sent him, this evening, by me, some very beautiful medals, the examination of which might perhaps divert and cheer him. Goethe was manifestly pleased at this delicate attention on the part of the duchess. He complained to me that he felt the same pain in the left side, which had preceded his severe illness last winter. "I cannot work," said he, "I cannot read, and even thinking only succeeds with me in my happy moments of alleviation."

Mon., *Nov. 17.*— Humboldt is here. I have spent a few moments with Goethe to-day; when it appeared to me that Humboldt's presence and conversation had a favorable effect upon him. His disease does not appear to be merely of a physical kind. It seems more likely that the violent affection which he formed for a young lady, at Marienbad, in the summer, and which he is now trying to overcome, may be considered as the principal cause of his present illness.

Sun., *Dec. 21.*— Goethe's good humor was again brilliant to-day. We have reached the shortest day; and the hope that, with each succeeding week, we shall see a considerable increase in the days, appears to have exerted a favorable effect on his spirits. "To-day we celebrate the regeneration of the sun!" exclaimed he, joyfully, as I entered his room this morning. I hear that it is his custom, every year, to pass the weeks before the shortest day in a most melancholy frame of mind — to sigh them away, in fact.

Frau von Goethe entered, to inform her papa-in-law that she was on the point of traveling to Berlin, in order to meet her mother, who was just returning.

When Frau von Goethe was gone, Goethe joked with me on the lively imagination which characterizes youth. "I am too old," said he, "to contradict her, and to make her comprehend that the joy of seeing her mother again, for the first time, would be the same whether here or there. This winter journey is much trouble about nothing, but such a nothing is often of infinite importance in the minds of youth: and in the long run what difference does it make! One must often undertake some folly only to be able to live on again a little. In my youth I did no better, and still I have escaped with a tolerably whole skin."

Tues., Dec. 30.— This evening was spent alone with Goethe in diversified conversation. He told me that he had some intention of including in his works his journey into Switzerland in the year 1797. The conversation then turned upon "Werther," which he had only read once, about ten years after its publication. The same had been the case with his other works. We then talked upon translation, when he told me that he found it very difficult to render English poetry in German verse. "When we try to express a strong English monosyllable by German polysyllables or compounds, all force and effect are lost at once." He said that he had made the translation of his "Rameau" in four weeks, dictating every word.

We then talked about the natural sciences, especially about the narrow mindedness with which learned men contend among themselves for priority. "There is nothing," said Goethe, "through which I have learned to know mankind better, than through my philosophical exertions. It has cost me a great deal, and has been attended with great annoyance, but I nevertheless rejoice that I have gained the experience."

I remarked, that in the sciences, the egotism of men appears to be excited in a peculiar manner; and when this is once called into action, all infirmities of character very soon appear.

"Scientific questions," answered Goethe, "are very often questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man renowned, and lay the foundation of his worldly prosperity. It is for this reason that, in the sciences, there prevails this great severity, this pertinacity, and this jealousy concerning the discovery of another. In the sphere of æsthetics, everything is deemed more venial; the thoughts are, more or less, an innate property of all mankind, with respect to which the only point is the treatment and execution — and, naturally enough, little envy is excited. A single idea may give foundation for a hundred epigrams; and the question is, merely, which poet has been able to embody this idea in the most effective and most beautiful manner.

"But in science the treatment is nothing, and all the effect lies in the discovery. There is here little that is universal and subjective, for the isolated manifestations of the laws of nature lie without us — all sphynx-like, motionless, firm, and dumb. Every new phenomenon that is observed is a discovery — every discovery a property. Now only let a single person meddle with property, and man will soon be at hand with all his passions."

"However," continued Goethe, "in the sciences, that also is looked upon as property which has been handed down or taught at the universities. And if any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed down to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as if they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as an investigation or a regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, concerning my theory of colors, 'We have worked for fifty years to establish and strengthen the kingdom of Newton, and it will require fifty years more to overthrow it.' The body of mathematicians has endeavored to make my name so suspected in science that people are afraid of even mentioning it. Some time ago, a pamphlet fell into my hands, in which subjects con-

nected with the theory of colors were treated: the author appeared quite imbued with my theory, and had deduced everything from the same fundamental principles. I read the publication with great delight, but, to my no small surprise, found that the author did not once mention my name. The enigma was afterward solved. A mutual friend called on me, and confessed to me that the clever young author had wished to establish his reputation by the pamphlet, and had justly feared to compromise himself with the learned world, if he ventured to support by my name the views he was expounding. The little pamphlet was successful, and the ingenious young author has since introduced himself to me personally, and made his excuses."

"This circumstance appears to me the more remarkable," said I, "because in everything else people have reason to be proud of you as an authority, and every one esteems himself fortunate who has the powerful protection of your public countenance. With respect to your theory of colors, the misfortune appears to be, that you have to deal not only with the renowned and universally acknowledged Newton, but also with his disciples, who are spread all over the world, who adhere to their master, and whose name is legion. Even supposing that you carry your point at last, you will certainly for a long space of time stand alone with your new theory."

"I am accustomed to it, and prepared for it," returned Goethe. "But say yourself," continued he, "have I not had sufficient reason to feel proud, when for twenty years I have been forced to own to myself that the great Newton and all mathematicians and august calculators with him, have fallen into a decided error respecting the theory of colors; and that I, among millions, am the only one who knows the truth on this important subject? With this feeling of superiority, it was possible for me to bear with the stupid pretensions of my opponents. People endeavored to attack me and my theory in every way, and to render my ideas ridiculous; but, nevertheless, I rejoiced exceedingly over my completed work. All the attacks of my adversaries only serve to expose to me the weakness of mankind."

While Goethe spoke thus, with such a force and a fluency of expression as I have not the power to reproduce with perfect truth, his eyes sparkled with unusual fire; an expression of triumph was observable in them; while an ironical smile played upon his lips. The features of his fine countenance were more imposing than ever.

Wed., Dec. 31.— Dined at Goethe's; conversing on various subjects. He showed me a portfolio containing sketches; among which the first attempts of Henry Füssli* were especially remarkable.

We then spoke upon religious subjects, and the abuse of the divine name. "People treat it," said Goethe, "as if that incomprehensible and most high Being, who is even beyond the reach of thought, were only their equal. Otherwise, they would not say the LORD GOD, the DEAR GOD,† the GOOD GOD. This expression becomes to them, especially to the clergy, who have it daily in their mouths, a mere phrase, a barren name, to which no thought is attached whatever. If they were impressed by His greatness they would be dumb, and through veneration unwilling to name Him."

* That is, Fuseli, as we call him.— TRANS.

† "The *dear* God" (*der liebe Gott*) is one of the commonest German expressions.— TRANS.

Fri., Jan. 2.

DINED at Goethe's, and enjoyed some cheerful conversation. Mention was made of a young beauty belonging to the Weimar society, when one of the guests remarked that he was on the point of falling in love with her, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

"Pshaw," said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustingness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what '*je ne sais quoi*' besides; but we do not LOVE her understanding. We respect her understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts, and awakening a passion."

We found much that was true and convincing in Goethe's words, and were very willing to consider the subject in that light. After dinner, and when the rest of the party had departed, I remained sitting with Goethe, and conversed with him on various interesting topics.

We discoursed upon English literature, on the greatness of Shakespeare; and on the unfavorable position held by all English dramatic authors who had appeared after that poetical giant.

"A dramatic talent of any importance," said Goethe, "could not forbear to notice Shakespeare's works, nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must be aware that Shakespeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him, the aftercomer, nothing more to do. And how could

one get courage only to put pen to paper, if one were conscious in an earnest appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellences were already in existence!

"It fared better with me fifty years ago in my own dear Germany. I could soon come to an end with all that then existed; it could not long awe me, or occupy my attention. I soon left behind me German literature, and the study of it, and turned my thoughts to life and to production. So on and on I went in my own natural development, and on and on I fashioned the production of epoch after epoch. And at every step of life and development, my standard of excellence was not much higher than what at such step I was able to attain. But had I been born an Englishman, and had all those numerous masterpieces been brought before me in all their power, at my first dawn of youthful consciousness, they would have overpowered me, and I should not have known what to do. I could not have gone on with such fresh light-heartedness, but should have had to bethink myself, and look about for a long time, to find some new outlet."

I turned the conversation back to Shakespeare. "When one, to some degree, disengages him from English literature," said I, "and considers him transformed into a German, one cannot fail to look upon his gigantic greatness as a miracle. But if one seeks him in his home, transplants oneself to the soil of his country, and to the atmosphere of the century in which he lived; further, if one studies his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, and inhales the force wafted to us from Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marlow, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, still, indeed, appears a being of the most exalted magnitude; but still, one arrives at the conviction that many of the wonders of his genius are, in some measure, accessible, and that much is due to the powerfully productive atmosphere of his age and time."

"You are perfectly right," returned Goethe. "It is with Shakespeare as with the mountains of Switzerland. Transplant Mont Blanc at once into the large plain of Lüneburg Heath, and we should find no words to express our wonder

at its magnitude. Seek it, however, in its gigantic home, go to it over its immense neighbors, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa; Mont Blanc will, indeed, still remain a giant, but it will no longer produce in us such amazement."

"Besides, let him who will not believe," continued Goethe, "that much of Shakespeare's greatness appertains to his great vigorous time, only ask himself the question, whether a phenomenon so astounding would be possible in the present England of 1824, in these evil days of criticising and hair-splitting journals?

"That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them among the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves, to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.

"And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? and where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? This, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch by all without."

The conversation now turned on "Werther." "That," said Goethe, "is a creation which I, like the pelican, fed with the blood of my own heart. It contains so much from the innermost recesses of my breast — so much feeling and thought, that it might easily be spread into a novel of ten such volumes. Besides, as I have often said, I have only read the book once since its appearance, and have taken good care not to read it again. It is a mass of congreve

rockets. I am uncomfortable when I look at it; and I dread lest I should once more experience the peculiar mental state from which it was produced."

I reminded him of his conversation with Napoleon, of which I knew by the sketch among his unpublished papers, which I had repeatedly urged him to give more in detail. "Napoleon," said I, "pointed out to you a passage in 'Werther,' which, it appeared to him, would not stand a strict examination; and this you allowed. I should much like to know what passage he meant."

"Guess!" said Goethe, with a mysterious smile.

"Now," said I, "I almost think it is where Charlotte sends the pistols to Werther, without saying a word to Albert, and without imparting to him her misgivings and apprehensions. You have given yourself great trouble to find a motive for this silence, but it does not appear to hold good against the urgent necessity where the life of the friend was at stake."

"Your remark," returned Goethe, "is really not bad; but I do not think it right to reveal whether Napoleon meant this passage or another. However, be that as it may, your observation is quite as correct as his."

I asked the question, whether the great effect produced by the appearance of "Werther" was really to be attributed to the period. "I cannot," said I, "reconcile to myself this view, though it is so extensively spread. 'Werther' made an epoch because it appeared — not because it appeared at a certain time. There is in every period so much unexpressed sorrow — so much secret discontent and disgust for life, and, in single individuals, there are so many disagreements with the world — so many conflicts between their natures and civil regulations, that 'Werther' would make an epoch even if it appeared to-day for the first time."

"You are quite right," said Goethe; "it is on that account that the book to this day influences youth of a certain age, as it did formerly. It was scarcely necessary for me to deduce my own youthful dejection from the general influence of my time, and from the reading of a few English authors. Rather was it owing to individual

and immediate circumstances which touched me to the quick, and gave me a great deal of trouble, and indeed brought me into that frame of mind which produced 'Werther.' I had lived, loved, and suffered much — that was it.

"On considering more closely the much talked of 'Werther' period, we discovered that it does not belong to the course of universal culture, but to the career of life in every individual, who, with an innate free natural instinct must accommodate himself to the narrow limits of an antiquated world. Obstructed fortune, restrained activity, unfulfilled wishes, are not the calamities of any particular time, but those of every individual man; and it would be bad, indeed, if every one had not, once in his life, known a time when 'Werther' seemed as if it had been written for him alone."

Sun., Jan. 4. — To-day, after dinner, Goethe went through a portfolio, containing some works of Raphael, with me. He often busies himself with Raphael, in order to keep up a constant intercourse with that which is best, and to accustom himself to muse upon the thoughts of a great man. At the same time, it gives him pleasure to introduce me to such things.

We afterward spoke about the "Divan"* — especially about the "book of ill humor," in which much is poured forth that he carried in his heart against his enemies.

"I have, however," continued he, "been very moderate; if I had uttered all that vexed me or gave me trouble, the few pages would soon have swelled to a volume.

"People were never thoroughly contented with me, but always wished me otherwise than it has pleased God to make me. They were also seldom contented with my productions. When I had long exerted my whole soul to favor the world with a new work, it still desired that I should thank it into the bargain for considering the work endurable. If any one praised me, I was not allowed, in self-congratulation, to receive it as a well-merited tribute;

*Goethe's "*West-östlicher* (West-eastern) *Divan*," one of the twelve divisions of which is entitled "*Das Buch des Unmuths*" (The Book of Ill Humor).—TRANS.

but people expected from me some modest expression, humbly setting forth the total unworthiness of my person and my work. However, my nature opposed this; and I should have been a miserable hypocrite, if I had so tried to lie and dissemble. Since I was strong enough to show myself in my whole truth, just as I felt, I was deemed proud, and am considered so to the present day.

"In religious, scientific, and political matters, I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt.

"I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls; I was also required to believe other points, which were opposed to the feeling of my soul for truth; besides, I did not see that these would be of the slightest service to me.

"It was also prejudicial to me that I discovered Newton's theory of light and color to be an error, and that I had the courage to contradict the universal creed. I discovered light in its purity and truth, and I considered it my duty to fight for it. The opposite party, however, did their utmost to darken the light; for they maintained that SHADE IS A PART OF LIGHT. It sounds absurd when I express it; but so it is: for they said that COLORS, which are shadow and the result of shade, ARE LIGHT ITSELF, or, which amounts to the same thing, ARE THE BEAMS OF LIGHT, BROKEN NOW IN ONE WAY, NOW IN ANOTHER."

Goethe was silent, while an ironical smile spread over his expressive countenance. He continued: —

"And now for political matters. What trouble I have taken, and what I have suffered, on that account, I cannot tell you. Do you know my '*Aufgeregten?*'"*

"Yesterday, for the first time," returned I, "I read the piece, in consequence of the new edition of your works; and I regret from my heart that it remains unfinished. But, even as it is, every right-thinking person must coincide with your sentiments."

"I wrote it at the time of the French Revolution," continued Goethe, "and it may be regarded, in some measure,

* "*Die Aufgeregten*" (the Agitated, in a political sense) is an unfinished drama by Goethe.—TRANS.

as my political confession of faith at that time. I have taken the countess as a type of the nobility; and, with the words which I put into her mouth, I have expressed how the nobility really ought to think. The countess has just returned from Paris; she has there been an eyewitness of the revolutionary events, and has drawn, therefore, for herself, no bad doctrine. She has convinced herself that the people may be ruled, but not oppressed, and that the revolutionary outbreaks of the lower classes are the consequence of the injustice of the higher classes. 'I will for the future,' says she, 'strenuously avoid every action that appears to me unjust, and will, both in society and at court, loudly express my opinion concerning such actions in others. In no case of injustice will I be silent, even though I should be cried down as a democrat.'

"I should have thought this sentiment perfectly respectable," continued Goethe; "it was mine at that time, and it is so still; but as a reward for it, I was endowed with all sorts of titles, which I do not care to repeat."

"One need only read 'Egmont,'" answered I, "to discover what you think. I know no German piece in which the freedom of the people is more advocated than in this."

"Sometimes," said Goethe, "people do not like to look on me as I am, but turn their glances from everything which could show me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary — who, between ourselves, was much more of an aristocrat than I am, but who considered what he said more than I — had the wonderful fortune to be looked upon as a particular friend of the people. I give it up to him with all my heart, and console myself with the thought that others before me have fared no better.

"It is true that I could be no friend to the French Revolution; for its horrors were too near me, and shocked me daily and hourly, while its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. Neither could I be indifferent to the fact that the Germans were endeavoring, artificially, to bring about such scenes here, as were, in France, the consequence of a great necessity.

"But I was as little a friend to arbitrary rule. Indeed, I was perfectly convinced that a great revolution is never

a fault of the people, but of the government. Revolutions are utterly impossible as long as governments are constantly just and constantly vigilant, so that they may anticipate them by improvements at the right time, and not hold out until they are forced to yield by the pressure from beneath.

"Because I hated the Revolution, the name of the 'FRIEND OF THE POWERS THAT BE' was bestowed upon me. That is, however, a very ambiguous title, which I would beg to decline. If the 'powers that be' were all that is excellent, good, and just, I should have no objection to the title; but, since with much that is good there is also much that is bad, unjust, and imperfect, a friend of the 'powers that be' means often little less than the friend of the obsolete and bad.*

"But time is constantly progressing, and human affairs wear every fifty years a different aspect; so that an arrangement which, in the year 1800, was perfection, may, perhaps, in the year 1850 be a defect.

"And, furthermore, nothing is good for a nation but that which arises from its own core and its own general wants, without apish imitation of another; since what to one race of people, of a certain age, is a wholesome nutriment, may perhaps prove a poison for another. All endeavors to introduce any foreign innovation, the necessity for which is not rooted in the core of the nation itself, are therefore foolish; and all premeditated revolutions of the kind are unsuccessful, FOR THEY ARE WITHOUT GOD; WHO KEEPS ALOOF FROM SUCH BUNGLING. If, however, there exists an actual necessity for a great reform among a people, God is with it, and it prospers. He was visibly with Christ and his first adherents; for the appearance of the new doctrine of love was a necessity to the people. He was also visibly with Luther; for the purification of the doctrine corrupted by the priests was no less a necessity. Neither of the great powers whom I have named was, however, a friend

* The German phrase "*Freund des Bestchenden*," which, for want of a better expression, has been rendered above "friend of the powers that be," literally means "friend of the permanent," and was used by the detractors of Goethe to denote the "enemy of the progressive."—TRANS.

of the permanent; much more were both of them convinced that the old leaven must be got rid of, and that it would be impossible to go on and remain in the untrue, unjust, and defective way."

Tues., Jan. 27.— Goethe talked with me about the continuation of his memoirs, with which he is now busy. He observed that this later period of his life would not be narrated with such minuteness as the youthful epoch of "*Dichtung und Wahrheit.*"* "I must," said he, "treat this later period more in the fashion of annals: my outward actions must appear rather than my inward life. Altogether, the most important part of an individual's life is that of development, and mine is concluded in the detailed volumes of "*Dichtung und Wahrheit.*" Afterward begins the conflict with the world, and that is interesting only in its results.

"And then the life of a learned German — What is it? What may have been really good in my case cannot be communicated, and what can be communicated is not worth the trouble. Besides, where are the hearers whom one could entertain with any satisfaction?

"When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now in my old age think how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing place. When you arrive, you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do.

"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favorites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear

* "Poetry and Truth," the title of Goethe's autobiography.— TRANS.

what I now say. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.

"My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet. But, soon after my 'Goetz' and 'Werther,' that saying of a sage was verified for me — 'If you do anything for the sake of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time.'

"A widespread celebrity, an elevated position in life, are good things. But, for all my rank and celebrity, I am still obliged to be silent as to the opinion of others, that I may not give offense. This would be but poor sport, if by this means I had not the advantage of learning the thoughts of others without their being able to learn mine."

Sun., Feb. 15.— Goethe invited me to take a walk before dinner to-day. I found him at breakfast when I entered the room: he seemed in excellent spirits.

"I have had a pleasant visit," said he cheerfully. "A promising young Westphalian, named Meyer, has just been with me. He has written poems which warrant high expectations. He is only eighteen, and has made incredible progress.

"I am glad," continued he, smiling, "that I am not eighteen now. When I was eighteen, Germany was in its teens also, and something could be done; but now an incredible deal is demanded, and every avenue is barred.

"Germany itself stands so high in every department, that we can scarcely survey all it has done; and now we must be Greeks and Latins, and English and French into the bargain. Not content with this, some have the madness of pointing to the East also; and surely this is enough to confuse a young man's head!

"I have, by way of consolation, shown him my colossal Juno, as a token that he had best stick to the Greeks, and find consolation there. He is a fine young man, and, if he takes care not to dissipate his energies, something will be

made of him. However, as I said before, I thank Heaven that I am not young in so thoroughly finished a time. I could not stay here. Nay, if I sought refuge in America, I should come too late, for there is now too much light even there."

Sun., Feb. 22.— Dined with Goethe and his son. The latter related some pleasant stories of the time when he was a student at Heidelberg. He had often been with his friends on an excursion along the Rhine, in his vacations, and especially cherished the remembrance of a landlord, at whose house he and ten other students had once passed the night, and who provided them with wine gratis, merely that he might share the pleasures of a "*Commerz.*" *

After dinner, Goethe showed us some colored drawings of Italian scenery, especially that of Northern Italy, with the adjoining Swiss mountains, and the Lago Maggiore. The Borromean Isles were reflected in the water; near the shore were skiffs and fishing tackle, which led Goethe to remark that this was the lake in the "*Wanderjahre,*" On the northwest, toward Monte Rosa, stood the hills bordering the lake in black-blue heavy masses, as we are wont to see them soon after sunset.

I remarked that, to me, who had been born in the plains, the gloomy sublimity of these masses produced an uncomfortable feeling, and that I, by no means, desired to explore such wild recesses.

"That feeling is natural," said Goethe, "Really that state is alone suitable to man, in which, and for which, he was born. He who is not led abroad by great objects is far happier at home. Switzerland, at first, made so great an impression upon me, that it disturbed and confused me. Only after repeated visits — only in after years, when I visited those mountains merely as a mineralogist — could I feel at my ease among them."

Tues., Feb. 24. — I went to Goethe's at one o'clock to-day. He showed me some manuscripts, which he had dictated for the first number of the fifth volume of "*Kunst und Alterthum.*" I found that he had written an appendix to my *critique* of the German "Paria," in reference both to the

* The academical word for a student's drinking party.— TRANS.

French tragedy and to his own lyrical trilogy, by which this subject was, to a certain extent, completed. "You were quite right," said he, "to avail yourself of the occasion of your *critique*, to become acquainted with Indian matters, since, in the end, we retain from our studies only that which we practically apply."

I agreed with him, and said that I had made this experience at the university, since, of all that was said in the lectures, I had only retained that, of which I could, through the tendency of my nature, make a practical application; on the contrary, I had completely forgotten all that I had been unable to reduce to practice. "I have," said I, "heard Heeren's lectures on ancient and modern history, and know now nothing about the matter. But if I studied a period of history for the sake of treating it dramatically, what I learned would be safely secured to me forever."

"Altogether," said Goethe, "they teach in academies far too many things, and far too much that is useless. Then the individual professors extend their department too much — far beyond the wants of their hearers. In former days lectures were read in chemistry and botany as belonging to medicine, and the physician could manage them. Now, both these have become so extensive, that each of them requires a life; yet acquaintance with both is expected from the physician. Nothing can come of this; one thing must be neglected and forgotten for the sake of the other. He who is wise puts aside all claims which may dissipate his attention, confines himself to one branch, and excels in that."

Goethe then showed me a short *critique*, which he had written on Byron's "Cain," and which I read with great interest.

"We see," he said, "how the inadequate dogmas of the church work upon a free mind like Byron's, and how by such a piece he struggles to get rid of a doctrine which has been forced upon him. The English clergy will not thank him; but I shall be surprised if he does not go on treating biblical subjects of similar import, and if he lets slip a subject like the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Meyer," said Goethe, laughing, "always says, 'If thinking were not so hard.' And the worst is, that all the

thinking in the world does not bring us to thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry, 'Here we are.'"

Wed., Feb. 25. — To-day Goethe showed me two very remarkable poems, both highly moral in their tendency, but in their several MOTIVES so unreservedly natural and true, that they are of the kind which the world styles immoral. On this account, he keeps them to himself, and does not intend to publish them.

"Could intellect and high cultivation," said he, "become the property of all, the poet would have fair play; he could be always thoroughly true, and would not be compelled to fear uttering his best thoughts. But, as it is, he must always keep on a certain level; must remember that his works will fall into the hands of a mixed society; and must, therefore, take care lest by over-great openness he may give offense to the majority of good men. Then, Time is a strange thing. It is a whimsical tyrant, which in every century has a different face for all that one says and does. We cannot with propriety, say things which were permitted to the ancient Greeks; and the Englishmen of 1820 cannot endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakespeare; so that at the present day, it is found necessary to have a family Shakespeare."

"Then," said I, "there is much in the form also. The one of these two poems, which is composed in the style and metre of the ancients, would be far less offensive than the other. Isolated parts would displease, but the treatment throws so much grandeur and dignity over the whole, that we seem to hear a strong ancient, and to be carried back to the age of the Greek heroes. But the other, being in the style and metre of Messer Ariosto, is far more hazardous. It relates an event of our day, in the language of our day, and as it thus comes quite unveiled into our presence, the particular features of boldness seem far more audacious."

"You are right," said he; "mysterious and great effects are produced by different poetical forms. If the import of my Romish elegies were put into the measure and style of Byron's 'Don Juan,' the whole would be found infamous."

The French newspapers were brought. The campaign of the French in Spain under the Duke d'Angoulême, which was just ended, had great interest for Goethe. "I must praise the Bourbons for this measure," said he; "they had not really gained the throne till they had gained the army, and that is now accomplished. The soldier returns with loyalty to his king; for he has, from his own victories, and the discomfitures of the many-headed Spanish host, learned the difference between obeying one and many. The army has sustained its ancient fame, and shown that it is brave in itself, and can conquer without Napoleon."

Goethe then turned his thoughts backward into history, and talked much of the Prussian army in the Seven Years' War, which, accustomed by Frederic the Great to constant victory, grew careless, so that, in after days, it lost many battles from over-confidence. All the minutest details were present to his mind, and I had reason to admire his excellent memory.

"I had the great advantage," said he, "of being born at a time when the greatest events which agitated the world occurred, and such have continued to occur during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, of the separation of America from England, of the French Revolution, and of the whole Napoleon era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insight impossible to those who are born now and must learn all these things from books which they will not understand.

"What the next years will bring I cannot predict; but I fear we shall not soon have repose. It is not given to the world to be contented; the great are not such that there will be no abuse of power; the masses not such that, in hope of gradual improvement, they will be contented with a moderate condition. Could we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things; but, as it is, there will always be a wavering hither and thither; one part must suffer while the other is at ease, envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party strife will be without end.

"The most reasonable way is for every one to follow his own vocation to which he has been born, and which he has learned, and to avoid hindering others from following theirs. Let the shoemaker abide by his last, the peasant by his plow, and let the king know how to govern; for this is also a business which must be learned, and with which no one should meddle who does not understand it."

Returning to the French papers, Goethe said, "The liberals may speak, for when they are reasonable we like to hear them; but with the royalists, who have the executive power in their hands, talking comes amiss — they should act. They may march troops, and behead and hang — that is all right; but attacking opinions, and justifying their measures in public prints, does not become them. If there were a public of kings, they might talk.

"For myself," he continued, "I have always been a royalist. I have let others babble, and have done as I saw fit. I understood my course, and knew my own object. If I committed a fault as a single individual, I could make it good again; but if I committed it jointly with three or four others, it would be impossible to make it good, for among many there are many opinions."

Goethe was in excellent spirits to-day. He showed me Frau von Spiegel's album, in which he had written some very beautiful verses. A place had been left open for him for two years, and he rejoiced at having been able to perform at last an old promise. After I had read the "Poem to Frau von Spiegel," I turned over the leaves of the book, in which I found many distinguished names. On the very next page was a poem by Tiedge, written in the very spirit and style of his "Urania." "In a saucy mood," said Goethe, "I was on the point of writing some verses beneath those; but I am glad I did not. It would not have been the first time that, by rash expressions, I had repelled good people, and spoiled the effect of my best works.

"However," continued Goethe, "I have had to endure not a little from Tiedge's 'Urania'; for, at one time, nothing was sung and nothing was declaimed but this same 'Urania.' Wherever you went you found 'Urania' on the table. 'Urania' and immortality were the topics of every

conversation. I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, he has no reason to give himself airs about it. The occasion of Tiedge's 'Urania' led me to observe that piety, like nobility, has its aristocracy. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much dark examination on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased if, after the close of this life, we were blessed with another, only I hoped I should hereafter meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be *ennui* without end even in the other world.

"This occupation with the ideas of immortality," he continued, "is for people of rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have not been very successful here; and I would wager that, if the good Tiedge had enjoyed a better lot, he would also have had better thoughts."

The conversation turned on the French newspapers. "The constitution of France," said he, "belonging to a people who have within themselves so many elements of corruption, rests upon a very different basis from that of England. Everything may be done in France by bribery; indeed the whole French revolution was directed by such means."

He then spoke of the death of Eugéne Napoleon (Duke of Leuchtenberg), the news of which had arrived that morning, and which seemed to grieve him much, "He was one of those great characters," said Goethe, "which are

becoming more and more rare; and the world is once more one important man the poorer. I knew him personally; only last summer I was with him at Marienbad. He was a handsome man, about forty-two, though he looked older, which was not to be wondered at when we call to mind all he went through, and how, through all his life, one campaign and one great deed pressed constantly on another. He told me at Marienbad of a plan, on the execution of which he conversed with me much. This was the union of the Rhine with the Danube, by means of a canal — a gigantic enterprise, when you consider the obstacles offered by the locality. But to a man who has served under Napoleon, and with him shaken the world, nothing appears impossible. Charlemagne had the same plan, and even began the work, but it soon came to a standstill. The sand would not hold, the banks were always falling in on both sides."

Tues., Mar. 30.— We talked about the plays of Iffland and Kotzebue, which, in their way, Goethe highly commended. "From this very fault," said he, "that people do not perfectly distinguish between KINDS in art, the pieces of these men are often unjustly censured. We may wait a long time before a couple of such popular talents come again."

I praised Iffland's "*Hagestolz*" (Old Bachelor), with which I had been highly pleased on the stage. "It is unquestionably Iffland's best piece," said Goethe; "it is the only one in which he goes from prose into the ideal."

He then told me of a piece, which he and Schiller had made as a continuation to the "*Hagestolz*"; that is to say, in conversation, without writing it down. Goethe told me the progress of the action, scene by scene; it was very pleasant and cheerful, and gave me great delight.

Goethe then spoke of some new plays by Platen. "In these pieces," said he, "we may see the influence of Calderon. They are very clever, and, in a certain sense, complete; but they want specific gravity, a certain weight of import. They are not of a kind to excite in the mind of the reader a deep and abiding interest; on the contrary, the strings of the soul are touched but lightly and tran-

siently. They are like cork, which, when it swims on the water, makes no impression, but is easily sustained by the surface.

"The German requires a certain earnestness, a certain grandeur of thought, and a certain fullness of sentiment. It is on this account that Schiller is so highly esteemed by them all. I do not in the least doubt the abilities of Platen; but those, probably from mistaken views of art, are not manifested here. He shows distinguished culture, intellect, pungent wit, and artistical completeness; but these, especially in Germany, are not enough.

"Generally, the personal character of the writer influences the public rather than his talents as an artist. Napoleon said of Corneille, '*S'il vivait, je le ferais prince;*' yet he never read him. Racine he read, but did not say this of him. Lafontaine, too, is looked upon with a high degree of esteem by the French, not on account of his poetic merits, but of the greatness of character which he manifests in his writings."

We then talked of the "Elective Affinities" (*Wahlverwandtschaften*); and Goethe told me of a traveling Englishman, who meant to be separated from his wife when he returned to England. He laughed at such folly, and gave me several examples of persons who had been separated, and afterward could not let each other alone.

"The late Reinhard, of Dresden," said he, "often wondered that I had such severe principles with respect to marriage, while I was so tolerant in everything else."

This expression of Goethe's was remarkable to me, because it clearly showed what he really intended by that often misunderstood work ("*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*").

We then talked about Tieck, and his personal relation to Goethe.

"I entertain the greatest kindness for Tieck," said Goethe; "and I think that, on the whole, he is well disposed toward me. Still, there is something not as it ought to be in his relation to me. This is neither my fault nor his, but proceeds from causes altogether foreign.

"When the Schlegels began to make themselves important, I was too strong for them; and to balance me, they

were forced to look about for some man of talent, whom they might set up in opposition. Such a talent they found in Tieck; and that, when placed in contrast to me, he might appear sufficiently important in the eyes of the public, they were forced to make more of him than he really was. This injured our mutual relation; for Tieck, without being properly conscious of it himself, was thus placed in a false position with respect to me.

"Tieck is a genius of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself to his extraordinary merits; only when they raise him above himself, and place him on a level with me, they are in error. I can speak this out plainly; it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself. I might just as well compare myself with Shakespeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence."

Goethe was this evening full of energy and gayety. He brought some manuscript poems, which he read aloud. It was quite a peculiar pleasure to hear him, for not only did the original force and freshness of the poems excite me to a high degree, but Goethe, by his manner of reading them, showed himself to me on a side hitherto unknown, but highly important. What variety and force in his voice! What life and expression in the noble countenance, so full of wrinkles! And what eyes!

Wed., April 14.— I went out walking with Goethe about one. We discussed the styles of various writers.

"On the whole," said Goethe, "philosophical speculation is an injury to the Germans, as it tends to make their style vague, difficult, and obscure. The stronger their attachment to certain philosophical schools, the worse they write. Those Germans who, as men of business and actual life, confine themselves to the practical, write the best. Schiller's style is most noble and impressive whenever he leaves off philosophizing, as I observe every day in his highly interesting letters, with which I am now busy.

"There are likewise among the German women, genial beings who write a really excellent style, and, indeed, in that respect surpass many of our celebrated male writers.

"The English almost always write well; being born orators and practical men, with a tendency to the real.

"The French, in their style, remain true to their general character. They are of a social nature, and therefore never forget the public whom they address; they strive to be clear, that they may convince their reader — agreeable, that they may please him.

"Altogether, the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him be first clear in his thoughts; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul."

Goethe then spoke of his antagonists as a race which would never become extinct. "Their number," said he, "is legion; yet they may be in some degree classified. First, there are my antagonists from stupidity — those who do not understand me, and find fault with me without knowing me. This large company has wearied me much in the course of my life; yet shall they be forgiven, for they knew not what they did.

"The second large class is composed of those who envy me. These grudge me the fortune and the dignified station I have attained through my talents. They pluck at my fame, and would like to destroy me. If I were poor and miserable, they would assail me no more.

"There are many who have been my adversaries, because they have failed themselves. In this class are many of fine talent, but they cannot forgive me for casting them into the shade.

"Fourthly, there are my antagonists from REASONS. For, as I am a human being, and as such have human faults and weaknesses, my writings cannot be free from them. Yet, as I was constantly bent on my own improvement, and always striving to ennoble myself, I was in a state of constant progress, and it often happened that they blamed me for faults which I had long since left behind. These good folks have injured me least of any, as they shot at me, when I was already miles distant. Generally when a work was finished, it became uninteresting to me; I thought of it no more, but busied myself with some new plan.

"Another large class comprises those who are adversaries, because they differ from me in their views and modes of thought. It is said of the leaves on a tree, that you will scarcely find two perfectly alike, and thus, among a thousand men, you will scarce find two, who harmonize entirely in their views and ways of thinking. This being allowed, I ought less to wonder at having so many opponents, than at having so many friends and adherents. My tendencies were opposed to those of my time, which were wholly subjective; while in my objective efforts, I stood quite alone to my own disadvantage.

"Schiller had, in this respect, great advantage over me. Hence a certain well-meaning general once gave me plainly to understand that I ought to write like Schiller. I replied by analyzing Schiller's merits, for I knew them better than he. I went quietly on in my own way, not troubling myself further about success, and taking as little notice as possible of my opponents."

Sun., May 2.— Goethe reproved me for not having visited a certain family of distinction. "You might," said he, "have passed there, during the winter, many delightful evenings, and have made the acquaintance of many interesting strangers; all which you have lost from God knows what caprice."

"With my excitable temperament," I replied, "and with my disposition to a broad sympathy with others, nothing can be more burdensome and hurtful to me than an overabundance of new impressions. I am neither by education nor habit fitted for general society. My situation in earlier days was such, that I feel as if I had never lived till I came near you. All is new to me. Every evening at the theater, every conversation with you, makes an era in my existence. Things perfectly indifferent to persons of different education and habits make the deepest impression on me, and as the desire of instructing myself is great, my mind seizes on everything with a certain energy, and draws from it as much nourishment as possible. In this state of mind, I had quite enough in the course of this winter, from the theatre and my connection with you; and I should not have been able to give myself up to other connections and engagements, without disturbing my mind."

"You are an odd fellow," said Goethe, laughing. "Well, do as you please; I will let you have your way."

"And then," continued I, "I usually carry into society my likes and dislikes, and a certain need of loving and being beloved; I seek a nature which may harmonize with my own; I wish to give myself up to this, and to have nothing to do with the others."

"This natural tendency of yours," replied Goethe, "is indeed not of a social kind; but what would be the use of culture, if we did not try to control our natural tendencies? It is a great folly to hope that other men will harmonize with us: I have never hoped this. I have always regarded each man as an independent individual, whom I endeavored to study, and to understand with all his peculiarities, but from whom I desired no further sympathy. In this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, and thus alone is produced the knowledge of various characters, and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life. For it is in a conflict with natures opposed to his own that a man must collect his strength to fight his way through, and thus all our different sides are brought out and developed, so that we soon feel ourselves a match for every foe. You should do the same; you have more capacity for it than you imagine; indeed, you must at all events plunge into the great world, whether you like it or not."

I took due heed of these good, kind words, and determined to act in accordance with them as much as possible.

Toward evening, Goethe invited me to take a drive with him. Our road lay over the hills through Upper Weimar, by which we had a view of the park toward the west. The trees were in blossom, the birches already in full leaf, and the meadows were one green carpet, over which the setting sun cast a glow. We sought out picturesque groups, and could not look enough. We remarked that trees full of white blossoms should not be painted, because they make no picture, just as birches with their foliage are unfit for the foreground of a picture, because the delicate leaf does not sufficiently balance the white trunk; there are no large masses for strong effects of light and shade. "Ruysdael," said Goethe, "never introduced the birch with its foliage into

his foregrounds, but only birch trunks broken off, without any leaves. Such a trunk is perfectly suited to a foreground, as its bright form comes out with most powerful effect."

After some slight discussion of other topics, we came upon the mistake of those artists who made religion art, while for them art should be religion. "Religion," said Goethe, "stands in the same relation to art as any other of the higher interests in life. It is merely to be looked upon as a material, with similar claims to any other vital material. Faith and want of faith are not the organs with which a work of art is to be apprehended. On the contrary, human powers and capacities of a totally different character are required. Art must address itself to those organs with which we apprehend it; otherwise it misses its effect. A religious material may be a good subject for art, but only in so far as it possesses general human interest. The Virgin with the Child is on this account an excellent subject, and one that may be treated a hundred times, and always seen again with pleasure."

In the meanwhile, we had gone round the thicket (the *Webicht*), and had turned by Tiefurt into the Weimar road, where we had a view of the setting sun. Goethe was for a while lost in thought; he then said to me, in the words of one of the ancients —

Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne.
"Still it continues the self-same sun, e'en while it is sinking."

"At the age of seventy-five," continued he, with much cheerfulness, "one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets, but shines on unceasingly."

The sun had, in the meanwhile, sunk behind the Etters berg; we felt in the wood the chill of the evening, and drove all the quicker to Wiemar, and to Goethe's house. Goethe urged me to go in with him for a while, and I did

so. He was in an extremely engaging, amiable mood. He talked a great deal about his theory of colors, and of his obstinate opponents; remarking that he was sure that he had done something in this science.

"To make an epoch in the world," said he, "Two conditions are notoriously essential — a good head and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution; Frederick the Great, the Silesian War; Luther, the darkness of the Popes; and I, the errors of the Newtonian theory. The present generation has no conception of what I have accomplished in this matter, but posterity will grant that I have by no means come into a bad inheritance!"

Goethe had sent me this morning a roll of papers relative to the theatre, among which I had found some detached remarks, containing the rules and studies which he had made with Wolff and Grüner to qualify them for good actors. I found these details important and highly instructive for young actors, and therefore proposed to put them together, and make from them a sort of theatrical catechism. Goethe consented, and we discussed the matter further. This gave us occasion to speak of some distinguished actors who had been formed in his school; and I took the opportunity to ask some questions about Frau von Heigendorf. "I may," said Goethe, "have influenced her, but, properly speaking, she is not my pupil. She was, as it were, born on the boards, and was as decided, ready, and adroit in anything as a duck in the water. She needed not my instruction, but did what was right instinctively, and perhaps without knowing it."

We then talked of the many years he had superintended the theatre, and the infinite time which had thus been lost to literary production. "Yes," said he, "I may have missed writing many a good thing, but when I reflect, I am not sorry. I have always regarded all I have done solely as symbolical; and, in fact, it has been tolerably indifferent to me whether I have made pots or dishes."

Wed. May 5.— The papers containing the studies which Goethe prosecuted with the actors Wolff and Grüner have occupied me very pleasantly during the last few days; and I have succeeding in bringing these dismembered notices

into a sort of form, so that something has arisen from them which may be regarded as the beginning of a catechism for actors. I spoke with Goethe about this work to-day, and we went though the various topics in detail. The remarks concerning pronunciation, and the laying aside of provincialisms, appeared to us particularly important.

"I have, in my long practice," said Goethe, "become acquainted with beginners from all parts of Germany. The pronunciation of the North German leaves little to be desired: it is pure, and may in many respects be looked upon as a model. On the contrary, I have often had a great deal of trouble with native Suabians, Austrians, and Saxons. The natives of our beloved town, Weimar, have also given me a great deal to do. Among these have arisen the most ridiculous mistakes; because in schools here they are not forced to distinguish, by a marked pronunciation, B from P, and D from T. One would scarcely believe that B, P, D, and T are generally considered to be FOUR different letters; for they only speak of a hard and a soft B, and of a hard and a soft D, and thus seem tacitly to intimate that P and T do not exist. With such people, *Pein* (pain) sounds like *Bein* (leg), *Pas* (pass) like *Bass* (bass), and *Teckel** like *Deckel* (cover)."

"An actor of this town," added I, "who did not properly distinguish T from D, lately made a mistake of the kind, which appeared very striking. He was playing a lover, who had been guilty of a little infidelity; whereupon the angry young lady showered upon him various violent reproaches. Growing impatient, he had to exclaim, '*O ende!*' (O cease!); but being unable to distinguish the T from the D, he exclaimed, '*O ente!*' (O duck!) which excited general laughter."

"The circumstance is very quaint," returned Goethe, "and will do well to mention in our 'Theatrical Catechism.'"

"Lately, a young singer, likewise of this town," continued I, "who could not make the distinction between the T and the D, had to say, '*Ich will dich den Eingeweihten*

* A provincial word for a terrier.

übergeben' (I will give you up to the initiated); but as she pronounced the T as D, it sounded as if she said, '*Ich will dich den Eingewieden übergeben*' (I will give you up to the bowels).

"Again, an actor of this town," continued I, "who played the part of a servant, had to say to a stranger, '*Mein Herr ist nicht zu Haus, er sitzt im Rathe*' (my master is not at home, he sits in council); but as he could not distinguish the T from the D, it sounded as if he said, '*Mein Herr ist nicht zu Haus, er sitzt im Rade*' (my master is not at home, he sits in the wheel)."

"These incidents" said Goethe, "are not bad, and we will notice them. Thus, if any one who does not distinguish the P from the B, has to call out, '*Packe ihn an!*' (seize him), but, instead of this, exclaims, '*Backe ihn an!*' (stick him on), it is very laughable.

"In a similar manner," said Goethe, "the Ü is frequently pronounced like I, which has been the cause of not a few scandalous mistakes. I have frequently heard said, instead of *Küstenbewohner* (inhabitant of the coast), *Kistenbewohner* (inhabitant of the box); instead of *Thürstück* (a painting over a door), *Thierstück* (animal picture); instead of *Trübe* (gloomy), *Triebe* (impulses); and instead of *Ihr müsst* (you must), *Ihr misst* (you miss); — not, however, without a hearty laugh."

"I lately noticed at the theatre," said I, "a very ludicrous case of the kind, in which a lady, in a critical situation, has to follow a man, whom she had never seen before. She had to say, '*Ich kenne Dich zwar nicht, aber ich setze mein ganzes Vertrauen in den Edelmuth Deiner Züge*' (I do not know you, but I place entire confidence in the nobility of your countenance); but as she pronounced the Ü like I, she said, '*Ich kenne Dich zwar nicht, aber ich setze mein ganzes Vertrauen in den Edelmuth Deiner Ziege*' (I do not know you, but I place entire confidence in the nobility of your goat)." This caused great laughter.

"This anecdote is not bad," returned Goethe, "and we will notice it also. Thus, too," continued he, "G and K, are here frequently confounded; G being used instead of K, and K instead of G, possibly from uncertainty whether the

letter should be hard or soft, a result of the doctrine so much in vogue here. You have probably often heard, or will hear, at some future time, in our theatre, *Kartenhaus* (card house) instead of *Gartenhaus* (garden house), *Kasse* (chest) instead of *Gasse* (lane), *Klauben* (to pick out) instead of *Glauben* (to believe), *bekränzen* (to enwreath) instead of *begrenzen* (to bound), and *Kunst* (art) instead of *Gunst* (favor)."

"I have already heard something similar," returned I. "An actor of this town had to say, '*Dein Gram geht mir zu Herzen*' (thy grief touches my heart). But he pronounced the G like K, and said very distinctly, '*Dein Kram geht mir zu Herzen*' (thy goods touch my heart)."

"Besides," answered Goethe, "we hear this substitution of G for K, not merely among actors, but even among very learned theologians. I once personally experienced an incident of this sort; and I will relate it to you.

"When I, some five years ago, stayed for some time at Jena, and lodged at the 'Fir Tree,' a theological student one morning presented himself to me. After he had conversed with me very agreeably for some time, he made, as he was just going, a request of a most peculiar kind. He begged me TO ALLOW HIM TO PREACH IN MY STEAD ON THE NEXT SUNDAY. I immediately discovered which way the wind blew, and that the hopeful youth was one of those who confound G for K. I, therefore, answered him in a friendly manner, that I could not personally assist him in this affair; but that he would be sure to attain his object, if he would be so good as to apply to Archdeacon Koethe."

Tues., May 18.—This evening at Goethe's, in company with Riemer.

Goethe talked to us about an English poem, of which geology was the subject. He made, as he went on, an impromptu translation of it, with so much spirit, imagination, and good humor, that every individual object stood before us, with as much life as if it were his own invention at the moment. The hero of the poem, King COAL, was seen, in his brilliant hall of audience, seated upon his throne, his consort PYRITES by his side, waiting for the

nobles of the kingdom. Entering according to their rank, they appear one by one before the king, and were introduced as Duke GRANITE, Marquis SLATE, Countess PORPHYRY, and so on with the rest, who were all characterized by some excellent epithet and joke. Then followed Sir Lorenzo CHALK, a man of great possessions, and well received at court. He excuses his mother, the Lady MARBLE, on the ground that her residence is rather distant. She is a very polished and accomplished lady, and a cause of her nonappearance at court, on this occasion, is, that she is involved in an intrigue with CANOVA, who likes to flirt with her. TUFA, whose hair is decked with lizards and fishes, appears rather intoxicated. Hans MARL and Jacob CLAY do not appear till the end; the last is a particular favorite of the queen, because he has promised her a collection of shells. Thus the whole went on for a long time in the most cheerful tone; but the details were too minute for me to note the further progress of the story.

"Such a poem," said Goethe, "is quite calculated to amuse people of the world; while at the same time it diffuses a quantity of useful information, which no one ought properly to be without. A taste for science is thus excited among the higher circles; and no one knows how much good may ultimately result from such an entertaining half joke. Many a clever person may be induced to make observations himself, within his own immediate sphere. And such individual observations, drawn from the natural objects with which we are in contact, are often the more valuable, the less the observer professionally belongs to the particular department of science."

"You appear, then, to intimate," returned I, "that the more one knows, the worse one observes."

"Certainly," said Goethe, "when the knowledge which is handed down is combined with errors. As soon as any one belongs to a certain narrow creed in science, every unprejudiced and true perception is gone. The decided Vulcanist always sees through the spectacles of a Vulcanist; and every Neptunist, and every professor of the newest elevation theory, through his own. The contemplation

of the world, with all these theorists, who are devoted to an exclusive tendency, has lost its innocence, and the objects no longer appear in their natural purity. If these learned men, then, give an account of their observations, we obtain, notwithstanding their love of truth as individuals, no actual truth with reference to the objects themselves; but we always receive these objects with the taste of a strong, subjective mixture.

"I am, however, far from maintaining that an unprejudiced, correct knowledge is a drawback to observation. I am much more inclined to support the old truth, that we, properly speaking, have only eyes and ears for what we know. The musician by profession hears, in an orchestral performance, every instrument and every single tone, while one unacquainted with the art is wrapped up in the massive effect of the whole. A man merely bent upon enjoyment sees in a green or flowery meadow only a pleasant plain, while the eye of a botanist discovers an endless detail of the most varied plants and grasses.

"Still everything has its measure and goal, and as it has been said in my '*Goetz von Berlichingen*,' that the son, from pure learning, does not know his own father, so in science do we find people who can neither see nor hear through sheer learning and hypothesis. Such people look at once within; they are so occupied by what is revolving in themselves, that they are like a man in a passion, who passes his dearest friends in the street without seeing them. The observation of nature requires a certain purity of mind, which cannot be disturbed or preoccupied by anything. The beetle on the flower does not escape the child; he has devoted all his senses to a single, simple interest; and it never strikes him that, at the same moment, something remarkable may be going on in the formation of the clouds to distract his glances in that direction."

"Then," returned I, "children and the childlike would be good hodmen in science."

"Would to God!" exclaimed Goethe, "we were all nothing more than good hodmen. It is just because we will be more, and carry about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypothesis, that we spoil all."

Then followed a pause in the conversation, which Riemer broke by mentioning Lord Byron and his death. Goethe thereupon gave a brilliant elucidation of his writings, and was full of the highest praise and the purest acknowledgment.

"However," continued he, "although Byron has died so young, literature has not suffered an essential loss, through a hindrance to its further extension. Byron could, in a certain sense, go no further. He had reached the summit of his creative power, and whatever he might have done in the future, he would have been unable to extend the boundaries of his talent. In the incomprehensible poem, 'The Vision of Judgment,' he has done the utmost of which he was capable."

The discourse then turned upon the Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, and his resemblance to Lord Byron, when Goethe could not conceal the superiority of the Englishman, in spirit, grasp of the world, and productive power. "One cannot," continued he, "compare these poets with each other, without annihilating one by the other. Byron is the burning thorn bush which reduces the holy cedar of Lebanon to ashes. The great epic poem of the Italian has maintained its fame for centuries; but yet, with a single line of 'Don Juan,' one could poison the whole of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'"

Mon., Aug. 16. — My conversations with Goethe have lately been very abundant in matter, but I have been so much engaged with other things as to render it impossible to write down anything of importance, from the fullness of his discourse.

Only the following detached sentences are found noted down in my diary; the connection between them and the occasion that gave rise to them, I have forgotten: —

Men are swimming pots, which knock against each other.

In the morning we are shrewdest, but also most anxious; for even anxiety is a species of shrewdness, though only a passive one. Stupidity is without anxiety.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.

Court life is like music, in which every one must keep time.

Courtiers would died of *ennui*, if they could not fill up their time with ceremonies.

It is not right to counsel a prince to give way, even in the most trivial matter.

He who would train actors must have infinite patience.

Tues., Nov. 9. — I passed this evening with Goethe. We talked of Klopstock and Herder; and I liked to listen to him, as he explained to me the merits of those men.

"Without those powerful precursors," said Goethe, "our literature could not have become what it now is. When they appeared, they were before their age, and were obliged, as it were, to drag it after them; but now the age has far outrun them, and they who were once so necessary and important have now ceased to be MEANS TO AN END. A young man who would take Klopstock and Herder for his teachers nowadays would be far behindhand."

We talked over Klopstock's "Messiah" and his Odes, touching on their merits and their defects. We agreed that he had no faculty for observing and apprehending the visible world, or for drawing characters; and that he therefore wanted the qualities most essential to the epic and dramatic poet, or, perhaps it might be said, to the poet generally.

"An ode occurs to me," said Goethe, "where he makes the German Muse run a race with the British; and, indeed, when one thinks what a picture it is, where the two girls run one against the other, throwing about their legs, and kicking up the dust, one must assume that the good Klopstock did not really have before his eyes such pictures as he wrote, else he could not possibly have made such mistakes."

I asked how he had felt toward Klopstock in his youth.

"I venerated him," said Goethe, "with the devotion which was peculiar to me; I looked upon him as my uncle. I revered whatever he had done, and never thought of reflecting upon it, or finding fault with it. I let his fine

qualities work upon me; for the rest, I went my own way."

We came back to Herder, and I asked Goethe which of his works he thought the best. "His 'Ideas for the History of Mankind'" (*Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit*), replied Goethe, "are undoubtedly the best. In after days, he took the negative side, and was not so agreeable."

"Considering the great weight of Herder," said I, "I cannot understand how he had so little judgment on some subjects. For instance, I cannot forgive him, especially at that period of German literature, for sending back the manuscript of '*Goetz von Berlichingen*' without any praise of its merits, and with taunting remarks. He must have utterly wanted organs to perceive some objects."

"Yes, Herder was unfortunate in this respect," replied Goethe; "nay," added he, with vivacity, "if his spirit were present at this conversation, it would not understand us."

"On the other hand," said I, "I must praise Merck, who urged you to print 'Goetz.'"

"He was indeed an odd but important man," said Goethe. "'Print the thing,' quoth he, 'it is worth nothing, but print it.' He did not wish me to make any alteration in it, and he was right; for it would have been different, but not better."

Wed., Nov. 24. — I went to see Goethe this evening, before going to the theatre, and found him very well and cheerful. He inquired about the young Englishmen who are here. I told him that I proposed reading with Mr. Doolan a German translation of Plutarch. This led the conversation to Roman and Grecian history; and Goethe expressed himself as follows: —

"The Roman history," said he, "is no longer suited to us. We have become too humane for the triumphs of Cæsar not to be repugnant to our feelings. Neither are we much charmed by the history of Greece. When this people turns against a foreign foe, it is, indeed, great and glorious; but the division of the states, and their eternal wars with one another, where Greek fights against Greek, are insufferable. Besides, the history of our own time is thoroughly

great and important; the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo stand out with such prominence, that that of Marathon and others like it are gradually eclipsed. Neither are our individual heroes inferior to theirs; the French marshals, Blücher, and Wellington, vie with any of the heroes of antiquity."

We then talked of the late French literature, and the daily increasing interest in German works manifested by the French.

"The French," said Goethe, "do well to study and translate our writers; for, limited as they are both in form and motives, they can only look without for means. We Germans may be reproached for a certain formlessness; but in matter we are their superiors. The theatrical productions of Kotzebue and Iffland are so rich in motives that they may pluck them a long time before all is used up. But, especially, our philosophical Ideality is welcome to them; for every Ideal is serviceable to revolutionary aims.

"The French have understanding and *esprit*, but neither a solid basis nor piety. What serves the moment, what helps his party, seems right to the Frenchman. Hence they praise us, never from an acknowledgment of our merits, but only when they can strengthen their party by our views."

We then talked about our own literature, and of the obstacles in the way of some of our latest young poets.

"The majority of our young poets," said Goethe, "have no fault but this, that their subjectivity is not important, and that they cannot find matter in the objective. At best, they only find a material, which is similar to themselves, which corresponds to their own subjectivity; but as for taking the material on its own account, when it is repugnant to the subjectivity, merely because it is poetical, such a thing is never thought of.

"Still, as I have said, if we only had important personsonages, formed by great studies and situations in life, it might still go well with us, at least as far as our young lyric poets are concerned."

Fri., Dec. 3.— A proposal has lately reached me to write for an English periodical, on very favorable terms, monthly

notices of the latest productions in German literature. I was much inclined to accept the proposal, but thought it would be good first to talk over the affair with Goethe.

I went to him this evening. The curtains were down, and he was seated before a table, on which dinner had been served, and on which burned two lights which illuminated at once his own face and a collossal bust which stood before him on the table, and at which he was looking. "Now," said Goethe, pointing at the bust, after greeting me in a friendly manner "who is this?" "Apparently, a poet, and an Italian," I replied. "It is Dante," said he: "it is well done; a fine head, yet not very pleasing. He seems old, bowed down, and peevish; the features are lax, and drawn down, as if he had just come from hell. I have a medal, which was struck during his life, and there everything appears much better."

He rose and brought the medal. "Do you see what power there is in the nose and the swell of the upper lip, the energy of the chin, and its fine blending with the cheek bone? The part about the eyes and the forehead are the same in this bust; but all the rest is weaker and older. Yet I will not find fault with the new work, which, on the whole, has great merit, and deserves praise."

Goethe then inquired what I had been doing and thinking about of late. I told him that a proposal had reached me to write for an English periodical, on very advantageous terms, monthly notices of the newest productions of the German prose *belles lettres*, and that I was much inclined to accept the offer.

Goethe's face, which had hitherto worn so friendly an expression, clouded over at these words, and I could read in every movement his disapproval of my project.

"I wish," said he, "your friends would leave you in peace. Why should you trouble yourself with things which lie quite out of your way, and are contrary to the tendencies of your nature? We have gold, silver, and paper money, and each has its own value; but to do justice to each, you must understand the exchange. And so in literature. You understand the metallic, but not the paper currency: you are not equal to this; your criticisms will be unjust, and do

hurt. If you wish to be just, and give everything its proper place, you must first become acquainted with our middle literature, and make up your mind to a study by no means trifling. You must look back and see what the Schlegels proposed and performed, and then read all our later authors, Franz Horn, Hoffmann, Clauren, etc. Even this is not enough. You must also take in all the journals of the day, from the '*Morgenblatt*' to the '*Abend zeitung*,' in order that nothing which comes out may escape you; and thus you will spoil your best days and hours. Then all new books, which you would criticise with any degree of profundity, you must not only skim over, but study. How would you relish that? And, finally, if you find that what is bad is bad, you must not say so, if you would not run the risk of being at war with all the world.

"No; as I have said, decline the proposal; it is not in your way. Generally, beware of dissipating your powers, and strive to concentrate them. Had I been so wise thirty years ago, I should have done very differently. How much time I lost with Schiller on his 'Horen' and 'Musen-Almanachs!' Now, when I have just been looking over our correspondence, I feel this most forcibly, and cannot think without chagrin on those undertakings which made the world abuse us, and which were entirely without result for ourselves. Talent thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing; but this is not the case, and it will have to repent its *Faux-frais* (idle expenses). What good does it do to curl up your hair for a single night? You have paper in your hair, that is all; next night, it is straight again.

"The great point," he continued, "is to make a capital that will not be exhausted. This you will acquire by the study of the English language and literature, which you have already begun. Keep to that, and continually make use of the advantages you now possess in the acquaintance of the young Englishmen. You studied the ancient languages but little during your youth; therefore, seek now a stronghold in the literature of so able a nation of the English. And, besides, our own literature is chiefly the offspring of theirs! Whence have we our novels, our trag-

edies, but from Goldsmith, Fielding, and Shakespeare? And in our own day, where will you find in Germany three literary heroes, who can be placed on a level with Lord Byron, Moore, and Walter Scott? Once more ground yourself in English, concentrate your powers for something good, and give up everything which can produce no result of consequence to you, and is not suited to you."

I rejoiced that I had thus made Goethe speak. I was perfectly satisfied in my mind, and determined to comply with his advice in every respect.

Chancellor von Müller was now announced, and sat down with us. The conversation turned once more on the bust of Dante, which stood before us, and on his life and works. The obscurity of this author was especially mentioned — how his own countrymen had never understood him, so that it would be impossible for a foreigner to penetrate such darkness. "To you," said Goethe, turning toward me, with a friendly air, "the study of this poet is hereby absolutely forbidden by your father confessor."

Goethe also remarked that the difficult rhyme is, in a great measure, the cause of his obscurity. For the rest, he spoke of Dante with extreme reverence; and I observed that he was not satisfied with the word TALENT, but called him a NATURE, as if thus wishing to express something more comprehensive, more full of prescience, of deeper insight, and wider scope.

Thurs., Dec. 9. — I went this evening to Goethe. He cordially held out his hand, and greeted me with praises of my poem on "Schellhorn's Jubilee." I told him that I had written to refuse the proposal from England.

"Thank Heaven!" said he; "then you are free and at peace once more. And now let me warn you against something else. The composers will come and want an opera; but you must be steadfast and refuse them, for that is a work which leads to nothing, and only loses time."

Goethe then told me that he had sent the author of the "Paria," who is now at Bonn, the playbill, through Nees of Esenbeck, that the poet might see his piece had been played here. "Life is short," he added; "we must try to do one another a good turn."

The Berlin journals lay before him, and he told me of the great inundation at Petersburg. He gave me the paper to read, and talked about the bad situation of Petersburg, laughing approvingly at an expression of Rousseau's, who said that we could not hinder an earthquake by building a city near a burning mountain. "Nature goes her own way," said he, "and all that to us seems an exception is really according to order."

We then talked of the great tempests which had raged on every coast, and of other violent outbreaks of nature, mentioned in the journals, and I asked Goethe whether it was known how such things were connected. "That no one knows," replied Goethe; "we have scarcely a suspicion respecting such mysteries, much less can we speak about them."

Coudray and Professor Riemer were announced. Both joined us, and the inundation of Petersburg was again discussed. M. Coudray, by drawing the plan of that city, plainly showed us the position of the Neva, and the rest of the locality.

1825

Mon., Jan. 10.

GOETHE, consistently with his great interest for the English, has desired me to introduce to him the young Englishmen who are here at present. At five o'clock this afternoon, he expected me with Mr. H., the English engineer officer, of whom I had previously been able to say much good to him. We went at the expected hour, and were conducted by the servant to a pleasant, well-warmed apartment, where Goethe usually passes his afternoons and evenings. Three lights were burning on the table, but he was not there; we heard him talking in the adjoining saloon.

Mr. H. looked about him for a while, and observed, besides the pictures and a large chart of the mountains which adorned the walls, a bookcase full of portfolios. These, I told him, contained many drawings from the hands of celebrated masters, and engravings after the best pictures of all schools, which Goethe had, during a long life, been gradually collecting, and the repeated contemplation of which afforded him entertainment.

After we had waited a few minutes, Goethe came in, and greeted us cordially. He said to Mr. H., "I presume I may address you in German, as I hear you are already well versed in our language." Mr. H. answered with a few polite words, and Goethe requested us to be seated.

Mr. H.'s manners and appearance must have made a good impression on Goethe; for his sweetness and mild serenity were manifested toward the stranger in their real beauty. "You did well," said he, "to come hither to learn German; for here you will quickly and easily acquire, not only a knowledge of the language, but also of the elements on which it rests, our soil, climate, mode of life, manners, social habits, and constitution, and carry it away with you to England."

Mr. H. replied, "The interest taken in the German language is now great, so that there is now scarcely a young Englishman of good family who does not learn German."

"We Germans," said Goethe, good humoredly, "have, however, been half a century before your nation in this respect. For fifty years I have been busy with the English language and literature; so that I am well acquainted with your writers, your ways of living, and the administration of your country. If I went over to England, I should be no stranger there.

"But, as I said before, your young men do well to come to us and learn our language; for, not only does our literature merit attention on its own account, but no one can deny that he who now knows German well can dispense with many other languages. Of the French, I do not speak; it is the language of conversation, and is indispensable in traveling, because everybody understands it, and in all countries we can get on with it instead of a good interpreter. But as for Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, we can read the best works of those nations in such excellent German translations, that, unless we have some particular object in view, we need not spend much time upon the toilsome study of those languages. It is in the German nature duly to honor after its kind, everything produced by other nations, and to accommodate itself to foreign peculiarities. This, with the great flexibility of our language, makes German translations thoroughly faithful and complete. And it is not to be denied that, in general, you get on very far with a good translation. Frederick the Great did not know Latin, but he read Cicero in the French translation with as much profit as we who read him in the original."

Then, turning the conversation on the theatre, he asked Mr. H. whether he went frequently thither. "Every evening," he replied, "and find that I thus gain much toward the understanding of the language."

"It is remarkable," said Goethe, "that the ear, and generally the understanding, gets the start of speaking; so that a man may very soon comprehend all he hears, but by no means express it all."

"I experience daily," said Mr. H., "the truth of that remark. I understand very well whatever I hear or read; I even feel when an incorrect expression is made use of in German. But when I speak, nothing will flow, and I cannot express myself as I wish. In light conversation at court, jests with the ladies, a chat at balls, and the like, I succeed pretty well. But if I try to express an opinion on any important topic, to say anything peculiar or luminous, I cannot get on."

"Be not discouraged by that," said Goethe, "since it is hard enough to express such uncommon matters in one's own mother tongue."

He then asked what Mr. H. read in German literature. "I have read 'Egmont,'" he replied, "and found so much pleasure in the perusal, that I returned to it three times. 'Torquato Tasso,' too, has afforded me much enjoyment. Now, I am reading 'Faust,' but find that it is somewhat difficult."

Goethe laughed at these last words. "Really," said he, "I would not have advised you to undertake 'Faust.' It is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling. But since you have done it of your own accord, without asking my advice, you will see how you will get through. Faust is so strange an individual, that only few can sympathize with his internal condition. Then the character of Mephistophiles is, on account of his irony, and also because he is a living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world, also very difficult. But you will see what lights open upon you. 'Tasso,' on the other hand, lies far nearer the common feelings of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is favorable to an easy comprehension of it."

"Yet," said Mr. H., "'Tasso' is thought difficult in Germany, and people have wondered to hear me say that I was reading it."

"What is chiefly needed for 'Tasso,'" replied Goethe, "is that one should be no longer a child, and should have been in good society. A young man of good family, with sufficient mind and delicacy, and also with enough outward culture, such as will be produced by intercourse with

accomplished men of the higher class, will not find 'Tasso' difficult."

The conversation turning upon "Egmont," he said, "I wrote 'Egmont' in 1775, — fifty years ago. I adhered closely to history, and strove to be as accurate as possible. Ten years afterward, when I was in Rome, I read in the newspapers that the revolutionary scenes in the Netherlands there described were exactly repeated. I saw from this that the world remains ever the same, and that my picture must have some life in it."

Amid this and similar conversation, the hour for the theatre had come. We rose, and Goethe dismissed us in a friendly manner.

As we went homeward, I asked Mr. H. how he was pleased with Goethe. "I have never," said he, "seen a man who, with all his attractive gentleness, had so much native dignity. However he may condescend, he is always the great man."

Tues., Jan. 18.— I went to Goethe about five o'clock. I had not seen him for some days, and passed a delightful evening. I found him sitting in his workingroom, and talking, during the twilight, with his son and Hofrath Rehbein, his physician. I seated myself at the table with them. We talked a while in the dusk; then lights were brought in, and I had the happiness to see Goethe looking perfectly fresh and cheerful.

As usual, he inquired with interest what had happened to me of late, and I replied that I had made the acquaintance of a poetess. I was able at the same time to praise her uncommon talent, and Goethe, who was likewise acquainted with some of her productions, agreed with my commendation.

"One of her poems," said he, "in which she describes the country near her home, is of a highly peculiar character. She has a good tendency toward outward objects, and is besides not destitute of valuable internal qualities. We might indeed, find much fault with her; but we will let her alone, and not disturb her in the path which her talent will show her."

The conversation now turned on poetesses in general; Hofrath Rehbein remarked that the poetical talent of ladies

often seemed to him as a sexual instinct of the intellect. "Hear him," said Goethe, laughing, and looking at me; "sexual instinct, indeed! how the physician explains it!"

"I know not," said Rehbein, "whether I express myself right; but it is something of the sort. Usually these beings have not been fortunate in love, and they now seek compensation in intellectual pursuits. Had they been married in time, and borne children, they would never have thought of poetical productions."

"I will not inquire," said Goethe, "how far you are right in this case; but, as to the talents of ladies in other departments, I have always found that they ceased on marriage. I have known girls who drew finely; but so soon as they became wives and mothers it was all over: they were busy with their children, and never touched a pencil.

"But our poetesses," continued he, with much animation, "might write and poetize as they pleased if only our men would not write like women. This it is that does not please me. Look at our periodicals and annuals; see how all becomes weaker and weaker. Were a chapter of Cellini now printed in the '*Morgenblatt*,' what a figure it would make!

"However," he continued, in a lively manner, "let us forget all that, and rejoice in our brave girl at Halle, who with masculine spirit introduces us into the Servian world. These poems are excellent. There are some among them worthy of a comparison with 'Solomon's Song,' and that is saying something. I have finished my essay on these poems, and it is already in type." With these words he showed me the first four proof sheets of a new number of "*Kunst und Alterthum*," where I found the essay in question. "I have in a few words," said he, "characterized these poems according to their chief subjects, and I think you will be pleased with the valuable MOTIVES. Rehbein, too, is not ignorant of poetry — at least as to its import and material — and he may perhaps like to hear you read this aloud."

I read slowly the subjects of the single poems. The situations indicated were so marked and expressive, that at each word a whole poem was revealed to my eye. The following appeared to me especially charming: —

1. Modesty of a Servian girl, who never raises her beautiful eyelashes.

2. Conflict in the mind of a lover, who, as groomsman, is obliged to conduct his beloved to another.

3. Being distressed about her lover, the girl will not sing, lest she should seem gay.

4. Complaint of the corruption of manners; how youths marry widows, and old men virgins.

5. Complaint of a youth that a mother gives her daughter too much liberty.

6. Confidingly joyous talk of a girl with the steed, who betrays to her his master's inclinations and designs.

7. The maiden will not have him she cannot love.

8. The fair barmaid: her lover is not among the guests.

9. Finding and tender awakening of the beloved.

10. What trade shall my husband be?

11. Joys of love lost by babbling.

12. The lover comes from abroad, watches her by day, surprises her at night.

I remarked that these mere MOTIVES excited in me such lively emotions, that I felt as if I were reading the poems themselves, and had no desire for the details.

"You are quite right," said Goethe, "so it is; and here you see the great importance of MOTIVES, which no one will understand. Our women have no notion of it. 'That poem is beautiful,' they say, and by this they mean nothing but the feelings, the words, the verses. No one dreams that the true power of a poem consists in the situation,—in the MOTIVES.* And for this very reason, thousands of poems are written, where the MOTIVE is nothing at all, and

* This "motive" (German, *motiv*) is a very difficult and unmanageable word, and like many words of the sort does not seem always to preserve the same meaning. According to the definition of lexicographers, the German expression is almost the same as the English one, and a poem is said to be well "motived" (*motivirt*) when it is well organized as a whole,—that is to say, when there is a sufficient motive for the different effects produced. But in the passage above, "motive" seems rather to mean "theme" for a poem, and it will be remembered that "motive" has that sense in music. Whenever *motiv* occurs it will be represented by MOTIVE in small capitals, and the reader will do his best to understand it from the context.—TRANS.

which merely through feeling and sounding verse reflect a sort of existence. *Dilettanti*, and especially women, have very week ideas of poetry. They usually think, if they could but get quit of the technical part, they would have the essential, and would be quite accomplished; but they are much mistaken."

Professor Riemer was announced, Rehbein took leave, and Riemer sat down with us. The conversation still turned on the MOTIVES of the Servian love poems. Riemer was acquainted with the topic, and made the remark, that according to the table of contents given above, not only could poems be made, but that the same MOTIVES had been already used by the Germans, without any knowledge that they had been treated in Servia. He mentioned some poems of his own, and I mentioned some poems by Goethe, which had occurred to me during the reading.

"The world," said Goethe, "remains always the same; situations are repeated; one people lives, loves, and feels like another; why should not one poet write like another? The situations of life are alike; why, then, should those of poems be unlike?"

"This very similarity in life and sensation," said Riemer, "makes us all able to appreciate the poetry of other nations. If this were not the case, we should never know what foreign poems were about."

"I am, therefore," said I, "always surprised at the learned, who seem to suppose that poetizing proceeds not from life to the poem, but from the book to the poem. They are always saying, 'He got this here; he got that there.' If, for instance, they find passages in Shakespeare which are also to be found in the ancients, they say he must have taken them from the ancients. Thus there is a situation in Shakespeare, where, on the sight of a beautiful girl, the parents are congratulated who call her daughter, and the youth who will lead her home as his bride. And because the same thing occurs in Homer, Shakespeare, forsooth, has taken it from Homer. How odd! As if one had to go so far for such things, and did not have them before one's eyes, feel them and utter them every day."

"Ah, yes," said Goethe, "it is very ridiculous."

"Lord Byron, too," said I, "is no wiser, when he takes 'Faust' to pieces, and thinks you found one thing here, the other there."

"The greater part of those fine things cited by Lord Byron," said Goethe, "I have never even read, much less did I think of them, when I was writing 'Faust.' But Lord Byron is only great as a poet; as soon as he reflects, he is a child. He knows not how to help himself against the stupid attacks of the same kind made upon him by his own countrymen. He ought to have expressed himself more strongly against them. 'What is there is mine,' he should have said, 'and whether I got it from a book or from life, is of no consequence; the only point is, whether I have made a right use of it.' Walter Scott used a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so; and because he did it well, he deserves praise. He has also copied the character of my Mignon in one of his romances; but whether with equal judgment, is another question. Lord Byron's transformed Devil* is a continuation of Mephistophiles, and quite right too. If, from the whim of originality, he had departed from the model, he would certainly have fared worse. Thus, my Mephistophiles sings a song from Shakespeare, and why should he not? Why should I give myself the trouble of inventing one of my own, when this said just what was wanted. If, too, the prologue to my 'Faust' is something like the beginning of Job, that is again quite right, and I am rather to be praised than censured."

Goethe was in the best humor. He sent for a bottle of wine, and filled for Riemer and me; he himself drank Marienbad water. He seemed to have appointed this evening for looking over, with Riemer, the manuscript of the continuation of his autobiography, perhaps in order to improve it here and there, in point of expression. "Let Eckermann stay and hear it too," said Goethe; which words I was very glad to hear, and he then laid the manu-

* This, doubtless, means the "Deformed Transformed," and the fact that this poem was not published till January, 1824, rendering it probable that Goethe had not actually seen it, accounts for the inaccuracy of the expression.—TRANS.

script before Riemer, who began to read, commencing with the year 1795.

I had already, in the course of the summer, had the pleasure of repeatedly reading and reflecting on the still unpublished record of those years, down to the latest time. But now to hear them read aloud in Goethe's presence, afforded quite a new enjoyment. Riemer paid especial attention to the mode of expression; and I had occasion to admire his great dexterity, and his affluence of words and phrases. But in Goethe's mind the epoch of life described was revived; he reveled in recollections, and on the mention of single persons and events, filled out the written narrative by the details he orally gave us. That was a precious evening! The most distinguished of his contemporaries were talked over; but the conversation always came back to Schiller, who was so interwoven with this period, from 1795 to 1800. The theatre had been the object of their united efforts, and Goethe's best works belong to this time. "*Wilhelm Meister*" was completed; "*Hermann und Dorothea*" planned and written; "Cellini" translated for the "Horen;" the "Xenien" written by both for Schiller's "Musenalmanach";—every day brought with it points of contact. Of all this we talked this evening, and Goethe had full opportunity for the most interesting communications.

"'*Hermann und Dorothea*,'" said he, "is almost the only one of my larger poems which still satisfies me; I can never read it without strong interest. I love it best in the Latin translation; there it seems to be nobler, and as if it had returned to its original form."

"*Wilhelm Meister*" was often a subject of discourse. "Schiller blamed me for interweaving tragic elements which do not belong to the novel. Yet he was wrong, as we all know. In his letters to me, there are most important views and opinions with respect to '*Wilhelm Meister*.' But this work is one of the most incalculable productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should think a rich manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any

express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect. But if anything of the sort is insisted upon, it will perhaps be found in the words which Frederic, at the end, addresses to the hero, when he says,—'Thou seem'st to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom.' Keep only to this; for, in fact, the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last."

We then talked of the high degree of culture which, during the last fifty years, had become general among the middle classes of Germany, and Goethe ascribed the merit of this not so much to Lessing as to Herder and Wieland. "Lessing," said he, "was of the very highest understanding, and only one equally great could truly learn of him. To a half faculty he was dangerous." He mentioned a journalist who had formed himself on Lessing, and at the end of the last century had played a part indeed, but far from a noble one, because he was so inferior to his great predecessor.

"All Upper Germany," said he, "is indebted to Wieland for its style. It has learned much from him; and the capability of expressing itself correctly is not the least."

On mentioning the "Xenien,"* he especially praised those of Schiller, which he called sharp and biting, while he called his own innocent and trivial.

"The '*Thierkreis*' (Zodiac), which is by Schiller," said he, "I always read with admiration. The good effects which the 'Xenien' had upon the German literature of their time are beyond calculation." Many persons against whom the "Xenien" were directed, were mentioned on this occasion, but their names have escaped my memory.

After we had read and talked over the manuscript to the end of the year 1800, interrupted by these and innumerable other observations from Goethe, he put aside the papers, and had a little supper placed at one end of the table at which we were sitting. We partook of it, but Goethe did not touch a morsel; indeed, I have never seen him eat in

* The name given to a collection of sarcastic epigrams by Goethe and Schiller.—TRANS.

the evening. He sat down with us, filled our glasses, snuffed the candles, and intellectually regaled us with the most agreeable conversation. His remembrance of Schiller was so lively, that the conversation during the latter part of the evening was devoted to him alone.

Riemer spoke of Schiller's personal appearance. "The build of his limbs, his gait in the street, all his motions," said he, "were proud; his eyes only were soft."

"Yes," said Goethe, "everything else about him was proud and majestic, only the eyes were soft. And his talent was like his outward form. He seized boldly on a great subject, and turned it this way and that, and handled it this way and that. But he saw his object, as it were, only in the outside; a quiet development from its interior was not within his province. His talent was desultory. Thus he was never decided — could never have done. He often changed a part just before a rehearsal.

"And, as he went so boldly to work, he did not take sufficient pains about MOTIVES. I recollect what trouble I had with him, when he wanted to make Gessler, in 'Tell,' abruptly break an apple from the tree, and have it shot from the boy's head. This was quite against my nature, and I urged him to give at least some MOTIVE to this barbarity, by making the boy boast to Gessler of his father's dexterity, and say that he could shoot an apple from a tree at a hundred paces. Schiller, at first, would have nothing of the sort: but at last he yielded to my arguments and intentions, and did as I advised him. I, on the other hand, by too great attention to MOTIVES, kept my pieces from the theatre. My 'Eugenie'* is nothing but a chain of MOTIVES, and this cannot succeed on the stage.

"Schiller's genius was really made for the theatre. With every piece he progressed, and became more finished; but, strange to say, a certain love for the horrible adhered to him from the time of the 'Robbers,' which never quite left him even in his prime. I still recollect perfectly well, that in the prison scene in my 'Egmont,' where the sentence is read to him, Schiller would have made Alva appear in the background, masked and muffled in a cloak,

*"*Die Natürliche Tochter*" (the Natural Daughter).— TRANS.

enjoying the effect which the sentence would produce on Egmont. Thus Alva was to show himself insatiable in revenge and malice. I, however, protested, and prevented the apparition. He was a great, odd man.

"Every week he became different and more finished; each time that I saw him, he seemed to me to have advanced in learning and judgment. His letters are the fairest memorials of him which I possess, and they are also among the most excellent of his writings. His last letter I preserve as a sacred relic, among my treasures." He rose and fetched it. "See and read it," said he, giving it to me.

It was a very fine letter, written in a bold hand. It contained an opinion of Goethe's notes to "Rameau's Nephew," which exhibit French literature at that time, and which he had given Schiller to look over. I read the letter aloud to Riemer. "You see," said Goethe, "how apt and consistent is his judgment, and that the handwriting nowhere betrays any trace of weakness. He was a splendid man, and went from us in all the fullness of his strength. This letter is dated the 24th of April, 1805. Schiller died on the 9th of May."

We looked at the letter by turns, and were pleased both with the clear style and the fine handwriting. Goethe bestowed several other words of affectionate reminiscence upon his friend, until it was nearly eleven o'clock, and we departed.

Thurs., Feb. 24.— "If I were still superintendent of the theatre," said Goethe, this evening, "I would bring out Byron's 'Doge of Venice.' The piece is indeed long, and would require shortening. Nothing, however, should be cut out, but the import of each scene should be taken, and expressed more concisely. The piece would thus be brought closer together, without being damaged by alterations, and it would gain a powerful effect, without any essential loss of beauty."

This opinion of Goethe's gave me a new view as to how we might proceed on the stage, in a hundred similar cases, and I was highly pleased with such a maxim, which, however, presupposes a fine intellect — nay, a poet, who understands his vocation.

We talked more about Lord Byron, and I mentioned how, in his conversations with Medwin, he had said there was something extremely difficult and unthankful in writing for the theatre. "The great point is," said Goethe, "for the poet to strike into the path which the taste and interest of the public have taken. If the direction of his talent accords with that of the public, everything is gained. Houwald hit this path with his BILD (picture), and hence the universal applause he received. Lord Byron, perhaps, would not have been so fortunate, inasmuch as his tendency varied from that of the public. The greatness of the poet is by no means the important matter. On the contrary, one who is little elevated above the general public may often gain the most general favor precisely on that account."

We continued to converse about Byron, and Goethe admired his extraordinary talent. "That which I call invention," said he, "I never saw in any one in the world to a greater degree than in him. His manner of loosing a dramatic knot is always better than one would anticipate."

"That," said I, "is what I feel about Shakespeare, especially when Falstaff has entangled himself in such a net of falsehoods, and I ask myself what I should do to help him out; for I find that Shakespeare surpasses all my notions. That you say the same of Lord Byron, is the highest praise that can be bestowed on him. Nevertheless," I added, "the poet who takes a clear survey of beginning and end, has, by far, the advantage with the biased reader."

Goethe agreed with me, and laughed to think that Lord Byron, who, in practical life, could never adapt himself, and never even asked about a law, finally subjected himself to the stupidest of laws — that of the THREE UNITIES.

"He understood the purpose of this law," said he, "no better than the rest of the world. COMPREHENSIBILITY* is the purpose, and the three unities are only so far good as they conduce to this end. If the observance of them hinders the comprehension of a work, it is foolish to treat them as laws, and to try to observe them. Even the Greeks, from whom the rule was taken, did not always

* We unwillingly adopt this uncouth word as the equivalent for "*das Fassliche*."—TRANS.

follow it. In the 'Phaeton' of Euripides, and in other pieces, there is a change of place, and it is obvious that good representation of their subject was with them more important than blind obedience to law, which, in itself, is of no great consequence. The pieces of Shakespeare deviate, as far as possible, from the unities of time and place; but they are comprehensible — nothing more so — and on this account, the Greeks would have found no fault in them. The French poets have endeavored to follow most rigidly the laws of the three unities, but they sin against comprehensibility, inasmuch as they solve a dramatic law, not dramatically, but by narration."

"I call to mind the '*Feinde*' (enemies) of Houwald. The author of this drama stood much in his own light, when, to preserve the unity of place, he sinned against comprehensibility in the first act, and altogether sacrificed what might have given greater effect to his piece to a whim, for which no one thanks him. I thought, too, on the other hand, of '*Goetz von Berlichingen*,' which deviates as far as possible from the unity of time and place; but which, as everything is visibly developed to us, and brought before our eyes, is as truly dramatic and comprehensible as any piece in the world. I thought, too, that the unities of time and place were natural, and in accordance with the intention of the Greeks, only when a subject is so limited in its range that it can develop itself before our eyes with all its details in the given time; but that with a large action, which occurs in several places, there is no reason to be confined to one place, especially as our present stage arrangements offer no obstacle to a change of scene."

Goethe continued to talk of Lord Byron. "With that disposition," said he, "which always leads him into the illimitable, the restraint which he imposed upon himself by the observance of the three unities becomes him very well. If he had but known how to endure moral restraint also! That he could not was his ruin; and it may be aptly said, that he was destroyed by his own unbridled temperament.

"But he was too much in the dark about himself. He lived impetuously for the day, and neither knew nor

thought what he was doing. Permitting everything to himself, and excusing nothing in others, he necessarily put himself in a bad position, and made the world his foe. At the very beginning, he offended the most distinguished literary men by his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' To be permitted only to live after this, he was obliged to go back a step. In his succeeding works, he continued in the path of opposition and fault finding. Church and State were not left unassailed. This reckless conduct drove him from England, and would in time have driven him from Europe also. Everywhere it was too narrow for him, and with the most perfect personal freedom he felt himself confined; the world seemed to him a prison. His Grecian expedition was the result of no voluntary resolution; his misunderstanding with the world drove him to it.

"The renunciation of what was hereditary and patriotic not only caused the personal destruction of so distinguished a man, but his revolutionary turn, and the constant mental agitation with which it was combined, did not allow his talent a fair development. Moreover, his perpetual negation and fault finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation; and negation is nothing. If I call BAD bad, what do I gain? But if I call GOOD bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must not trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but only to do well himself. For the great point is, not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy."

I was delighted with these noble words, and this valuable maxim.

"Lord Byron," continued Goethe, "is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, his talent is incommensurable.

"All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection, properly so called; distractions and party spirit will not permit them to perfect themselves in quiet. But they are great as practical men.

"Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account his maxims in general are not successful, as is shown by his creed, 'much money, no authority,' for much money always paralyzes authority.

"But where he will create he always succeeds; and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing, and then everything that came from the man, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it or knowing how it was done.

"He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakespeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much of Shakespeare, although he knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly have denied him altogether; for Shakespeare's cheerfulness is in his way, and he feels that he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him. On the contrary, he mentions him, and shows him respect when he can, for he knows well enough that Pope is a mere foil to himself."

Goethe seems inexhaustible on the subject of Byron, and I felt that I could not listen enough. After a few digressions, he proceeded thus:—

"His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron; for every talent is oppressed by the outer world,—how much more, then, when there is such high birth and so great a fortune. A certain middle rank is much more favorable to talent, on which account we find all great artists and poets in the middle classes. Byron's predilection for the unbounded could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth and smaller means. But as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Besides, how could one of such high rank be inspired with awe and respect by any rank whatever? He spoke out whatever he

felt, and this brought him into ceaseless conflict with the world.

"It is surprising to remark," continued Goethe, "how large a portion of the life of a rich Englishman of rank is passed in duels and elopements. Lord Byron himself says that his father carried off three ladies. And let any man be a steady son after that.

"Properly speaking, he lived perpetually in a state of nature, and with his mode of existence the necessity for self-defense floated daily before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol shooting. Every moment he expected to be called out.

"He could not live alone. Hence, with all his oddities, he was very indulgent to his associates. He one evening read his fine poem on the death of Sir John Moore, and his noble friends did not know what to make of it. This did not move him, but he put it away again. As a poet, he really showed himself a lamb. Another would have commended them to the devil."

Tues., Mar. 22. — Last night, soon after twelve o'clock, we were awoke by an alarm of fire; we heard cries, "The theatre is on fire!" I at once threw on my clothes, and hastened to the spot. The universal consternation was very great. Only a few hours before we had been delighted with the excellent acting of La Roche in Cumberland's "Jew," and Seidel had excited universal laughter by his good humor and jokes. And now, in the place so lately the scene of intellectual pleasures, raged the most terrible element of destruction.

The fire, which was occasioned by the heating apparatus, appears to have broken out in the pit; it soon spread to the stage and the dry lathwork of the wings, and, as it fearfully increased by the great quantity of combustible material, it was not long before the flames burst through the roof, and the rafters gave way.

There was no deficiency of preparations for extinguishing the fire. The building was, by degrees, surrounded by engines, which poured an immense quantity of water upon the flames. All, however, was without avail. The flames raged upward as before, and threw up to the dark sky an

inexhaustible mass of glowing sparks and burning particles of light materials, which then, with a light breeze, passed sideways over the town. The noise of the cries and calls of the men working the fire-ladders and engines was very great. All seemed determined to subdue the flames. On one side, as near to the spot as the fire allowed, stood a man in a cloak and military cap, smoking a cigar with the greatest composure. At the first glance, he appeared to be an idle spectator, but such was not the case. There were several persons to whom, in a few words, he gave commands, which were immediately executed. It was the Grand Duke Charles Augustus. He had soon seen that the building itself could not be saved; he, therefore, ordered that it should be left to fall, and that all the superfluous engines should be turned upon the neighboring houses, which were much exposed to the fire. He appeared to think with princely resignation —

> «Let THAT burn down,
> With greater beauty will it rise again.»

He was not wrong. The theatre was old, by no means beautiful; and for a long time, it had ceased to be roomy enough to accommodate the annually increasing public. Nevertheless, it was lamentable to see this building thus irreparably destroyed, with which so many reminiscences of a past time, illustrious and endeared to Weimar, were connected.

I saw in beautiful eyes may tears, which flowed for its downfall. I was no less touched by the grief of a member of the orchestra. He wept for his burnt violin. As the day dawned, I saw many pale countenances. I remarked several young girls and women of high rank, who had awaited the event of the fire during the whole night, and who now shivered in the cold morning air. I returned home to take a little rest, and in the course of the forenoon I called upon Goethe.

The servant told me that he was unwell and in bed. Still Goethe had me called to his side. He stretched out his hand to me. "We have all sustained a loss," said he, "what is to be done? My little Wolf came early this

morning to my bedside. He seized my hand, and looking full at me, said, 'so it is with HUMAN THINGS.' What more can be said, than these words of my beloved Wolf's, with which he sought to comfort me? The theatre, the scene of my love labors for nearly thirty years, lies in ashes. But, as Wolf says, 'so it is with human things.' I have slept but little during the night; from my front windows, I saw the flames incessantly rising toward the sky.

"You can imagine that many thoughts of old times, of my many years' exertions with Schiller, and of the progress of many a favorite pupil, passed through my mind, and not without causing some emotion. Hence, I intend wisely to remain in bed to-day."

I praised him for his forethought. Still he did not appear to me in the least weak or exhausted, but in a very pleasant and serene mood. This lying in bed seemed to me to be an old stratagem of war, which he is accustomed to adopt on any extraordinary event, when he fears a crowd of visitors.

Goethe begged me to be seated on a chair before his bed, and to stay there a little time. "I have thought much of you, and pitied you," said he. "What will you do with your evenings now?"

"You know," returned I, "how passionately I love the theatre. When I came here, two years ago, I knew nothing at all, except three or four pieces which I had seen in Hanover.

"All was new to me, actors as well as pieces; and since, according to your advice, I have given myself up entirely to the impression of the subject, without much thinking or reflecting, I can say with truth, that I have, during these two winters, passed at the theatre the most harmless and most agreeable hours that I have ever known. I was, moreover, so infatuated with the theatre, that I not only missed no performance, but also obtained admission to the rehearsals; nay, not contented with this, if, as I passed in the daytime, I chanced to find the doors open, I would enter, and sit for half an hour upon the empty benches in the pit, and imagine scenes which might at some time be played there."

"You are a madman," returned Goethe, laughing; "but that is what I like. Would to God that the whole public consisted of such children! And in fact you are right. Any one who is sufficiently young, and who is not quite spoiled, could not easily find any place that would suit him so well as a theatre. No one asks you any questions: you need not open your mouth unless you choose; on the contrary, you sit quite at your ease like a king, and let everything pass before you, and recreate your mind and senses to your heart's content. There is poetry, there is painting, there are singing and music, there is acting, and what not besides. When all these arts, and the charm of youth and beauty heightened to an important degree, work in concert on the same evening, it is a bouquet to which no other can compare. But, even when part is bad and part is good, it is still better than looking out of the window, or playing at whist in a close party amid the smoke of cigars. The theatre at Weimar is, as you feel, by no means to be despised; it is still an old trunk from our best time, to which new talents have attached themselves; and we can still produce something which charms and pleases, and at least gives the appearance of an organized whole."

"Would I had seen it twenty or thirty years ago," answered I. "That was certainly a time," replied Goethe, "when we were assisted by great advantages. Consider that the tedious period of the French taste had not long gone by; that the public was not yet spoiled by overexcitement; that the influence of Shakespeare was in all its first freshness; that the operas of Mozart were new; and lastly, that the pieces of Schiller were first produced here year after year, and were given at the theatre of Weimar in all their first glory, under his own superintendence. Consider all this, I say, and you will imagine that, with such dishes, a fine banquet was given to old and young, and that we always had a grateful public."

I remarked, "Older persons, who lived in those times, cannot praise highly enough the elevated position which the Weimar theatre then held."

"I will not deny that it was something," returned Goethe. "The main point, however, was this, that the Grand Duke

left my hands quite free, and I could do just as I liked. I did not look to magnificent scenery, and a brilliant wardrobe, but I looked to good pieces. From tragedy to farce, every species was welcome; but a piece was obliged to have something in it to find favor. It was necessary that it should be great and clever, cheerful and graceful, and, at all events, healthy and containing some pith. All that was morbid, weak, lachrymose, and sentimental, as well as all that was frightful, horrible, and offensive to decorum, was utterly excluded; I should have feared, by such expedients, to spoil both actors and audience.

"By means of good pieces, I raised the actors; for the study of excellence, and the perpetual practice of excellence, must necessarily make something of a man whom nature has not left ungifted. I was, also, constantly in personal contact with the actors. I attended the first rehearsals,* and explained to every one his part; I was present at the chief rehearsals, and talked with the actors as to any improvements that might be made; I was never absent from a performance, and pointed out the next day anything which did not appear to me to be right.

"By these means I advanced them in their art.

"But I also sought to raise the whole class in the esteem of society, by introducing the best and most promising into my own circle, and thus showing to the world that I considered them worthy of social intercourse with myself. The result of this was, that the rest of the higher society in Weimar did not remain behind me, and that actors and actresses gained soon an honorable admission into the best circles. By all this, they acquired a great internal as well as external culture. My scholar Wolff, in Berlin, and our Dürand, are people of the finest tact in society. Oels and Graff have enough of the higher order of culture to do honor to the best circles.

"Schiller proceeded in the same spirit as myself. He had a great deal of intercourse with actors and actresses. He, like me, was present at every rehearsal; and after

* The word "Leseprobe," which is here used, answers exactly to the English stage technicality — the "reading." The chief rehearsals, "Haupt prober," are by us simply called "rehearsals."—TRANS.

every successful performance of one of his pieces, it was his custom to invite the actors, and to spend a merry day with them. All rejoiced together at that which had succeeded, and discussed how anything might be done better next time. But even when Schiller joined us, he found both actors and the public already cultivated to a high degree; and it is not to be denied that this conduced to the rapid success of his pieces."

It gave me great pleasure to hear Goethe speak so circumstantially upon a subject which always possessed great interest for me, and which, in consequence of the misfortune of the previous night, was uppermost in my mind.

"This burning of the house," said I, "in which you and Schiller, during a long course of years, effected so much good, in some degree closes a great epoch, which will not soon return for Weimar. You must at that time have experienced great pleasure in your direction of the theatre, and its extraordinary success."

"And not a little trouble and difficulty," returned Goethe, with a sigh.

"It must be difficult," said I, "to keep such a many-headed being in proper order."

"A great deal," said Goethe, "may be done by severity, more by love, but most by clear discernment and impartial justice, which pays no respect to persons.

"I had to beware of two enemies, which might have been dangerous to me. The one was my passionate love of talent, which might easily have made me partial. The other I will not mention, but you can guess it. At our theatre there was no want of ladies, who were beautiful and young, and who were possessed of great mental charms. I felt a passionate inclination toward many of them, and sometimes it happened that I was met halfway. But I restrained myself, and said, No further! I knew my position, and also what I owed to it. I stood here, not as a private man, but as chief of an establishment, the prosperity of which was of more consequence to me than a momentary gratification. If I had involved myself in any love affair, I should have been like a compass, which cannot point right when under the influence of a magnet at its side.

"By thus keeping myself quite clear, and always remaining master of myself, I also remained master of the theatre, and I always received that proper respect, without which all authority is very soon at an end."

This confession of Goethe's deeply impressed me. I had already heard something of this kind about him from others, and I rejoiced now to hear its confirmation from his own mouth. I loved him more than ever, and took leave of him with a hearty pressure of the hand.

I returned to the scene of the fire, where flames and columns of smoke were rising from the great heap of ruins. People were still occupied in extinguishing and pulling to pieces. I found near the spot a burnt fragment of a written part. It contained passages from Goethe's "Tasso."

Thurs., Mar. 24.—I dined with Goethe. The loss of the theatre was almost the exclusive subject of conversation. Frau von Goethe and Fräulein Ulrica recalled to mind the happy hours they had enjoyed in the old house. They had been seeking some relics from among the rubbish, which they considered invaluable; but which were, after all, nothing but stones and burnt pieces of carpet. Still, these pieces were from the precise spot in the balcony where they had been used to sit.

"The principal thing is," said Goethe, "to recover oneself, and get in order as soon as possible. I should like the performances to recommence next week, in the palace or in the great townhall, no matter which. Too long a pause must not be allowed, lest the public should seek some other resource for its tedious evenings."

"But," it was observed, "there are scarcely any of the decorations saved."

"There is no need of much decoration," returned Goethe. "Neither is there a necessity for great pieces. It is not even necessary to perform whole pieces at all, much less a great whole.

"The main point is, to choose something in which no great change of scene takes place. Perhaps a one act comedy, or a one act farce, or operetta. Then, perhaps, some air, duet, or finale, from a favorite opera, and you

will be very passably entertained. We have only to get tolerably through April, for in May you have the songsters of the woods.

"In the meantime," continued Goethe, "you will, during the summer months, witness the spectacle of the rearing of a new house. This fire appears to me very remarkable. I will now confess to you, that, during the long winter evenings, I have occupied myself with Courdray, in drawing the plan of a new, handsome theatre suitable for Weimar.

"We had sent for the ground plans and sections of some of the principal German theatres, and by taking what was best, and avoiding what appeared defective, we accomplished a sketch which will be worth looking at. As soon as the Grand Duke gives permission, the building may be commenced, and it is no trifle that this accident found us so wonderfully prepared."

We received this intelligence of Goethe's with great joy.

"In the old house," continued Goethe, "the nobility were accommodated in the balcony, and the servents and young artisans in the gallery. The greater number of the wealthy and genteel middle class were not well provided for; for when, at the performance of certain pieces, the students occupied the pit, these respectable persons did not know where to go. The few small boxes behind the pit, and the few stalls, were not sufficient. Now we have managed much better. We have a whole tier of boxes running round the pit, and another tier, of the second rank, between the balcony and the gallery.

"By these means we gain a great many places, without enlarging the house too much."

We rejoiced at this communication, and praised Goethe for his kind consideration of the theatre and the public.

In order to lend my share of assistance to the future theatre, I went, after dinner, with my friend Robert Doolan, to Upper Weimar, and over a cup of coffee at the inn, began to make the libretto of an opera, after the "Issipile" of Metastasio. The first thing was to write a programme, so as to cast the piece with all the favorite singers, male and female, belonging to the Weimar theatre.

This gave us great pleasure. It was almost as if we were again seated before the orchestra.

We then set to work in good earnest, and finished a great part of the first act.

Sun., Mar. 27.— I dined at Goethe's with a large party. He showed us the design for the new theatre. It was as he had told us a few days ago; the plan promised a very beautiful building, both externally and internally.

It was remarked that so pretty a theatre required beautiful decorations, and better costumes than the former one. We were also of opinion that the company had gradually become incomplete, and that some distinguished young members should be engaged, both for the drama and the opera. At the same time, we did not shut our eyes to the fact that all this would be attended with great expense, which the present state of the treasury would not allow.

"I know very well," said Goethe, "that under pretext of sparing the treasury, some insignificant persons will be engaged who will not cost much. But we cannot expect to benefit the treasury by such means.

"Nothing injures the treasury more than the endeavor to save in such essential matters. Our aim must be, to have a full house every evening. And a young singer, male or female, a clever hero, and a clever young heroine of distinguished talents and some beauty, will do much toward this end. Ay, if I still stood at the head of the direction, I would now go a step farther for the benefit of the treasury, and you would perceive that I should not be without the money required."

Goethe was asked what he meant by this.

"I would employ very simple means," returned he. "I would have performances on Sundays. I should thus have the receipts of at least forty more evenings, and it would be hard if the treasury did not thus gain ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year."

This expedient was thought very practical. It was mentioned, that to the great working class, who are usually occupied until late at night on week days, Sunday is the only day of recreation, when they would prefer the more noble pleasures of a play to a dance, with beer, at a village

inn. It was also the general opinion, that all the farmers and landowners, as well as the officials and wealthy inhabitants of the small towns in the neighborhood, would consider the Sunday as a desirable day to go to the theatre at Weimar. Besides, at the present time, a Sunday evening at Weimar was very dreary and tedious for every one who did not go to court, or was not a member of a happy family circle, or a select society; since isolated individuals did not know where to go. And still people said that there ought to be some place where they might, on a Sunday evening, be comfortable, and forget the annoyances of the week.

Goethe's idea of permitting Sunday performances, according to the custom in all other German towns, received perfect approbation, and was greeted as a very happy one. Only a slight doubt arose, as to whether the court would approve of it.

"The court of Weimar," returned Goethe, "is too good and too wise to oppose any regulation which would conduce to the benefit of the town and an important institution. The court will certainly make the small sacrifice of altering its Sunday *soirées* to another day. But if this were not agreeable, we could find for the Sundays enough pieces which the court does not like to see, but which would suit the common people, and would fill the treasury admirably."

The conversation then turned upon actors, and much was said about the use and abuse of their powers.

"I have, during my long practice," said Goethe, "found that the main point is never to allow any play, or scarcely an opera, to be studied, unless one can look forward with some certainty to a good success for years. No one sufficiently considers the expenditure of power, which is demanded for the study of a five act play, or even an opera of equal length. Yes, my good friends, much is required before a singer has thoroughly mastered a part through all the scenes and acts, much more before the choruses go as they ought.

"I am horrified, when I hear how lightly people often give orders for the study of an opera, of the success of which they truly know nothing, and of which they have only heard through some very uncertain newspaper notice.

As we, in Germany, already possess very tolerable means of traveling, and are even beginning to have diligences, I would, on the intelligence of any new opera being produced and praised, send to the spot the *Regisseur*, or some other trustworthy member of the theatre, that by his presence, at an actual representation, he might be convinced how far the highly praised new opera was good for anything, whether our forces were sufficient for it or not. The expense of such a journey would be inconsiderable in comparison with the enormous advantage to be derived from it, and the fatal mistakes which, by these means, would be avoided.

"And then, when a good play or a good opera has once been studied, it should be represented at short intervals,—be allowed to 'run' as long as it draws, and continues at all to fill the house. The same plan would be applicable to a good old play, or a good old opera, which has, perhaps, been long laid aside, and which now requires not a little fresh study to be reproduced with success. Such a representation should be repeated at short intervals, as frequently as the public shows any interest in it. The desire always to have something new, and to see a good play or opera, which has been studied with excessive pains only once, or at the most twice, or even to allow the space of six or eight weeks to elapse between such repetitions, in which time a new study becomes necessary, is a real detriment to the theatre, and an unpardonable misuse of the talents of the performers engaged in it."

Goethe appeared to consider this matter very important, and it seemed to lie so near his heart that he became more warm than, with his calm disposition, is often the case.

"In Italy," continued Goethe, "they perform the same opera every evening for four or six weeks, and the great Italian children by no means desire any change. The polished Parisian sees the classical plays of his great poets so often that he knows them by heart, and has a practiced ear for the accentuation of every syllable. Here, in Weimar, they have done me the honor to perform my 'Iphigenia' and my 'Tasso,' but how often? Scarcely once in three or four years. The public finds them tedious.

Very probably. The actors are not in practice to play the pieces, and the public is not in practice to hear them. If, through more frequent repetitions, the actors entered so much into the spirit of their parts that their representation gained life, as if it were not the result of study, and everything flowed from their own hearts, the public would, assuredly, no longer remain uninterested and unmoved.

"I really had the notion once that it was possible to form a German drama. Nay, I even fancied that I myself could contribute to it, and lay some foundation stones for such an edifice. I wrote my 'Iphigenia' and my 'Tasso,' and thought, with a childish hope, that thus it might be brought about. But there was no emotion or excitement — all remained as it was before. If I had produced an effect, and had met with applause, I would have written a round dozen of pieces such as 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso.' There was no deficiency of material. But, as I said, actors were wanting to represent such pieces with life and spirit, and a public was wanting to hear and receive them with sympathy."

Sun., *April 10.* — Dined with Goethe. "I have the good news to tell you," said he, "that the Grand Duke has approved of our design for the new theatre, and that the foundation will be laid immediately."

I was very much pleased at this information.

"We had to contend with all sorts of obstacles," continued Goethe; "we are, at last, happily through them. We owe many thanks, on that account to the Privy Councilor, Schweitzer, who, as we might have expected of him, stood true to our cause with hearty good will. The sketch is signed in the Grand Duke's own handwriting, and is to undergo no further alteration. Rejoice, then, for you will obtain a very good theatre."

Thurs., *April 14.* — This evening at Goethe's. Since conversation upon the theatre and theatrical management were now the order of the day, I asked him upon what maxims he proceeded in the choice of a new member of the company.

"I can scarcely say," returned Goethe; "I had various modes of proceeding. If a striking reputation preceded the new actor, I let him act, and saw how he suited the

others; whether his style and manner disturbed our *ensemble*, or whether he would supply a deficiency. If, however, he was a young man who had never trodden a stage before, I first considered his personal qualities; whether he had about him anything prepossessing or attractive, and, above all things, whether he had control over himself. For an actor who possesses no self-possession, and who cannot appear before a stranger in his most favorable light, has, generally speaking, little talent. His whole profession requires continual self-denial, and a continual existence in a foreign mask.

"If his appearance and his deportment pleased me, I made him read, in order to test the power and extent of his organ, as well as the capabilities of his mind. I gave him some sublime passage from a great poet, to see whether he was capable of feeling and expressing what was really great; then something passionate and wild, to prove his power. I then went to something marked by sense and smartness, something ironical and witty, to see how he treated such things, and whether he possessed sufficient freedom. Then I gave him something in which was represented the pain of a wounded heart, the suffering of a great soul, that I might learn whether he had it in his power to express pathos.

"If he satisfied me in all these numerous particulars, I had a well-grounded hope of making him a very important actor. If he appeared more capable in some particulars than in others, I remarked the line to which he was most adapted. I also now knew his weak points, and, above all, endeavored to work upon him so that he might strengthen and cultivate himself here. If I remarked faults of dialect, and what are called provincialisms, I urged him to lay them aside, and recommended to him social intercourse and friendly practice with some member of the stage who was entirely free from them. I then asked him whether he could dance and fence; and if this were not the case, I would hand him over for some time to the dancing and fencing masters.

"If he were now sufficiently advanced to make his appearance, I gave him at first such parts as suited his indi-

viduality, and I desired nothing but that he should represent himself. If he now appeared to me of too fiery a nature, I gave him phlegmatic characters; if too calm and tedious, I gave him fiery and hasty characters, that he might thus learn to lay aside himself, and assume foreign individuality."

The conversation turned upon the casting of plays, upon which Goethe made, among others, the following remarkable observations: —

"It is a great error to think," said he, "that an indifferent piece may be played by indifferent actors. A second or third rate play can be incredibly improved by the employment of first-rate powers, and be made something really good. But if a second or third rate play be performed by second or third rate actors, no one can wonder if it is utterly ineffective.

"Second-rate actors are excellent in great plays. They have the same effect that the figures in half shade have in a picture; they serve admirably to show off more powerfully those which have the full light."

Sat., April 16.— Dined at Goethe's with D'Alton, whose acquaintance I made last summer at Bonn, and whom it gave me much pleasure to meet again. D'Alton is a man quite after Goethe's own heart; there is also a very pleasant relation between them. In his own science he appears of great importance, so that Goethe esteems his observations, and honors every word he utters. Moreover, D'Alton is, as a man, amiable and witty, while in eloquence and abundance of flowing thoughts few can equal him, and one is never tired of hearing him.

Goethe, who in his endeavors to investigate nature would willingly encompass the Great Whole, stands in a disadvantageous position to every natural philosopher * of importance who has devoted a whole life to one special object. The latter has mastered a kingdom of endless details, while Goethe lives more in the contemplation of great universal laws. Thence it is that Goethe, who is always upon the

* *Naturforscher*, literally "Investigator into Nature"; for the Germans do not, like us, honor experimentalists with the name of philosophers.—TRANS.

track of some great synthesis, but who, from the want of knowledge of single facts, lacks a confirmation of his presentiments, seizes upon, and retains with such decided love, every connection with important natural philosophers. For in them he finds what he himself wants; in them he finds that which supplies his own deficiencies. He will in a few years be eighty years old; but he is not tired of inquiries and experiments. In none of his tendencies has he come to a fixed point: he will always go on further and further. Still learning and learning. Thus he showed himself a man endowed with perpetual, imperishable youth.

These reflections were awakened to-day, by his animated conversation with D'Alton. D'Alton talked about Rodentia, and the formation and modifications of their skeletons, and Goethe was unwearied in hearing new facts.

Wed., April 20.— Goethe showed me this evening a letter from a young student, who begs of him the plan for the second part of "Faust," with the design of completing the work himself. In a straightforward, good humored, and candid tone, he freely sets forth his wishes and views, and at last, without reserve, utters his conviction that all other literary efforts of later years have been naught, but that in him a new literature is to bloom afresh.

If I met a young man who would set about continuing Napoleon's conquest of the world, or a young *dilettante* in architecture, who attempted to complete the Cathedral of Cologne, I should not be more surprised, nor find them more insane and ridiculous, than this young poetical amateur, who fancies he could write a second part of "Faust" merely because he has a fancy to do so.

Indeed, I think it more possible to complete the Cathedral of Cologne than to continue "Faust" on Goethe's plan. For the former object might, at any rate, be attained mathematically: it stands visibly before our eyes, and may be touched with our hands; but what line or measure could avail for a mental invisible work, which wholly depends on the subjective peculiarity of the artist, in which the first discovery (*apperçu*) is everything, and which, for its material, requires a great life actually experienced, and

for its execution, a technical skill heightened to perfection by the practice of years.

He who esteems such a work easy, or even possible, has certainly a very moderate talent, since he has not even a suspicion of the high and the difficult; and it may be fairly maintained, that if Goethe had completed his "Faust" with only a deficiency of a few lines, such a youth would be unequal to supply the small gap.

I will not inquire whence the young men of our day acquire the notion that they are born with that which has hitherto been attained only by the study and experience of many years, but I think I may observe that this presumptuousness, now so common in Germany, which audaciously strides over all the steps of gradual culture, affords little hope of future masterpieces.

"The misfortune," said Goethe, "in the state is, that nobody can enjoy life in peace, but that everybody must govern; and in art, that nobody will enjoy what has been produced, but every one wants to reproduce on his own account. Again no one thinks to be furthered in his own way by a work of poetry, but every one will do the same thing over again. There is, besides, no earnestness to approach the Whole, no willingness to do anything for the sake of the Whole; but each one tries to make his own Self observable, and to exhibit it as much as possible to the world. This false tendency is shown everywhere, and people imitate the modern musical *virtuosi*, who do not select those pieces which give the audience pure musical enjoyment, so much as those in which they can gain admiration by the dexterity they have acquired. Everywhere there is the individual who wants to show himself off to advantage, nowhere one honest effort to make oneself subservient to the Whole.

"Hence it is that men acquire a bungling mode of production, without knowing it. Children make verses, and go on till they fancy, as youths, they can do something, until at last manhood gives them insight into the excellence that exists, and then they look back in despair on the years they have wasted on a false and highly futile effort. Nay, many never attain a knowledge of what is perfect,

and of their own insufficiency, and go on doing things by halves to the end of their days.

"It is certain that if every one could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced, of a hundred youths who are now poetizing scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance, and talent to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery.

"Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand if they could have felt, known, and understood early enough what really produced a master like Raphael."

The conversation turned upon false tendencies in general, and Goethe continued —

"Thus my tendency to practice painting was really a false one, for I had not natural talent from which anything of the sort could be developed. A certain sensibility to the surrounding landscapes was one of my qualities, and, consequently, my first attempts were really promising. The journey to Italy destroyed this pleasure in practice. A broad survey took its place, but the talent of love was lost; and as an artistical talent could neither technically nor æsthetically be developed, my efforts melted away into nothing.

"It is justly said," continued Goethe, "that the cultivation of all human powers in common is desirable, and also the chief end. But man is not born for this: every one must form himself as a particular being, seeking, however, to attain that general idea of which all mankind are constituents."*

I here thought of that passage in "*Wilhelm Meister*," where it is likewise said that all men, taken together, are requisite to constitute humanity, and that we are only so far worthy of esteem as we know how to appreciate.

I thought, too, of the "*Wanderjahre*," where Jarno advises each man to learn only one trade, and says that this

* *Den Begriff zu erlangen suchen, was alle zusammen sind.* The word *Begriff* (rendered not quite correctly "idea") is here used in the sense of the Hegelian school.— TRANS.

is the time for one-sidedness, and that he is to be congratulated who understands this, and, in that spirit, works for himself and others.

Then comes the question, what occupation shall a man choose, that he may neither overstep his proper limits nor do too little?

He whose business it is to overlook MANY departments, to judge, to guide others, should endeavor to attain the best insight into many departments. Thus a prince or a future statesman cannot be too many-sided in his culture; for many-sidedness belongs to his craft.

The poet, too, should strive after manifold knowledge, for his subject is the whole world, which he has to handle and to express.

However, the poet should not try to be a painter, but content himself with reflecting the world in words, just as he allows the actor to bring it before our eyes by personally exhibiting himself.

INSIGHT and PRACTICAL ACTIVITY are to be distinguished, and we ought to reflect that every art, when we reduce it to practice, is something very great and difficult, and that mastery in it requires a life.

Thus Goethe strove for insight into many things, but has practically confined himself to one thing only. Only one art has he practiced, and that in a masterly style, viz, the art of writing German (*Deutsch zu schreiben*). That the matter which he uttered is of a many-sided nature is another affair.

Culture is likewise to be distinguished from practical activity. Thus it belongs to the cultivation of the poet that his eye should be practiced for the apprehension of external objects. And if Goethe calls his practical tendency to painting a false one, it was still of use in cultivating him as a poet.

"The objectivity of my poetry," said he, "may be attributed to this great attention and discipline of the eye; and I ought highly to prize the knowledge which I have attained in this way."

But we must take care not to place the limits of our culture too far off.

"The investigators into nature," said Goethe, "are most in danger of this, because a general harmonious culture of the faculties is really required for the adequate observation of nature."

But, on the other hand, every one should strive to guard himself against one-sidedness and narrow views, with respect to the knowledge which is indispensable to his own department.

A poet who writes for the stage must have a knowledge of the stage, that he may weigh the means at his command, and know generally what is to be done, and what is to be left alone; the opera composer, in like manner, should have some insight into poetry, that he may know how to distinguish the bad from the good, and not apply his art to something impracticable.

"Carl Maria von Weber," said Goethe, "should not have composed 'Euryanthe.' He should have seen at once that this was a bad material, of which nothing could be made. So much insight we have a right to expect of every composer, as belonging to his art."

Thus, too, the painter should be able to distinguish subjects: for it belongs to his department to know what he has to paint, and what to leave unpainted.

"But when all is said," observed Goethe, "the greatest art is to limit and isolate oneself."

Accordingly he has, ever since I have been with him, constantly endeavored to guard me against all distractions, and to concentrate me to a single department. If I showed an inclination to penetrate the secrets of natural science, he always advised me to let it alone, and confine myself to poetry for the present. If I wished to read a book which he thought would not advance me in my present pursuits, he always advised me to let it alone, saying that it was of no practical use to me.

"I myself," said he one day, "have spent too much time on things which did not belong to my proper department. When I reflect what Lopez de Vega accomplished, the number of my poetical productions seems very small. I should have kept more to my own trade."

"If I had not busied myself so much with stones," said he another time, "but had spent my time on some-

thing better, I might have won the finest ornament of diamonds."

For the same cause he esteems and praises his friend Meyer for having devoted his whole life exclusively to the study of art, and thus having obtained beyond a doubt the highest degree of penetration in his department.

"I also grew up with this tendency," said Goethe, "and passed almost half my life in the contemplation and study of works of art, but in a certain respect I am not on a par with Meyer. I, therefore, never venture to show him a new picture at once, but first see how far I can get on with it myself. When I think I am fully acquainted both with its beauties and defects I show it to Meyer, who sees far more sharply into the matter, and who, in many respects, gives quite new lights. Thus I am ever convinced anew how much is needed to be thoroughly great in any ONE thing. In Meyer lies an insight into art belonging to thousands of years."

Why, then, it may be asked, if Goethe was so thoroughly persuaded that one man can only do one thing well, did he employ his life in such extremely various directions?

I answer that, if Goethe now came into the world, and found the literary and scientific endeavors of his native country at the height which they have now, chiefly through him, attained, he certainly would find no occasion for such various tendencies, but would simply confine himself to a single department.

Thus, it was not only in his nature to look in every direction, and to make himself clear about earthly things, but it was needful for his time that he should speak out what he had observed.

On his appearance in the world, he came in for two large inheritances. ERROR and INSUFFICIENCY fell to his lot that he might remove them, and required a labor in many directions as long as his life endured.

If the Newtonian theory had not appeared to Goethe as a great error, highly injurious to the human mind, is it to be supposed that he would have had the notion of writing a "theory of colors," and devoting the labor of years to such a merely collateral object? Certainly not. But it was

his love of truth in conflict with error that induced him to make his pure light shine even into this darkness.

The same thing may be said of his doctrine of the "Metamorphosis of Plants," through which we are indebted to him for a model of scientific treatment. Goethe would certainly never have thought of writing this work if he had seen his contemporaries in the way toward such a goal.

Nay, the same thing may be said of his varied poetical efforts. It is a question whether Goethe would ever have written a novel, if a work like "*Wilhelm Meister*" had already been in the hands of his nation. It is a question whether in that case he would not have devoted himself exclusively to dramatic poetry.

What he would have effected and produced, if he had been confined to one direction, is not to be seen; but so much is certain, that if we look at the whole, no intelligent person will wish that Goethe had not produced everything to which it pleased his Creator to direct him.

Wed., April 27.—Toward the evening to Goethe, who had invited me to take a drive to the lower garden. "Before we go," said he, "I will give you a letter from Zelter, which I received yesterday, and wherein he touches upon the affairs of our theatre.

"'That you are not the man,' he writes, among other things, 'to found a drama for the people of Weimar, I could have seen long ago. He who makes himself green, the goats will eat. Other high folks should take this into consideration, who would cork wine during its fermentation.

"'Friends, we have lived to see it; yes, lived to see it.'"

Goethe looked at me, and we laughed. "Zelter is a capital fellow," said he; "but sometimes he does not quite understand me, and puts a false construction on my words.

"I have devoted my whole life to the people and their improvement, and why should I not also found a drama? But here in Weimar, in this small capital, which, as people jokingly say, has ten thousand poets and a few inhabitants, how can we talk about the people, much more a

theatre for the people? Weimar will doubtless become, at some future time, a great city; but we must wait some centuries before the people of Weimar will form a mass sufficient to be able to found and support a drama."

The horses were now put to, and we drove to the lower garden. The evening was calm and mild, rather sultry, and large clouds appeared gathering in tempestuous masses. We walked up and down the dry gravel path, Goethe quietly by my side, apparently agitated by various thoughts. Meanwhile, I listened to the notes of the blackbird and thrush, who, upon the tops of the still leafless ash trees, beyond the Ilm, sang against the gathering tempest.

Goethe cast his glances around, now toward the clouds, now upon the green, which was bursting forth everywhere, on the sides of the path and on the meadows, as well as on the bushes and hedges. "A warm thundershower, which the evening promises," said he, "and spring will again appear in all her splendor and abundance."

In the meantime the clouds became more threatening, a low peal of thunder was heard, some drops of rain also fell, and Goethe thought it advisable to drive back into the town. "If you have no engagement," said he, as we alighted at his dwelling, "go upstairs and spend an hour or so with me." This I did with great pleasure.

Zelter's letter still lay upon the table. "It is strange, very strange," said Goethe, "how easily one falls into a false position with respect to public opinion. I do not know that I ever joined in any way against the people; but it is now settled, once for all, that I am no friend to the people. I am, indeed, no friend to the revolutionary mob, whose object is robbery, murder, and destruction, and who, behind the mask of public welfare, have their eyes only upon the meanest egotistical aims. I am no friend to such people, any more than I am a friend of a Louis XV. I hate every violent overthrow, because as much good is destroyed as is gained by it. I hate those who achieve it, as well as those who give cause for it. But am I, therefore, no friend to the people? Does any right-minded man think otherwise?

"You know how greatly I rejoice at every improvement, of which the future gives us some prospect. But, as I said, all violent transitions are revolting to my mind, for they are not conformable to nature.

"I am a friend to plants; I love the rose as the most perfect flower which our German nature can produce; but I am not fool enough to desire that my garden should produce them now, at the end of April. I am now satisfied if I now find the first green leaves, satisfied if I see how one leaf after another is formed upon the stem, from week to week; I am pleased when, in May, I perceive the buds, and am happy when, at last, in June, the rose itself appears in all its splendor and all its fragrance. If any one cannot wait, let him go to the hothouses.

"It is farther said that I am a servant, a slave to princes, as if that were saying anything. Do I then serve a tyrant — a despot? Do I serve one who lives at the cost of the people, only for his own pleasures? Such princes and such times lie, God be praised, far behind us. I have been intimately connected with the Grand Duke for half a century, and have, during half a century striven and worked with him; but I should speak falsely if I were to say that I have known a single day in which the Grand Duke has not thought of doing and executing something tending to the benefit of the land, and fitted to improve the condition of individuals. As for himself personally, what has he from his princely station but toil and trouble? Is his dwelling, his apparel, or his table better appointed than that of any wealthy private man? Only go into our seaport towns, and you will find the kitchen and cellar of any considerable merchant better appointed than his.

"This autumn," continued Goethe, "we are going to celebrate the day on which the Grand Duke will have governed for fifty years. But when I consider it rightly — this government of his — what was it but a continual servitude? What has it been but a servitude in the attainment of great ends, — a servitude to the welfare of his people? If, then, I must perforce be the slave of a prince, it is at least my consolation that I am still only the slave of one who is himself a slave to the common weal."

Fri., April 29. — The building of the new theatre up to this time had advanced very rapidly; the foundation walls had already risen on every side, and gave promise of a very beautiful building.

But to-day, on going to the site of the building, I saw, to my horror, that the work was discontinued; and I heard it reported that another party, opposed to Goethe and Coudray's plan, had at last triumphed; that Coudray had retired from the direction of the building, and that another architect was going to finish it after a new design, and alter, accordingly, the foundation already laid.

I was deeply grieved at what I saw and heard, for I had rejoiced, with many others, at the prospect of seeing a theatre arise in Weimar executed according to Goethe's practical view of a judicious internal arrangement, and, as far as beauty was concerned, in accordance with his cultivated taste.

But I also grieved for Goethe and Coudray, who must both, more or less, feel hurt by this event.

Sun., May 1. — Dined with Goethe. It may be supposed that the alteration in the building of the theatre was the first subject we talked upon. I had, as I said, feared that this most unexpected measure would deeply wound Goethe's feelings; but there was no sign of it. I found him in the mildest and most serene frame of mind, quite raised above all sensitive littleness.

"They have," said he, "assailed the Grand Duke on the side of expenditure, and the great saving of expense which will be effected by the change of plan for the building, and they have succeeded. I am quite content. A new theatre is, in the end, only a new funeral pile which some accident will, sooner or later, set on fire. I console myself with this. Besides, a trifle more or less is not worth mentioning. You will have a very tolerable house, if not exactly such a one as I wished and imagined. You will go to it, and I shall go to it too, and, in the end, all will turn out well enough.

"The Grand Duke," said Goethe, "disclosed to me his opinion that a theatre need not be of architectural magnificence, which could not be contradicted. He further said,

that it was nothing but a house for the purpose of getting money. This view appears at first sight rather material; but rightly considered, it is not without a higher purport. For if a theatre is not only to pay its expenses, but is, besides, to make and save money, everything about it must be excellent. It must have the best management at its head; the actors must be of the best; and good pieces must continually be performed, that the attractive power required to draw a full house every evening may never cease. But that is saying a great deal in a few words — almost what is impossible."

"The Grand Duke's view," said I, "of making the theatre gain money appears to be very practical, since it implies a necessity of remaining continually on a summit of excellence."

"Even Shakespeare and Molière," returned Goethe, "had no other view. Both of them wished, above all things, to make money by their theatres. In order to attain this, their principal aim, they necessarily strove that everything should be as good as possible, and that, besides good old plays, there should be some clever novelty to please and attract. The prohibition of 'Tartuffe' was a thunderbolt to Molière; but not so much for the poet as for the director Molière, who had to consider the welfare of an important *troupe*, and to find some means to procure bread for himself and his actors.

"Nothing," continued Goethe, "is more dangerous to the well-being of a theatre than when the director is so placed, that a greater or less receipt at the treasury does not affect him personally, and he can live on in careless security, knowing that, however the receipts at the treasury may fail in the course of the year, at the end of that time he will be able to indemnify himself from another source. It is a property of human nature soon to relax when not impelled by personal advantage or disadvantage. Now, it is not desirable that a theatre in such a town as Weimar, should support itself, and that no contribution from the Prince's treasury should be necessary. But still everything has its bounds and limits, and a thousand dollars yearly, more or less, is by no means a trifling matter, particularly

as diminished receipts and deteriorations are dangers natural to a theatre; so that there is a loss not only of money, but also of honor.

"If I were the Grand Duke, I would in future, on any change in the management, once for all appoint a fixed sum for an annual contribution. I would strike the average of the contributions during the last ten years, and according to that I would settle a sum sufficient to be regarded as a proper support. With this sum the house must be kept. But then I would go a step further, and say, that if the director and his *Regisseurs* contrived, by means of judicious and energetic management, to have an overplus in the treasury at the end of the year, this overplus should be shared, as a remuneration, between the director, the *Regisseurs*, and the principal members of the company. Then you would see what activity there would be, and how the establishment would awaken out of the drowsiness into which it must gradually fall.

"Our theatrical laws," continued Goethe, "contain various penalties; but there is no single law for the encouragement and reward of distinguished merit. This is a great defect. For if, with every failure, I have a prospect of a deduction from my salary, I should also have the prospect of a reward, whenever I do more than can be properly expected of me. And it is by every one's doing more than can be hoped or expected of him that a theatre rises.

"Man is a simple being. And however rich, varied, and unfathomable he may be, the cycle of his situations is soon run through.

"If the same circumstances had occurred, as with us poor Germans, for whom Lessing has written two or three, I myself three or four, and Schiller five or six passable plays, there might easily have been room for a fourth, fifth, and sixth tragic poet.

"But with the Greeks and the abundance of their productions — for each of the three great poets has written a hundred, or nearly a hundred pieces, and the tragical subjects of Homer, and the heroic traditions, were some of them treated three or four times — with such abundance of existing works, I say, one can well imagine that by degrees,

subjects were exhausted, and that any poet who followed the three great ones would be puzzled how to proceed.

"And, indeed, for what purpose should he write? Was there not, after all, enough for a time? And were not the productions of Æscylus, Sophocles, and Euripides of that kind and of that depth, that they might be heard again and again without being esteemed trite, or put on one side? Even the few noble fragments which have come down to us are so comprehensive and of such deep significance, that we poor Europeans have already busied ourselves with them for centuries, and shall find nutriment and work in them for centuries still."

Thurs., May 12. — Goethe spoke with much enthusiasm of Menander. "I know no one, after Sophocles," said he, "whom I love so well. He is thoroughly pure, noble, great, and cheerful, and his grace is unattainable. It is certainly to be lamented that we possess so little of him, but that little is invaluable, and highly instructive to gifted men.

"The great point is, that he from whom we would learn should be congenial to our nature. Now, Calderon, for instance, great as he is, and much as I admire him, has exerted no influence over me for good or for ill. But he would have been dangerous to Schiller — he would have led him astray; and hence it is fortunate that Calderon was not generally known in Germany until after Schiller's death. Calderon is infinitely great in the technical and theatrical; Schiller, on the contrary, far more sound, earnest, and great in his intention, and it would have been a pity if he had lost any of these virtues, without, after all, attaining the greatness of Calderon in other respects."

We spoke of Molière. "Molière," said Goethe, "is so great, that one is astonished anew every time one reads him. He is a man by himself — his pieces border on tragedy; they are apprenhensive; and no one has the courage to imitate them. His 'Miser,' where the vice destroys all the natural piety between father and son, is especially great, and in a high sense tragic. But when, in a German paraphrase, the son is changed into a relation, the whole is weakened and loses its significance. They feared to show

the vice in its true nature, as he did; but what is tragic there, or indeed anywhere, except what is intolerable?

"I read some pieces of Molière's every year, just as, from time to time, I contemplate the engravings after the great Italian masters. For we little men are not able to retain the greatness of such things within ourselves; we must therefore return to them from time to time, and renew our impressions.

"People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.

"However. the time of life in which we are subjected to a new and important personal influence is, by no means, a matter of indifference. That Lessing, Winckelmann, and Kant were older than I, and that the first two acted upon my youth, the latter on my advanced age, — this circumstance was for me very important. Again, that Schiller was so much younger than I, and engaged in his freshest strivings, just as I began to be weary of the world — just, too, as the brothers von Humboldt and Schlegel were beginning their career under my eye — was of the greatest importance. I derived from it unspeakable advantages."

After these remarks respecting the influence which important persons had had upon him, the conversation turned on the influence which he had exerted over others; and I mentioned Bürger, whose case appeared to me problematical, inasmuch as his purely natural tendency showed no trace of influence on the part of Goethe.

"Bürger," said Goethe, "had an affinity to me as a talent; but the tree of his moral culture had its root in a wholly different soil, and took a wholly different direction. Each man proceeds as he has begun, in the ascending line of his culture. A man who, in his thirtieth year, could write such a poem as '*Frau Schnips*,' had obviously taken a path which deviated a little from mine. He had, also, by his really great talents, won for himself a public which

he perfectly satisfied; and he had no need of troubling himself about a contemporary who did not affect him at all.

"Everywhere, we learn only from those whom we love. There is a favorable disposition toward me in the young talents who are now growing up, but I very rarely found it among my contemporaries. Nay, I can scarcely name one man, of any weight, who was perfectly satisfied with me. Even with 'Werther,' people found so much fault, that if I had erased every passage that was censured, scarcely a line of the whole book would have been left. However, all the censure did me no harm, for these subjective judgments of individuals, important as they may be, are at least rectified by the masses. He who does not expect a million of readers should not write a line.

"For twenty years, the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I; and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it CAN dispute."

Sat., June 11. — To-day Goethe talked much at dinner about Major Parry's book on Lord Byron. He gave it unqualified praise, and remarked that Lord Byron in this account appeared a far more complete character, and far more clear as to himself and his views, than in anything which had been written about him.

"Major Parry," continued Goethe, "must be an elevated — nay, a noble man, so fully to have conceived, and so perfectly to have described, his friend. One passage in his book has pleased me particularly; — it is worthy of an old Greek — of a Plutarch. 'The noble lord,' says Parry, 'was destitute of all those virtues which adorn the *bourgeois* class, and which he was prevented from attaining by his birth, education, and mode of life. Now all his unfavorable judges are from the middle class, and these censoriously pity him, because they miss in him that which they have reason to prize in themselves. The good folks do not reflect that for his own high station he possessed virtues of which they can form no conception.' How do you like that?" said Goethe; "we do not hear so good a thing every day."

"I am glad," said I, "to see publicly expressed a view by which all the puny censors and detractors of a man higher than themselves must be at once disabled and cast down."

We then spoke of subjects of universal history in relation to poetry, and as to how far the history of one nation may be more favorable to the poet than that of another.

"The poet," said Goethe, "should seize the Particular, and he should, if there be anything sound in it, thus represent the Universal. The English history is excellent for poetry, because it is something genuine, healthy, and therefore universal, which repeats itself over and over again. The French history, on the contrary, is not for poetry, as it represents an era that cannot come again. The literature of the French, so far as it is founded on that era, stands as something of merely particular interest, which must grow old with time.

"The present era of French literature," said Goethe afterward, "cannot be judged fairly. The German influence causes a great fermentation there, and we probably shall not know for twenty years what the result will be."

We then talked of the æsthetic writers, who labor to express the nature of poetry and the poet in abstract definitions, without arriving at any clear result.

"What need of much definition?" said Goethe. "Lively feeling of situations, and power to express them, make the poet."

Wed., Oct. 15.—I found Goethe in a very elevated mood this evening, and had the pleasure of hearing from him many significant remarks. We talked about the state of the newest literature, when Goethe expressed himself as follows:—

"Deficiency of character in individual investigators and writers is," he said, "the source of all the evils of our newest literature.

"In criticism, especially, this defect produces mischief to the world, for it either diffuses the false instead of the true, or by a pitiful truth deprives us of something great, that would be better.

"Till lately, the world believed in the heroism of a Lucretia,—of a Mucius Scævola,—and suffered itself, by this belief, to be warmed and inspired. But now comes your historical criticism, and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, divined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth? If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, we should at least be great enough to believe them.

"Till lately, I was always pleased with a great fact in the thirteenth century, when the Emperor Frederic the Second was at variance with the Pope, and the north of Germany was open to all sorts of hostile attacks. Asiatic hordes had actually penetrated as far as Silesia, when the Duke of Liegnitz terrified them by one great defeat. They then turned to Moravia, but were here defeated by Count Sternberg. These valiant men had on this account been living in my heart as the great saviors of the German nation. But now comes historical criticism, and says that these heroes sacrificed themselves quite uselessly, as the Asiatic army was already recalled, and would have returned of its own accord. Thus is a great national fact crippled and destroyed, which seems to me most abominable."

After these remarks on historical critics, Goethe spoke of another class of seekers and literary men.

"I could never," said he, "have known so well how paltry men are, and how little they care for really high aims, if I had not tested them by my scientific researches. Thus I saw that most men only care for science so far as they get a living by it, and that they worship even error when it affords them a subsistence.

"In *belles lettres* it is no better. There, too, high aims and genuine love for the true and sound, and for their diffusion, are very rare phenomena. One man cherishes and tolerates another, because he is by him cherished and tolerated in return. True greatness is hateful to them; they would fain drive it from the world, so that only such as they might be of importance in it. Such are the masses; and the prominent individuals are not better.

"———'s great talents and world-embracing learning might have done much for his country. But his want of character has deprived the world of such great results, and himself of the esteem of the country.

"We want a man like Lessing. For how was he great, except in character,—in firmness? There are many men as clever and as cultivated, but where is such character?

"Many are full of *esprit* and knowledge, but they are also full of vanity; and that they may shine as wits before the short-sighted multitude, they have no shame or delicacy —nothing is sacred to them.

"Madame de Genlis was therefore perfectly right when she declaimed against the freedoms and profanities of Voltaire. Clever as they all may be, the world has derived no profit from them; they afford a foundation for nothing. Nay, they have been of the greatest injury, since they have confused men, and robbed them of their needful support.

"After all, what do we know, and how far can we go with all our wit?

"Man is born not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.

"His faculties are not sufficient to measure the actions of the universe; and an attempt to explain the outer world by reason is, with his narrow point of view, but a vain endeavor. The reason of man and the reason of the Deity are two very different things.

"If we grant freedom to man, there is an end to the omniscience of God; for if the Divinity knows how I shall act, I must act so perforce. I give this merely as a sign how little we know, and to show that it is not good to meddle with divine mysteries.

"Moreover, we should only utter higher maxims so far as they can benefit the world. The rest we should keep within ourselves, and they will diffuse over our actions a luster like the mild radiance of a hidden sun."

Sun., Dec. 25.—I went to Goethe this evening at six o'clock. I found him alone, and passed with him some delightful hours.

"My mind," said he, "has of late been burdened by many things. So much good has been flowing in to me on all sides, that the mere ceremony of returning thanks has prevented me from having any practical life. The privileges respecting the publication of my works have been gradually coming in from the different courts; and as the position was different in each case, each required a different answer. Then came the proposals of innumerable booksellers, which also had to be considered, acted upon, and answered. Then my Jubilee has brought me such thousand-fold attentions, that I have not yet got through with my letters of acknowledgment. I cannot be content with hollow generalities, but wish to say something appropriate to every one. Now I am gradually becoming free, and feel again disposed for conversation.

"I have of late made an observation, which I will impart to you.

"Everything we do has a result. But that which is right and prudent does not always lead to good, nor the contrary to what is bad; frequently the reverse takes place. Some time since, I made a mistake in one of these transactions with booksellers, and was sorry that I had done so. But now circumstances have so altered, that, if I had not made that very mistake, I should have made a greater one. Such instances occur frequently in life, and hence we see men of the world, who know this, going to work with great freedom and boldness."

I was struck by this remark, which was new to me.

I then turned the conversation to some of his works, and we came to the elegy "Alexis and Dora."

"In this poem," said Goethe, "people have blamed the strong, passionate conclusion, and would have liked the elegy to end gently and peacefully, without that outbreak of jealousy; but I could not see that they were right. Jealousy is so manifestly an ingredient of the affair, that the poem would be incomplete if it were not introduced at all. I myself knew a young man who, in the midst of his impassioned love for an easily won maiden, cried out, 'But would she not act to another as she has acted to me?'"

I agreed entirely with Goethe, and then mentioned the peculiar situations in this elegy, where, with so few strokes and in so narrow a space, all is so well delineated, that we think we see the whole life and domestic environment of the persons engaged in the action. "What you have described," said I, "appears as true as if you had worked from actual experience."

"I am glad it seems so to you," said Goethe. "There are, however, few men who have imagination for the truth of reality; most prefer strange countries and circumstances, of which they know nothing, and by which their imagination may be cultivated, oddly enough.

"Then there are others who cling altogether to reality, and, as they wholly want the poetic spirit, are too severe in their requisitions. For instance, in this elegy, some would have had me give Alexis a servant to carry his bundle, never thinking that all that was poetic and idyllic in the situation would thus have been destroyed."

From "Alexis and Dora," the conversation then turned to "*Wilhelm Meister.*" "There are odd critics in this world," said Goethe; "they blamed me for letting the hero of this novel live so much in bad company; but by this very circumstance, that I considered this so-called bad company as a vase, into which I could put everything I had to say about good society, I gained a poetical body, and a varied one into the bargain. Had I, on the contrary, delineated good society by the so-called good society, nobody would have read the book.

"In the seeming trivialities of '*Wilhelm Meister*' there is always something higher at bottom, and nothing is required but eyes and knowledge of the world, and power of comprehension, to perceive the great in the small. For those who are without such qualities, let it suffice to receive the picture of life as real life."

Goethe then showed me a very interesting English work, which illustrated all Shakespeare in copperplates. Each page embraced, in six small designs, one piece with some verses written beneath, so that the leading idea and the most important situations of each work were brought before the eyes. All these immortal tragedies and

comedies thus passed before the mind like processions of masks.

"It is even terrifying," said Goethe, "to look through these little pictures. Thus are we first made to feel the infinite wealth and grandeur of Shakespeare. There is no MOTIVE in human life which he has not exhibited and expressed! And all with what ease and freedom!

"But we cannot talk about Shakespeare; everything is inadequate. I have touched upon the subject in my '*Wilhelm Meister*,' but that is not saying much. He is not a theatrical poet; he never thought of the stage; it was far too narrow for his great mind: nay, the whole visible world was too narrow.

"He is even too rich and too powerful. A productive NATURE ought not to read more than one of his dramas in a year if it would not be wrecked entirely. I did well to get rid of him by writing 'Goetz,' and 'Egmont,'* and Byron did well by not having too much respect and admiration for him, but going his own way. How many excellent Germans have been ruined by him and Calderon!

"Shakespeare gives us golden apples in silver dishes. We get, indeed, the silver dishes by studying his works; but, unfortunately, we have only potatoes to put into them."

I laughed, and was delighted by this admirable simile.

Goethe then read me a letter from Zelter, describing a representation of "Macbeth" at Berlin, where the music could not keep pace with the grand spirit and character of the piece, as Zelter set forth by various intimations. By Goethe's reading, the letter gained its full effect, and he often paused to admire with me the point of some single passage.

"'Macbeth,'" said Goethe, "is Shakespeare's best acting play, the one in which he shows most understanding with respect to the stage. But would you see his mind unfettered, read 'Troilus and Cressida,' where he treats the materials of the 'Iliad' in his own fashion."

*These plays were intended to be in the Shakesperian style, and Goethe means that by writing them he freed himself from Shakespeare, just as by writing "Werther" he freed himself from thoughts of suicide.—TRANS.

The conversation turned upon Byron,— the disadvantage to which he appears when placed beside the innocent cheerfulness of Shakespeare, and the frequent and generally not unjust blame which he drew upon himself by his manifold works of negation.

"If Lord Byron," said Goethe, "had had an opportunity of working off all the opposition in his character, by a number of strong parliamentary speeches, he would have been much more pure as a poet. But, as he scarcely ever spoke in parliament, he kept within himself all his feelings against his nation, and to free himself from them, he had no other means than to express them in poetical form. I could, therefore, call a great part of Byron's works of negation 'suppressed parliamentary speeches,' and think this would be no bad name for them."

We then mentioned one of our most modern German poets, Platen, who had lately gained a great name, and whose negative tendency was likewise disapproved. "We cannot deny," said Goethe, "that he has many brilliant qualities, but he is wanting in — LOVE. He loves his readers and his fellow-poets as little as he loves himself, and thus we may apply to him the maxim of the apostle — 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love (charity), I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' I have lately read the poems of Platen, and cannot deny his great talent. But, as I said, he is deficient in LOVE, and thus he will never produce the effect which he ought. He will be feared, and will be the idol of those who would like to be as negative as himself, but have not his talent."

1826

Sun. evening, Jan. 29.

THE most celebrated German *improvisatore*, Dr. Wolff of Hamburg, has been here several days, and has already given public proof of his rare talent. On Friday evening he gave a brilliant display to a numerous audience, and in the presence of the court of Weimar. On the same evening he received from Goethe an invitation to come to him the next day at noon.

I talked with him yesterday evening, after he had improvised before Goethe. He was much delighted, and declared that this hour would make an epoch in his life; for Goethe, by a few words, had opened to him a wholly new path, and when he had found fault with him, had hit the right nail on the head.

This evening, when I was at Goethe's, the conversation turned immediately on Wolff. "Dr. Wolff is very happy," said I, "that your excellency has given him good counsel."

"I was perfectly frank with him," said Goethe, "and if my words have made an impression on him and incited him, that is a very good sign. He is a decided talent without doubt, but he has the general sickness of the present day — subjectivity — and of that I would fain heal him. I gave him a task to try him: — 'Describe to me,' said I, 'your return to Hamburg.' He was ready at once, and began immediately to speak in melodious verses. I could not but admire him, yet I could not praise him. It was not a return to Hamburg that he described, but merely the emotions on the return of a son to his parents, relations, and friends; and his poem would have served just as well for a return to Merseburg or Jena, as for a return to Hamburg. Yet what a remarkable, peculiar city is Hamburg! and what a rich field was offered him for the most minute description, if he had known or ventured to take hold of the subject properly!"

I remarked that this subjective tendency was the fault of the public, which decidedly applauds all sentimentality.

"Perhaps so," said Goethe; "but the public is still more pleased if you give it something better. I am certain that if, with Wolff's talent at improvisation, one could faithfully describe the life of great cities, such as Rome, Naples, Vienna, Hamburg, or London, and that in such a lively manner, that one's hearers would believe they saw with their own eyes, everybody would be enchanted. If he breaks through to the objective, he is saved, the stuff is in him; for he is not without imagination. Only he must make up his mind at once, and strive to grasp it."

"I fear," said I, "that this will be harder than we imagine, since it demands entire regeneration of his mode of thought. Even if he succeeds, he will, at all events, come to a momentary standstill with his production, and long practice will be required to make the objective become a second nature."

"The step, I grant, is very great," said Goethe; "but he must take courage, and make his resolution at once. It is in such matters, like the dread of water in bathing — we must jump in at once, and the element is ours.

"If a person learns to sing," continued Goethe, "all the notes which are within his natural compass are easy to him, while those which lie beyond the compass are at first extremely difficult. But, to be a vocalist, he must conquer them, for he must have them all at command. Just so with the poet; — he deserves not the name while he only speaks out his few subjective feelings; but as soon as he can appropriate to himself, and express the world, he is a poet. Then he is inexhaustible, and can be always new, while a subjective nature has soon talked out his little internal material, and is at last ruined by mannerism. People always talk of the study of the ancients; but what does that mean, except that it says, turn your attention to the real world, and try to express it, for that is what the ancients did when they were alive."

Goethe arose and walked to and fro, while I remained seated at the table, as he likes to see me. He stood a moment at the stove, and then, like one who has

reflected, came to me, and with his finger on his lips, said :—

"I will now tell you something which you will often find confirmed in your experience. All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency. Our present time is retrograde, for it is subjective: we see this not merely in poetry, but also in painting, and much besides. Every healthy effort, on the contrary, is directed from the inward to the outward world, as you will see in all great eras, which have been really in a state of progression, and all of an objective nature."

These remarks led to a most interesting conversation, in which especial mention was made of the great period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The conversation now turned upon the theatre, and the weak, sentimental, gloomy character of modern productions.

"Molière is my strength and consolation at present," said I; "I have translated his 'Avare,' and am now busy with his '*Médicin malgré lui.*' Molière is indeed a great, a genuine (*reiner*) man."

"Yes," said Goethe, "a genuine man; that is the proper term. There is nothing distorted about him. He ruled the manners of his day, while, on the contrary, our Iffland and Kotzebue allowed themselves to be ruled by theirs, and were limited and confined in them. Molière chastised men by drawing them just as they were."

"I would give something," said I, "to see his plays acted in all their purity! Yet such things are much too strong and natural for the public, so far as I am acquainted with it. Is not this over-refinement to be attributed to the so-called ideal literature of certain authors?"

"No," said Goethe, "it has its source in society itself. What business have our young girls at the theatre? They do not belong to it — they belong to the convent, and the theatre is only for men and women, who know something of human affairs. When Molière wrote, girls were in the convent, and he was not forced to think about them. But now we cannot get rid of these young girls, and pieces which are weak, and therefore PROPER, will continue to be

produced. Be wise and stay away, as I do. I was really interested in the theatre only so long as I could have a practical influence upon it. It was my delight to bring the establishment to a high degree of perfection; and when there was a performance, my interest was not so much in the pieces as in observing whether the actors played as they ought. The faults I wished to point out I sent in writing to the *Regisseur*, and was sure they would be avoided on the next representation. Now I can no longer have any practical influence in the theatre, I feel no calling to enter it; I should be forced to endure defects without being able to amend them; and that would not suit me. And with the reading of plays, it is no better. The young German poets are eternally sending me tragedies; but what am I to do with them? I have never read German plays except with the view of seeing whether I could act them; in every other respect they were indifferent to me. What am I to do now, in my present situation, with the pieces of these young people? I can gain nothing for myself by reading how things ought NOT to be done; and I cannot assist the young poets in a matter which is already finished. If, instead of their printed plays, they would send me the plan of a play, I could at least say, 'Do it,' or 'Leave it alone,' or 'Do it this way,' or 'Do it that;' and in this there might be some use.

"The whole mischief proceeds from this, that poetical culture is so widely diffused in Germany that nobody now ever makes a bad verse. The young poets who send me their works are not inferior to their predecessors, and, since they see these praised so highly, they cannot understand why they are not praised also. And yet we cannot encourage them, when talents of the sort exist by hundreds; and we ought not to favor superfluities while so much that is useful remains to be done. Were there a single one who towered above all the rest, it would be well, for the world can only be served by the extraordinary."

Thurs., Feb. 16.—I went, at seven this evening, to Goethe, whom I found alone in his room. I sat down by him at the table, and told him that yesterday I had seen, at the inn, the Duke of Wellington, who was passing

through on his way to St. Petersburg. "Indeed!" said Goethe, with animation; "what was he like? — tell me all about him. Does he look like his portrait?"

"Yes," said I; "but better, with more of marked character. If you ever look at his face, all the portraits are naught. One need only see him once never to forget him, such an impression does he make. His eyes are brown, and of the serenest brilliancy; one feels the effect of his glance; his mouth speaks, even when it is closed; he looks a man who has had many thoughts, and has lived through the greatest deeds, who now can handle the world serenely and calmly, and whom nothing more can disturb. He seemed to me as hard and as tempered as a Damascus blade. By his appearance, he is far advanced in the fifties; is upright, slim, and not very tall or stout. I saw him getting into his carriage to depart. There was something uncommonly cordial in his salutation as he passed through the crowd, and, with a very slight bow, touched his hat with his finger." Goethe listened to my description with visible interest. "You have seen one hero more," said he, "and that is saying something."

We then talked of Napoleon, and I lamented that I had never seen him.

"Truly," said Goethe, "that also was worth the trouble. What a compendium of the world!" "Did he look like something?" asked I. "He WAS something," replied Goethe; "and he looked what he was — that was all."

I had brought with me for Goethe a very remarkable poem, of which I had spoken to him some evenings before — a poem of his own, written so long since that he had quite forgotten it. It was printed in the beginning of the year 1776, in "*Die Sichtbaren*" (the Visible), a periodical published at the time in Frankfort, and had been brought to Weimar by an old servant of Goethe's, through whom it had fallen into my hands. Undoubtedly it is the earliest known poem of Goethe's. The subject was the "Descent of Christ into Hell"; and it was remarkable to observe the readiness of the young author with his religious images. The purpose of the poem might have suited Klopstock; but the execution was quite of a different character; it was

stronger, freer, and more easy, and had greater energy and better arrangement. The extraordinary ardor reminded one of a period of youth, full of impetuosity and power. Through a want of subject matter, it constantly reverted to the same point, and was of undue length.

I placed before Goethe the yellow, worn-out paper, and as soon as he saw it he remembered his poem. "It is possible," said he, "that Fräulein von Klettenberg induced me to write it: the heading shows that it was written by desire, and I know not any other friend who could have desired such a subject. I was then in want of materials, and was rejoiced when I got anything that I could sing. Lately, a poem of that period fell into my hands, which I wrote in the English language, and in which I complained of the dearth of poetic subjects. We Germans are really ill off in that respect; our earliest history lies too much in obscurity, and the later is without general native interest, through the want of one ruling dynasty. Klopstock tried Arminius, but the subject lies too far off; nobody feels any connection with it; no one knows what to make of it, and accordingly it has never been popular, or produced any result. I made a happy hit with my '*Goetz von Berlichingen*'; that was, at any rate, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and something could be done with it.

"For 'Werther' and 'Faust' I was, on the contrary, obliged to draw upon my own bosom, for that which was handed down to me did not go far. I made devils and witches but once; I was glad when I had consumed my northern inheritance, and turned to the tables of the Greeks. Had I earlier known how many excellent things have been in existence for hundreds of years, I should not have written a line, but should have done something else."

Easter day, Mar. 26.— To-day, at dinner, Goethe was in one of his pleasantest moods. He had received something he highly valued, Lord Byron's manuscript of the dedication to his "Sardanapalus." He showed it to us after dinner, at the same time teasing his daughter to give him back Byron's letter from Genoa. "You see, my dear child," said he, "I have now everything collected which relates to my connection with Byron; even this valuable paper comes

to me to-day, in a remarkable manner, and now nothing is wanting but that letter."

However, the amiable admirer of Byron would not restore the letter. "You gave it to me once, dear father," said she, "and I shall not give it back; and if you wish, as is fit, that like should be with like, you had better give me the precious paper of to-day, and I will keep them all together." This was still more repugnant to Goethe, and the playful contest lasted for some time, when it merged into general lively conversation.

After we had risen from table, and the ladies had gone upstairs, I remained with Goethe alone. He brought from his workroom a red portfolio, which he took to the window, and showed me its contents. "Look," said he, "here I have everything together which relates to my connection with Lord Byron. Here is his letter from Leghorn; this is a copy of his dedication; this is my poem; and here is what I wrote for 'Medwin's Conversations'; now, I only want the letter from Genoa, and she will not give it me."

Goethe then told me of a friendly request, which had this day been made to him from England, with reference to Lord Byron, and which had excited him in a very pleasant manner. His mind was just now quite full of Byron, and he said a thousand interesting things about him, his works, and his talents.

"The English," said he, among other things, "may think of Byron as they please; but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater."

Mon., May 15.—I talked with Goethe to-day about St. Schütze, of whom he spoke very kindly. "When I was ill a few weeks since," said he, "I read his '*Heitere Stunden*' (Cheerful Hours) with great pleasure. If Schütze had lived in England, he would have made an epoch; for, with his gift of observing and depicting, nothing was wanting but the sight of life on a large scale."

Thurs., June 1.—Goethe spoke of the "Globe."* "The contributors," said he, "are men of the world, cheerful,

*The celebrated French paper.—TRANS.

clear in their views, bold to the last degree. In their censure they are polished and GALLANT; whereas our German *literati* always think they must hate those who do not think like themselves. I consider the 'Globe' one of our most interesting periodicals, and could not do without it."

Wed., Nov. 8. — To-day, Goethe spoke again of Lord Byron with admiration. "I have," said he, "read once more his 'Deformed Transformed,' and must say that to me his talent appears greater than ever. His devil was suggested by my Mephistophiles; but it is no imitation — it is thoroughly new and original, close, genuine, and spirited. There are no weak passages — not a place where you could put the head of a pin, where you do not find invention and thought. Were it not for his hypochondriacal negative turn, he would be as great as Shakespeare and the ancients." I expressed surprise.

"Yes," said Goethe, "you may believe me. I have studied him anew, and am confirmed in this opinion."

In a conversation some time ago, Goethe had remarked that Byron had too much *empeiria*.* I did not well understand what he meant; but I forbore to ask, and thought of the matter in silence. However, I got nothing by reflection, and found that I must wait till my improved culture, or some happy circumstance, should unlock the secret for me. Such an one occurred when an excellent representation of "Macbeth" at the theater produced a strong effect upon me, and on the day afterward I took up Byron's works to read his "Beppo." Now, I felt I could not relish this poem after "Macbeth"; and the more I read, the more I became enlightened as to Goethe's meaning.

In "Macbeth," a spirit had impressed me, whose grandeur, power, and sublimity could have proceeded from none but Shakespeare. There was the innate quality of a high and deep nature, which raises the individual who possesses it above all mankind, and thus makes him a great poet. Whatever has been given to this piece by knowledge of

* The import of this Greek word for "experience," and its cognate word "empiric," has nothing in common with the notion of "quackery." The general meaning is, that Byron is too WORLDLY. — TRANS.

the world or experience was subordinate to the poetic spirit, and served only to make this speak out and predominate. The great poet ruled us and lifted us up to his own point of view.

While reading "Beppo," on the contrary, I felt the predominance of a nefarious empirical world, with which the mind which introduced it to us had, in a certain measure, associated itself. I no more found the great and pure thoughts of a highly gifted poet, but, by frequent intercourse with the world, the poet's mode of thought seemed to have acquired the same stamp. He seemed to be on the same level with all intellectual men of the world of the higher class, being only distinguished from them by his great talent for representation, so that he might be regarded as their mouthpiece.

So I felt, in reading "Beppo," that Lord Byron had too much *empeiria*, not because he brought too much real life before us, but because the higher poetic nature seemed to be silent, or even expelled by an empiric mode of thought.

Wed., Nov. 29.—I had now also read Lord Byron's "Deformed Transformed," and talked with Goethe about it after dinner.

"Am I not right?" said he. "The first scenes are great — politically great. The remainder, when the subject wanders to the siege of Rome, I will not call poetical, but it must be averred that it is very pointed* (*geistreich*)."

"To the highest degree," said I; "but there is no art in being pointed when one respects nothing."

Goethe laughed. "You are not quite wrong," said he. "We must, indeed, confess that the poet says more than ought to be said. He tells us the truth, but it is disagreeable, and we should like him better if he held his peace. There are things in the world which the poet should rather conceal than disclose; but this openness lies in Byron's character, and you would annihilate him if you made him other than he is."

"Yes," said I, "he is in the highest degree pointed. How excellent, for instance, is this passage: —

*"Pointed" is only an approximation,— the word here means "full of *esprit*." — TRANS.

'The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deemed;
He hath an ignorant audience?'»

«That is as good and as free as one of my Mephistophiles' sayings.»

«Since we are talking of Mephistophiles,» continued Goethe, «I will show you something which Coudray has brought me from Paris. What do you think of it?»

He laid before me a lithograph, representing the scene where Faust and Mephistophiles, on their way to free Margaret from prison, are rushing by the gallows at night on two horses. Faust rides a black horse, which gallops with all its might, and seems, as well as his rider, afraid of the spectres under the gallows. They ride so fast that Faust can scarcely keep his seat; the current of air has blown off his cap, which, fastened by straps about his neck, flies far behind him. He has turned his fearful inquiring face to Mephistophiles, and is listening to his words. Mephistophiles, on the contrary, sits quiet and undisturbed, like a being of a higher order. He rides no living horse, for he loves not what is living; indeed, he does not need it, for his will moves him with the swiftness he requires. He has a horse merely because he must look as if he were riding, and it has been quite enough for him to find a beast that is a mere bag of bones, from the first field he has come to. It is of a bright color, and seems to be phosphorescent amid the darkness of night. It is neither bridled nor saddled, but goes without such appendages. The supernatural rider sits easily and negligently, with his face turned toward Faust, in conversation. The opposing element of air does not exist for him; neither he nor his horse feel anything of it. Not a hair of either is stirred.

We expressed much pleasure at this ingenious composition. «I must aver,» said Goethe, «that I myself did not think it out so perfectly. Here is another. What say you to this?»

I saw a representation of the wild drinking scene in Auerbach's cellar, at the all-important moment when the wine sparkles up into flames, and the brutality of the drinkers is shown in the most varied ways. All is passion and movement; Mephistophiles also maintains his usual com-

posure. The wild cursing and screaming, and the drawn knife of the man who stands next him, are to him nothing. He has seated himself on a corner of the table, dangling his legs. His upraised finger is enough to subdue flame and passion.

The more one looked at this excellent design, the greater seemed the intelligence of the artist, who made no figure like another, but in each one expressed some different part of the action.

"M. Delacroix," said Goethe, "is a man of great talent, who found in 'Faust' his proper aliment. The French censure his wildness, but it suits him well here. He will, I hope, go through all 'Faust,' and I anticipate a special pleasure from the witches' kitchen and the scenes on the Brocken. We can see that he has a good knowledge of life, for which a city like Paris has given him the best opportunity."

I observed that these designs greatly conduce to the comprehension of a poem.

"Undoubtedly," said Goethe; "for the more perfect imagination of such an artist constrains us to think the situations as beautiful as he conceived them himself. And if I must confess that M. Delacroix has, in some scenes, surpassed my own notions, how much more will the reader find all in full life, and surpassing his imagination."

Mon., Dec. 11. — I found Goethe in a very happy mood. "Alexander von Humboldt has been some hours with me this morning," said he, coming to meet me with great vivacity. "What a man he is! Long as I have known him, he ever surprises me anew. One may say he has not his equal in knowledge and living wisdom. Then he has a many-sidedness such as I have found nowhere else. On whatever point you approach him, he is at home, and lavishes upon us his intellectual treasures. He is like a fountain with many pipes, under which you need only hold a vessel, and from which refreshing and inexhaustible streams are ever flowing. He will stay here some days; and I already feel that it will be with me as if I had lived for years."

Wed., Dec. 13. — At table, the ladies praised a portrait by a young painter. "What is most surprising," they

added, "he has learned everything by himself." This could be seen particularly in the hands, which were not correctly and artistically drawn. "We see," said Goethe, "that the young man has talent; however, you should not praise, but rather blame him, for learning everything by himself. A man of talent is not born to be left to himself, but to devote himself to art and good masters, who will make something out of him. I have lately read a letter from Mozart, where, in reply to a Baron who had sent him his composition, he writes somewhat in this fashion: —

"'You *dilettanti* must be blamed for two faults, since two you generally have; either you have no thoughts of your own, and take those of others, or, if you have thoughts of your own, you do not know what to do with them.'

"Is not this capital? and does not this fine remark, which Mozart makes about music, apply to all other arts?"

Goethe continued: "Leonardo da Vinci says, 'If your son has not sense enough to bring out what he draws by a bold shadowing, so that we can grasp it with our hands, he has no talent.'

"Further, Leonardo da Vinci says, 'If your son is a perfect master of perspective and anatomy, send him to a good master.'

"And now," said Goethe, "our young artists scarcely understand either when they leave their masters. So much have times altered."

"Our young painters," continued Goethe, "lack heart and intellect. Their inventions express nothing and effect nothing: they paint swords which do not cut, and arrows which do not hit; and I often think, in spite of myself, that all intellect has vanished from the world."

Wed., Jan. 3.

At dinner, we talked over Canning's excellent speech for Portugal. "Some people," said Goethe, "call this speech coarse; but these people know not what they want — they have a morbid desire to be *frondeurs* against all greatness. It is no opposition, it is mere 'FRONDATION'; they must have something great, that they may hate it. When Napoleon was alive they hated him, and he served as a good conduit pipe. When it was all over with him, they grumbled (*frondirten*) at the Holy Alliance, and yet nothing greater or more beneficial for mankind was ever devised. Now it is Canning's turn. His speech for Portugal is the result of a grand consciousness. He feels very well the extent of his power and the dignity of his position; and he is right to speak as he feels. This the *Sans-culottes* cannot understand; and what to us seems sublime, seems to them coarse. The grand disturbs them; they are not so constituted as to respect it, and cannot endure it."

Thurs. evening, Jan. 4. — Goethe praised highly the poems of Victor Hugo.

"He is," said he, "a man of decided talent, on whom German literature has had an influence. His poetic youth has, unfortunately, been disturbed by the pedantry of the classic school; but now he has the 'Globe' on his side, and is thus sure of his game. I am inclined to compare him with Manzoni. He has much objectivity, and seems to me quite as important as MM. de Lamartine and De la Vigne. On closely observing him, I see the source of this and other fresh talent of the same sort. They all come from Chateaubriand, who has really a distinguished rhetorico-poetical talent. That you may see how Victor Hugo writes, only read this poem upon Napoleon — '*Les Deux Isles.*'"

Goethe gave me the book, and went to the stove. I read the poem. "Has he not excellent images," said Goethe,

"and has not he managed his subject with great freedom?" He came back to me. "Only look at this passage — how fine it is!" He read the passage about the storm cloud, from which the lightning darts upward and strikes the hero. "That is fine; for the image is correct: as you will find in the mountains, where we often have the storm beneath us, and where the lightning darts upward."

"I praise this in the French," said I, "that their poetry never deserts the firm ground of reality. We can translate their poems into prose, without losing anything essential."

"That," said Goethe, "is because the French poets have knowledge, while our German simpletons think they would lose their talent, if they labored for knowledge; although, in fact, all talent must derive its nutriment from knowledge, and thus only is enabled to use its strength. But let them pass; we cannot help them, and real talent soon finds its way. The many young poets who are now carrying on their trade have no real talent; they only show an impotence which has been excited into productiveness by the high state of German literature.

"That the French," continued Goethe, "have passed from their pedantry into a freer manner is not surprising. Even before the revolution, Diderot, and minds like his, sought to break open this path. The revolution itself, and the reign of Napoleon, have been favorable to the cause; for if the years of war allowed no real poetical interest to spring up, and were consequently for the moment unfavorable to the Muses, yet a multitude of free intellects were formed in this period, who now, in times of peace, attain reflection, and come forward as talents of importance."

I asked Goethe whether the classical party had been opposed to the excellent Béranger. "The *genre* of Béranger's poetry," said Goethe, "is old and traditional, and people were accustomed to it. However, he has been in many respects more free than his predecessors, and has therefore been attacked by the pedantic party."

The conversation turned upon painting, and on the mischief of the antiquity-worshiping school. "You do not pretend to be a connoisseur," said Goethe; "but I will

show you a picture, in which, though it has been painted by one of the best living German artists, you will at the first glance be struck by the most glaring offenses against the primary laws of art. You will see that details are nicely done, but you will be dissatisfied with the whole, and will not know what to make of it; and this not because the painter has not sufficient talent, but because his mind, which should have directed his talent, is darkened, like that of all the other bigots to antiquity; so that he ignores the perfect masters, and, going back to their imperfect predecessors, takes them for his patterns.

"Raphael and his contemporaries broke through a limited mannerism, to nature and freedom. And now our artists, instead of being thankful, using these advantages, and proceeding on the good way, return to the state of limitation.

"This is too bad, and it is hard to understand such darkening of the intellect. And since in this course they find no support in art itself, they seek one from religion and faction — without these two they could not sustain themselves in their weakness.

"There is," continued Goethe, "through all art a filiation. If you see a great master, you will always find that he used what was good in his predecessors, and that it was this which made him great. Men like Raphael do not spring out of the ground. They took root in the antique, and the best which had been done before them. Had they not used the advantages of their time, there would be little to say about them."

The conversation now turned upon old German poetry. I mentioned Flemming. "Flemming," said Goethe, "is a very fair talent, a little prosaic and citizen-like, and of no practical use nowadays. It is strange," he continued, "that with all I have done, there is not one of my poems that would suit the Lutheran hymn book." I laughed and assented, while I said to myself that in this odd expression there was more than could be seen at the first glance.

Sun. evening, Jan. 12. — I found a musical party at Goethe's. The performers were the Eberwein family, and some members of the orchestra. Among the few hearers

were General Superintendent Röhr, Hofrath Vogel, and some ladies. Goethe had wished to hear a quartet by a celebrated young composer, and this was played first. Karl Eberwein, a boy twelve years old, played the piano entirely to Goethe's great satisfaction, and indeed admirably, so that the quartet was in every respect well performed.

"It is a strange state," said Goethe, "to which the great improvements in the technical and mechanical part of the art have brought our newest composers. Their productions are no longer music; they go beyond the level of human feelings, and one can give them no response from the mind and heart. How do you feel? I hear with my ears only."

I replied that I fared no better.

"Yet the Allegro," said he, "had character; that ceaseless whirling and twirling brought before my mind the witches' dance on the Blocksberg, and thus I had a picture to illustrate this odd music."

After a pause, during which the party discoursed and took refreshments, Goethe asked Madame Eberwein to sing some songs. She sang the beautiful song, "*Um Mitternacht*," with Zelter's music, which made the deepest impression.

"That song," said Goethe, "remains beautiful, however often it is heard! There is something eternal, indestructible, in the melody!"

The "Erlkönig" obtained great applause; and the *aria*, "*Ich hab's gesagt der guten Mutter*," made every one remark that the music so happily fitted the words, that no one could even conceive it otherwise. Goethe himself was in the highest degree pleased.

By way of conclusion to this pleasant evening, Madame Eberwein, at Goethe's request, sang some songs from his "Divan," with her husband's music. The passage, "*Jussuf's Reize möcht' ich borgen*," pleased Goethe especially. "Eberwein," he said, "sometimes surpasses himself." He then asked for the song, "*Ach um deine feuchten Schwingen*," which was also of a kind to excite the deepest emotions.

After the party had left, I remained some moments alone with Goethe. "I have," said he, "this evening made the remark that these songs in the 'Divan' have no further

connection with me. Both the oriental and impassioned elements have ceased to live in me. I have left them behind, like a cast-off snake skin on my path. The song, '*Um Mitternacht*,' on the contrary, has not lost its connection with me; it is a living part of me, and goes on living with me still.

"Oftentimes, my own productions seem wholly strange to me. To-day, I read a passage in French, and thought as I read — 'This man speaks cleverly enough — you would not have said it otherwise:' when I look at it closely, I find it is a passage translated from my own writings!"

Mon. evening, Jan. 15. — After the completion of the "Helena," Goethe had employed himself last summer with the continuation of the "*Wanderjahre.*" He often talked to me about the progress of this work.

"In order the better to use the materials I possess," said he to me one day, "I have taken the first part entirely to pieces, and intend, by mingling the old with the new, to make two parts. I have ordered everything that is printed to be copied entire. The places where I have new matter to introduce are marked, and when my secretary comes to such a mark, I dictate what is wanting, and thus compel myself never to let my work stop."

Another day he said to me, "All the printed part of the '*Wanderjahre*' is now completely copied. The places where I am to introduce new matter are filled with blue paper, so that I have always before my eyes what is yet to be done. As I go on at present, the blue spots gradually vanish, to my great delight."

Some weeks ago, I had heard from his secretary that he was at work on a new NOVEL. I therefore abstained from evening visits, and satisfied myself with seeing him once a week at dinner. The novel had now been finished for some time, and this evening he showed me the first sheets. I was delighted, and read as far as the important passage where all stand around the dead tiger, and the messenger brings the intelligence that the lion has laid himself in the sun by the ruins.

While reading, I could not but admire the extraordinary clearness with which all objects, down to the very smallest

locality, were brought before the eyes. The going out to hunt, the old ruins of the castle, the fair, the way through the fields to the ruins, were all so distinctly painted, that one could not conceive them otherwise than as the poet intended. At the same time all was written with such circumspection and mastery of subject, that one could never anticipate what was coming, or see a line further than one read.

"Your excellency," said I, "must have worked after a very defined plan."

"Yes, indeed," replied Goethe; "I was going to treat the subject thirty years ago, and have carried it in my head ever since. The work went on oddly enough. At that time, immediately after 'Hermann and Dorothea,' I meant to treat it in an epic form and in hexameters, and had drawn up a complete outline with this view. But when I now took up the subject again, not being able to find my old outline, I was obliged to make a new one, and that suitable to the altered form I intended to give the subject. Now my work is ended, the old outline is again found, and I am glad I did not have it earlier; for it would only have confused me. The action and the progress of development were, indeed, unaltered, but the details were entirely different; it had been conceived with a view to an epic treatment in hexameters, and would not therefore have been applicable to this prose form."

The conversation then turned upon the contents.

"That is a beautiful situation," said I, "where Honorio, opposite to the princess, stands over the dead tiger, when the lamenting woman with her boy comes up, and the prince, too, with his retinue of huntsmen, hastens to join this singular group; it would make an excellent picture, and I should like to see it painted."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that would be a fine picture. Yet, perhaps," continued he, after some reflection, "the subject is almost too rich, and the figures are too many, so that it would be very difficult for the artist to group them, and distribute the light and shade. That earlier moment, where Honorio kneels on the tiger, and the princess is opposite to him on horseback, I have imagined as a picture, and that might be done."

I felt that Goethe was right, and added that this moment contained, in fact, the gist of the whole situation.

I also remarked that this novel had a character quite distinct from those of the "*Wanderjahre*," inasmuch as everything represented the external world — everything was real.

"True," said Goethe, "you will find in it scarcely anything of the inward world, and in my other things there is almost too much."

"I am now curious to learn," said I, "how the lion will be conquered; I almost guess that this will take place in quite a different manner, but HOW I cannot conceive." "It would not be right for you to guess it," said Goethe, "and I will not reveal the secret to-day. On Thursday evening I will give you the conclusion. Till then the lion shall lie in the sun."

I turned the conversation to the second part of "Faust," especially the classical Walpurgis night, which existed as yet only as a sketch, and which Goethe had told me he meant to print in that form. I had ventured to advise him not to do so; for I found that if it were once printed, it would be always left in this unfinished state. Goethe must have thought that over in the meantime, for he now told me that he had resolved not to print the sketch.

"I am very glad of it," said I; "for now I shall hope to see you complete it."

"It might be done in three months," said he; "but when am I to get time for it? The day has too many claims on me; it is difficult to isolate myself sufficiently. This morning the hereditary Grand Duke was with me; to-morrow, at noon, the Grand Duchess proposes visiting me. I must prize such visits as a high favor; they embellish my life, but they occupy my mind. I am obliged to think what I have new to offer to such dignified personages, and how I can worthily entertain them."

"And yet," said I, "you finished 'Helena' last winter, when you were no less disturbed than now."

"Why," he replied, "one goes on, and must go on; but it is difficult."

"'Tis well," said I, "that your outline is so completely made out."

"The outline is indeed complete," said Goethe, "but the most difficult part is yet to be done; and in the execution of parts, everything depends too much on luck. The classic Walpurgis night must be written in rhyme, and yet the whole must have an antique character. It is not easy to find a suitable sort of verse;—and then the dialogue!"

"Is not that also in the plan?" said I.

"The WHAT is there," replied Goethe, "but not the HOW. Then only think what is to be said on that mad night! Faust's speech to Proserpine, when he would move her to give him Helena—what a speech should that be, when Proserpine herself is moved to tears! All this is not easy to do, and depends much on good luck, nay, almost entirely on the mood and strength at the moment."

Wed., Jan. 17.—Lately, during Goethe's occasional indisposition, we had dined in his workroom, which looks out on the garden. To-day, the cloth was again laid in what is called the Urbino chamber, which I looked upon as a good omen. When I entered I found Goethe and his son; both welcomed me in their naïve, affectionate manner; Goethe himself was in his happiest mood, as I could perceive by the animation of his face.

Through the open door of the next room, I saw Chancellor von Müller stooping over a large engraving; he soon came in to us, and I was glad to greet him as a pleasant companion at table. Frau von Goethe was still absent, but we sat down to table without her. The engraving was talked about with admiration, and Goethe said that it was a work of the celebrated Parisian, Gérard, who had lately sent it to him as a present. "Go you at once," added he, "and take a peep before the soup comes in."

I followed his wish and my own inclination, and was delighted both with the sight of the admirable work and with the inscription of the artist, by which he dedicates it to Goethe as a proof of his esteem. I could not look long; Frau von Goethe came in, and I hastened back to my place.

"Is not that something great?" said Goethe. "You may study it days and weeks before you can find out all its rich thoughts and perfections."

We were very lively at table. The Chancellor produced a letter by an important man at Paris, who had held a difficult post as ambassador here in the time of the French occupation, and had from that period kept up a friendly communication with Weimar. He mentioned the Grand Duke and Goethe, and congratulated Weimar for being able to maintain so intimate an alliance between genius and the highest power.

Frau von Goethe gave a highly graceful tone to the conversation. The discourse was upon certain purchases; and she teased young Goethe, who would not give in.

"We must not spoil fair ladies too much," said Goethe; "they are so ready to break all bounds. Even at Elba, Napoleon received milliners' bills, which he had to pay; yet, in such matters, he would as easily do too little as too much. One day, at the Tuileries, a *marchand de modes* offered, in his presence, some valuable goods to his consort. As Napoleon showed no disposition to buy anything, the man gave him to understand that he was doing but little in this way for his wife. Napoleon did not answer a word, but looked upon the man with such a look, that he packed up his things at once, and never showed his face again."

"Did he do this when consul?" asked Frau von Goethe.

"Probably when emperor," replied Goethe, "for otherwise his look would not have been so formidable. I cannot but laugh at the man who was pierced through by the glance, and who saw himself already beheaded or shot."

We were in the liveliest mood and continued to talk of Napoleon.

"I wish," said young Goethe, "that I had good pictures or engravings of all Napoleon's deeds, to decorate a large room."

"The room must be very large," said Goethe, "and even then it would not hold the pictures, so great are the deeds."

The Chancellor turned the conversation on Luden's "History of the Germans"; and I had reason to admire the dexterity and penetration which young Goethe displayed in deducing all which the reviewers had found to blame in

the book from the time in which it was written, and the national views and feelings which had animated the author. We arrived at the result that the wars of Napoleon first explained to us those of Cæsar. "Previously," said Goethe, "Cæsar's book was really not much more than an exercise for classical schools."

From the old German time, the conversation turned upon the Gothic. We spoke of a bookcase which had a Gothic character, and from this were led to discuss the late fashion of arranging entire apartments in the old German and Gothic style, and thus living under the influences of a bygone time.

"In a house," said Goethe, "where there are so many rooms that some are entered only three or four times a year, such a fancy may pass; and I think it a pretty notion of Madame Pankoucke at Paris that she has a Chinese apartment. But I cannot praise the man who fits out the rooms in which he lives with these strange, old-fashioned objects. It is a sort of masquerade, which can, in the long run, do no good in any respect, but must, on the contrary, have an unfavorable influence on the man who adopts it. Such a fashion is in contradiction to the age in which we live, and will only confirm the empty and hollow way of thinking and feeling in which it originates. It is well enough, on a merry winter's evening, to go to a masquerade as a Turk; but what should we think of a man who wore such a mask all the year round? We should think either that he was crazy, or in a fair way to become so before long."

We found Goethe's remarks on this highly practical subject very convincing, and as the reproof did not even lightly touch any of us, we received the truth with the pleasantest feelings.

The conversation now turned upon the theatre, and Goethe rallied me for having, last Monday evening, sacrificed it to him. "He has now been here three years," said he, turning to the others, "and this is the first evening that he has given up the theatre for my sake. I ought to think a great deal of it. I had invited him, and he had promised to come, but yet I doubted whether he would keep his

word, especially as it struck half-past six and he was not here. Indeed, I should have rejoiced if he had not come; for then I could have said: this is a crazy fellow, who loves the theatre better than his dearest friends, and whom nothing can turn aside from his obstinate partiality. But did I not make it up to you? have I not shown you fine things?" By these words Goethe alluded to the new novel.

We talked of Schiller's "Fiesco," which was acted last Saturday. "I saw it for the first time," said I, "and have been much occupied with thinking whether those extremely rough scenes could not be softened; but I find very little could be done to them without spoiling the character of the whole."

"You are right — it cannot be done," replied Goethe. "Schiller often talked with me on the matter; for he himself could not endure his first plays, and would never allow them to be acted while he had the direction of the theatre. At last we were in want of pieces, and would willingly have gained those three powerful firstlings for our *répertoire*. But we found it impossible; all the parts were too closely interwoven one with another; so that Schiller himself despaired of accomplishing the plan, and found himself constrained to give it up, and leave the pieces just as they were."

"'Tis a pity," said I; "for, notwithstanding all their roughness, I love them a thousand times better than the weak, forced, and unnatural pieces of some of the best of our later tragic poets. A grand intellect and character is felt in everything of Schiller's."

"Yes," said Goethe, "Schiller might do what he would, he could not make anything which would not come out far greater than the best things of these later people. Even when he cut his nails, he showed he was greater than these gentlemen." We laughed at this striking metaphor.

"But I have known persons," continued he, "who could never be content with those first dramas of Schiller. One summer, at a bathing place, I was walking through a very secluded, narrow path, which led to a mill. There Prince ——— met me, and as at the same moment some mules laden

with meal sacks came up to us, we were obliged to get out of the way and enter a small house. Here, in a narrow room, we fell, after the fashion of that prince, into deep discussion about things divine and human; we also came to Schiller's 'Robbers,' when the prince expressed himself thus: 'If I had been the Deity on the point of creating the world, and had foreseen, at the moment, that Schiller's 'Robbers' would have been written in it, I would have left the world uncreated.'" We could not help laughing. "What do you say to that?" said Goethe; "that is a dislike which goes pretty far, and which one can scarcely understand."

"There is nothing of this dislike," I observed, "in our young people, especially our students. The most excellent and matured pieces by Schiller and others may be performed, and we shall see but few young people and students in the theatre; but if Schiller's 'Robbers' or Schiller's 'Fiesco' is given, the house is almost filled by students alone."

"So it was," said Goethe, "fifty years ago, and so it will probably be fifty years hence. Do not let us imagine that the world will so much advance in culture and good taste that young people will pass over the ruder epoch. What a young man has written is always best enjoyed by young people. Even if the world progresses generally, youth will always begin at the beginning, and the epochs of the world's cultivation will be repeated in the individual. This has ceased to irritate me, and a long time ago I made a verse in this fashion: —

> Still let the bonfire blaze away,
> Let pleasure never know decay;
> Old brooms to stumps are always worn,
> And youngsters every day are born.

"I need only look out of the window to see, in the brooms that sweep the street, and the children who run about, a visible symbol of the world, that is always wearing out and always becoming young again. Children's games and the diversions of youth are preserved from century to century; for, absurd as these may appear to a more

mature age, children are always children, and are at all times alike. Hence we ought not to put down the midsummer bonfires, or spoil the pleasure which the little dears take in them."

With this and the like cheerful conversation the hours at table passed swiftly by. We younger people then went into the upper room, while the Chancellor remained with Goethe.

Thurs. evening, Jan. 18.— Goethe had promised me the rest of the novel this evening. I went to him at half-past six, and found him alone in his comfortable workroom. I sat down with him at table, and after we had talked over the immediate events of the day, Goethe arose and gave me the wished-for last sheets. "There you may read the conclusion," said he. I began, while Goethe walked up and down the room, and occasionally stood at the stove. As usual, I read softly to myself.

The sheets of the last evening had ended where the lion is lying in the sun outside the wall of the old ruin, at the foot of an aged beech, and preparations are made to subdue him. The prince is going to send the hunters after him, but the stranger begs him to spare his lion, being confident that he can bring him back into his cage by milder means. This child, said he, will accomplish his work by pleasant words and the sweet tones of his flute. The prince consents, and after he has arranged the necessary measures of precaution, rides back into the town with his men. Honorio, with a number of hunters, occupies the defile, that, in case the lion comes down, he may scare him back by kindling a fire. The mother and the child, led by the warder of the castle, ascend the ruin, on the other side of which the lion is lying by the outer wall.

The design is to lure the mighty animal into the spacious castle yard. The mother and the warder conceal themselves above in the half-ruined hall, while the child goes alone after the lion through the dark opening in the wall of the courtyard. An anxious pause arises. They do not know what has become of the child — his flute gives no sound. The warder reproaches himself that he did not go also, but the mother is calm.

At last the sounds of the flute are again heard. They approach nearer and nearer. The child returns to the castle yard by the opening in the wall, and the lion, now docile, follows him with heavy step. They go once round the yard. Then the child sits down in a sunny spot, while the lion settles himself peacefully beside him, and lays one of his heavy paws in his lap. A thorn has entered it; the child draws it out, and, taking his silken kerchief from his neck, binds the paw.

The mother and the warder, who have witnessed the whole scene from the hall above, are transported with delight. The lion is tamed and in safety, and, as the child alternately with the sounds of his flute sings his charming pious songs to soothe the monster, he concludes the whole novel by singing the following verses:—

Holy angels thus take heed
Of the good and docile child,
Aiding ev'ry worthy deed,
Checking ev'ry impulse wild.
Pious thoughts and melody
Both together work for good,
Luring to the infant's knee
E'en the tyrant of the wood.*

I had not read without emotion the concluding incident. Still I did not know what to say. I was astonished but

* Those who know the difficulty of the original will not be too severe on the above translation. The words as they stand in Cotta's editions of Goethe are as follows:—

Und so geht mit guten Kindern
Sel'ger Engel gern zu Rath,
Böses Willen zu verhindern,
Zu befördern schöne That.
So beschwören fest zu bannen
Lieben Sohn ans zarte Knie
Ihn des Waldes Hochtyrannen
Frommer Sinn und Melodie.

Unless the most forced construction be adopted, these lines seem to me quite inexplicable. But in the passage as quoted by Eckermann, *liebem* stands in the place of *lieben*, and this reading, which I suspect to be the right one, gives a sense to which my version approximates.— TRANS.

not satisfied. It seemed to me that the conclusion was too simple,* too ideal, too lyrical; and that at least some of the other figures should have reappeared, and, by winding up the whole, have given more breadth to the termination. Goethe observed that I had a doubt in my mind, and endeavored to set me right. "If," said he, "I had again brought in some of the other figures at the end, the conclusion would have been prosaic. What could they do and say, when everything is done already? The prince and his men have ridden into the town, where his assistance is needed. Honorio, as soon as he learns that the lion is secured, will follow with his hunters, and the man will soon come from the town with his iron cage and put the lion into it. All these things are foreseen, and therefore should not be detailed. If they were, we should become prosaic. But an ideal, nay, a lyrical conclusion, was necessary; for after the pathetic speech of the man, which in itself is poetical prose, a further elevation is required, and I was obliged to have recourse to lyrical poetry, nay, even to a song.

"To find a simile to this novel," continued Goethe, "imagine a green plant shooting up from its root, thrusting forth strong green leaves from the sides of its sturdy stem, and at last terminating in a flower. The flower is unexpected and startling, but come it must — nay, the whole foliage has existed only for the sake of that flower, and would be worthless without it."

At these words I breathed lightly. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and a feeling of the excellence of this marvelous composition began to stir within me.

Goethe continued, — "The purpose of this novel was to show how the unmanageable and the invincible is often better restrained by love and pious feeling than by force. And this beautiful aim, which is set forth by the child and the lion, charmed me on to the completion of the work. This is the ideal — this is the flower. The green foliage of the extremely real introductory is only there for the sake of this ideal, and only worth anything on account

* In the sense of a group being SIMPLE. The German word is *einsam* (solitary). — TRANS.

of it. For what is the real in itself? We take delight in it when it is represented with truth — nay, it may give us a clearer knowledge of certain things, but the proper gain to our higher nature lies alone in the ideal, which proceeds from the heart of the poet."

I palpably felt how right Goethe was, for the conclusion of his novel still acted upon me, and had produced in me a tone of piety such as I had not known for a long time. How pure and intense, thought I to myself, must be the feelings of the poet, that he can write anything so beautiful at his advanced age. I did not refrain from expressing myself on this point to Goethe, and from congratulating myself that this production, which was unique in itself, had now a visible existence.

"I am glad," said Goethe, "that you are satisfied with it; and I am also glad on my own account, that I have got rid of a subject which I carried about with me for thirty years. Schiller and Humboldt, to whom I formerly communicated my plan, dissuaded me from going on with it, because they could see nothing in it, and because the poet alone knows what charms he is capable of giving to his subject. One should, therefore, never ask anybody if one means to write anything. If Schiller had asked me about his 'Wallenstein' before he had written it, I should surely have advised him against it; for I could never have dreamed that, from such a subject, so excellent a drama could be made. Schiller was opposed to that treatment of my subject in hexameters, to which I was inclined immediately after my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' and advised eight-lined stanzas. You see, however, that I have succeeded, but with prose; for much depended on an accurate description of the locality, and in this I should have been constrained by a verse of the sort recommended. Besides, the very real character at the beginning, and the very ideal character at the conclusion of the novel, tell best in prose; while the little songs have a pretty effect, which could not be produced either by hexameters or by Ottava Rima."

The single tales and novels of the "*Wanderjahre*" were talked of; and it was observed that each was distinguished

from the others by peculiar character and tone. "The reason of this," said Goethe, "I will explain. I went to work like a painter, who, with certain subjects, shuns certain colors, and makes others predominate. Thus, for a morning landscape, he puts a great deal of blue on his palette, and but little yellow. But if he is to paint an evening scene, he takes a great deal of yellow, and almost omits the blue. I proceeded in the same way with my different literary productions, and this is the cause of their varied character."

I thought within myself that this was a very wise maxim, and was pleased that Goethe had uttered it.

I then, especially with reference to this last novel, admired the detail with which the scenery was described.

"I have," said Goethe, "never observed Nature with a view to poetical production; but, because my early drawing of landscapes, and my later studies in natural science, led me to a constant, close observation of natural objects, I have gradually learned Nature by heart even to the minutest details, so that, when I need anything as a poet, it is at my command; and I cannot easily sin against truth. Schiller had not this observation of Nature. The localities of Switzerland, which he used in 'William Tell,' were all related to him by me; but he had such a wonderful mind, that even on hearsay, he could make something that possessed reality."

The conversation now turned wholly on Schiller, and Goethe proceeded thus: —

"Schiller's proper productive talent lay in the ideal; and it may be said he has not his equal in German or any other literature. He has almost everything that Lord Byron has; but Lord Byron is his superior in knowledge of the world. I wish Schiller had lived to know Lord Byron's works, and wonder what he would have said to so congenial a mind. Did Byron publish anything during Schiller's life?"

I could not say with certainty. Goethe took down the "Conversations Lexicon," and read the article on Byron, making many hasty remarks as he proceeded. It appeared

that Byron had published nothing before 1807, and that therefore Schiller could have seen nothing of his.

"Through all Schiller's works," continued Goethe, "goes the idea of freedom; though this idea assumed a new shape as Schiller advanced in his culture and became another man. In his youth it was physical freedom which occupied him, and influenced his poems; in his later life it was ideal freedom.

"Freedom is an odd thing, and every man has enough of it, if he can only satisfy himself. What avails a superfluity of freedom which we cannot use? Look at this chamber and the next, in which, through the open door, you see my bed. Neither of them is large; and they are rendered still narrower by necessary furniture, books, manuscripts, and works of art; but they are enough for me. I have lived in them all the winter, scarcely entering my front rooms. What have I done with my spacious house, and the liberty of going from one room to another, when I have not found it requisite to make use of them?

"If a man has freedom enough to live healthy, and work at his craft, he has enough; and so much all can easily obtain. Then all of us are only free under certain conditions, which we must fulfill. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few ceremonies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it.

"I have, on my journeys, often met merchants from the north of Germany, who fancied they were my equals, if they rudely seated themselves next me at table. They were, by this method, nothing of the kind; but they would have been so, if they had known how to value and treat me.

"That this physical freedom gave Schiller so much trouble in his youthful years, was caused partly by the nature of his mind, but still more by the restraint which he endured at the military school. In later days, when he had enough physical freedom, he passed over to the ideal; and I would almost say that this idea killed him, since it led him to make demands on his physical nature which were too much for his strength.

"The Grand Duke fixed on Schiller, when he was established here, an income of one thousand dollars yearly, and offered to give him twice as much in case he should be hindered by sickness from working. Schiller declined this last offer, and never availed himself of it. 'I have talent,' said he, 'and must help myself.' But as his family enlarged of late years, he was obliged, for a livelihood, to write two dramas annually; and to accomplish this, he forced himself to write days and weeks when he was not well. He would have his talent obey him at any hour. He never drank much; he was very temperate; but, in such hours of bodily weakness, he was obliged to stimulate his powers by the use of spirituous liquors. This habit impaired his health, and was likewise injurious to his productions. The faults which some wiseacres find in his works I deduce from this source. All the passages which they say are not what they ought to be, I would call pathological passages; for he wrote them on those days when he had not strength to find the right and true motives. I have every respect for the categorical imperative. I know how much good may proceed from it; but one must not carry it too far, for then this idea of ideal freedom certainly leads to no good."

Amid these interesting remarks, and similar discourse on Lord Byron and the celebrated German authors, of whom Schiller had said that he liked Kotzebue best, for he, at any rate, produced something, the hours of evening passed swiftly along, and Goethe gave me the novel, that I might study it quietly at home.

Sun. evening, Jan. 21.— I went at half-past seven this evening to Goethe, and stayed with him about an hour. He showed me a volume of new French poems, by Mademoiselle Gay, and spoke of them with great praise.

"The French," said he, "push their way, and it is well worth while to look after them. I have lately been striving hard to form a notion of the present state of the French literature; and if I succeed I shall express my opinion of it. It is very interesting to observe that those elements are now, for the first time, at work with them which we went through long ago.

"A mediocre talent is, indeed, always biased by its age, and must be fed by the elements of the age. With the French it is the same as with us, down to the most modern pietism, only that with them this appears more GALLANT and SPIRITUEL."

"What says your excellency to Béranger, and the author of 'Clara Gazul?'"

"Those I except," said Goethe; "they are great geniuses, who have a foundation in themselves, and keep free from the mode of thinking which belongs to their time."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said I, "for I have had a similar feeling about them both."

The conversation turned from French to German literature. "I will show you something," said Goethe, "that will be interesting to you. Give me one of those two volumes which lie before you. Solger is known to you."

"Certainly," said I; "I am very fond of him; I have his translation of Sophocles, and both this and the preface gave me long since a high opinion of him."

"You know he has been dead several years," said Goethe; "and now a collection of the writings and letters he left is published. He is not so happy in his philosophical inquiries, which he has given us in the form of the Platonic dialogues; but his letters are excellent. In one of them, he writes to Tieck upon the "*Wahlverwandtschaften*" (Elective Affinities), and I wish to read it to you; for it would not be easy to say anything better about that novel."

Goethe read me these excellent remarks, and we talked them over point by point, admiring the dignified character of the views, and the logical sequence of the reasoning. Although Solger admitted that the facts of the "*Wahlverwandtschaften*" had their germ in the nature of all the characters, he nevertheless blamed that of Edward.

"I do not quarrel with him," said Goethe, "because he cannot endure Edward. I myself cannot endure him, but was obliged to make him such a man in order to bring out my fact. He is, besides, very true to nature; for you find many people in the higher ranks, with whom, quite like him, obstinacy takes the place of character.

"High above all, Solger placed the Architect; because, while all the other persons of the novel show themselves loving and weak, he alone remains strong and free; and the beauty of his nature consists not so much in this, that he does not fall into the errors of the other characters — but in this, that the poet has made him so noble that he COULD not fall into them."

We were pleased with this remark.

"That is really very fine," said Goethe.

"I have," said I, "felt the importance and amiability of the Architect's character; but I never remarked that he was so very excellent, just because by his very nature he could not fall into those bewilderments of love."

"No wonder," said Goethe, "for I myself never thought of it when I was creating him; yet Solger is right — this certainly is his character.

"These remarks," continued he, "were written as early as the year 1809. I should then have been much cheered to have heard so kind a word about the '*Wahlverwandtschaften*,' for at that time, and afterward, not many pleasant remarks were vouchsafed me about that novel.

"I see from these letters that Solger was much attached to me: in one of them, he complains that I have returned no answer about the 'Sophocles' which he sent me. Good Heavens! how am I placed. It is not to be wondered at. I have known great lords, to whom many presents were sent. These had certain formulas and phrases with which they answered everything; and thus they wrote letters to hundreds, all alike, and all mere phrases. This I never could do. If I could not say to each man something distinct and appropriate to the occasion, I preferred not writing to him at all. I esteemed superficial phrases unworthy, and thus I have failed to answer many an excellent man to whom I would willingly have written. You see yourself

how it is with me, and what messages and dispatches daily flow in upon me from every quarter, and you must confess that more than one man's life would be required to answer all these, in ever so careless a way. But I am sorry about Solger; he was an admirable being, and deserved, better than many, a friendly answer."

I turned the conversation to the novel, which I had now frequently read and studied at home. "All the first part," said I, "is only an introduction, but nothing is set forth beyond what is necessary; and this necessary preliminary is executed with such grace, that we cannot fancy it is only for the sake of something else, but would give it a value of its own."

"I am glad that you feel this," said Goethe, "but I must do something yet. According to the laws of a good introduction, the proprietors of the animals must make their appearance in it. When the princess and the uncle ride by the booth, the people must come out and entreat the princess to honor it with a visit." "Assuredly you are right," said I; "for, since all the rest is indicated in the introduction, these people must be so likewise; and it is perfectly natural that, with their devotion to their treasury, they would not let the princess pass unassailed."

"You see," said Goethe, "that in a work of this kind, even when it is finished as a whole, there is still something to be done with the details."

Goethe then told me of a foreigner who had lately visited him, and had talked of translating several of his works.

"He is a good man," said Goethe, "but, as to his literature, he shows himself a mere *dilettante;* for he does not yet know German at all, and is already talking of the translations he will make, and of the portraits which he will prefix to them.

"That is the very nature of the *dilettanti*, that they have no idea of the difficulties which lie in a subject, and always wish to undertake something for which they have no capacity."

Thurs. evening, Jan. 29. — At seven o'clock I went with the manuscript of the novel and a copy of "Béranger" to

Goethe. I found M. Soret in conversation with him upon modern French literature. I listened with interest, and it was observed that the modern writers had learned a great deal from De Lille, as far as good versification was concerned. Since M. Soret, as a born Genevese, did not speak German fluently, while Goethe talks French tolerably well, the conversation was carried on in that language, and only became German when I put in a word. I took my "Béranger" out of my pocket, and gave it to Goethe, who wished to read his admirable songs again. M. Soret thought the portrait prefixed to the poems was not a good likeness. Goethe was much pleased to have this beautiful copy in his hands.

"These songs," said he, "may be looked upon as perfect, and as the best things in their kind, especially when you observe the burden, without which they would be almost too earnest, too pointed, and too epigrammatic for songs. Béranger reminds me ever of Horace and Hafiz, who stood in the same way above their times, satirically and playfully setting forth the corruption of manners. Béranger has the same relation to his contemporaries; but as he belongs to the lower class, the licentious and vulgar are not very hateful to him, and he treats them with a sort of partiality."

Many similar remarks were made upon Béranger, and other modern French writers, till M. Soret went to court, and I remained alone with Goethe.

A sealed packet lay upon the table. Goethe laid his hand upon it. "This," said he, "is 'Helena,' which is going to Cotta to be printed."

I felt, at these words, more than I could say; I felt the importance of the moment. For, as it is with a newly built vessel which first goes to sea, and with respect to which we know not what destinies it must encounter, so is it likewise with the intellectual creation of a great master which first goes forth into the world to exercise its influence through many ages, and to produce and undergo manifold destinies.

"I have," said Goethe, "till now, been always finding little things to add or to touch up; but I must finish now,

and I am glad that it is going to the post, and that I shall be at liberty to turn to some other object. Let it meet its proper destiny. My comfort is, that the general culture of Germany stands at an incredibly high point; so that I need not fear that such a production will long remain misunderstood and without effect."

"There is a whole antiquity in it," said I.

"Yes," said Goethe, "the philologists will find work."

"I have no fear," said I, "about the antique part; for there we have the most minute detail, the most thorough development of individuals, and each personage says just what he should. But the modern romantic part is very difficult, for half the history of the world lies behind it; the material is so rich that it can only be lightly indicated, and heavy demands are made upon the reader."

"Yet," said Goethe, "it all appeals to the senses, and on the stage would satisfy the eye: more I did not intend. Let the crowd of spectators take pleasure in the spectacle; the higher import will not escape the initiated, as has been the case with the 'Magic Flute,' and other things beside."

"It will produce a most unusual effect on the stage," said I, "that a piece should begin as a tragedy and end as an opera. But something is required to present the grandeur of these persons, and to express the sublime language and verse."

"The first part," said Goethe, "requires the first tragic artists, and the operatic part must be sustained by the first vocalists, male and female. That of Helena ought to be played, not by one, but by two great female artists; for we seldom find that a fine vocalist has sufficient talent as a tragic actress."

"The whole," said I, "will furnish an occasion for great splendor of scenery and costume, and I cannot deny that I look forward with pleasure to its representation on the stage. If we could only get a good composer."

"It should be one," said Goethe, "who, like Meyerbeer, has lived long in Italy, so that he combines his German nature with the Italian style and manner. However, that will be found somehow or other; I only rejoice that I am rid of it. Of the notion that the chorus does not descend

into the lower world, but rather disperses itself among the elements on the cheerful surface of the earth, I am not a little proud."

"It is a new sort of immortality," said I.

"Now," continued Goethe, "how do you go on with the novel?"

"I have brought it with me," said I. "After reading it again, I find that your excellency must not make the intended alteration. It produces a good effect that the people first appear by the slain tiger as completely new beings, with their outlandish costume and manners, and announce themselves as the owners of the beasts. If you made them first appear in the introduction, this effect would be completely weakened, if not destroyed."

"You are right," said Goethe; "I must leave it as it is; unquestionably you are right. It must have been my design, when first I planned the tale, not to bring the people in sooner, otherwise I should not have left them out. The intended alteration was a requisition on the part of the understanding, which would certainly have led me into a fault. This is a remarkable case in æsthetics, that a rule must be departed from if faults are to be avoided."

We talked over the title which should be given to the novel. Many were proposed; some suited the beginning, others the end, but none seemed exactly suitable to the whole.

"I'll tell you what," said Goethe, "we will call it 'The Novel' (*Die Novelle*); for what is a novel but a peculiar and as yet unheard-of event? This is the proper meaning of this name; and much which in Germany passes as a novel is no novel at all, but a mere narrative, or whatever else you like to call it. In that original sense of an unheard-of event, even the '*Wahlverwandtschaften*' may be called a 'novel.'"

"If we consider rightly," said I, "a poem has always originated without a title, and is that which it is without a title; so that we may imagine the title is not really essential to the matter."

"It is not," said Goethe; "the ancient poems had no titles; but this is a custom of the moderns, from whom

also the poems of the ancients obtained titles at a later period. However, this custom is the result of a necessity to name things, and to distinguish them from each other, when a literature becomes extensive."

"Here," said Goethe, "you have something new; — read it."

With these words, he handed over to me a translation by Herr Gerhard of a Servian poem. I read it with great pleasure, for the poem was very beautiful, and the translation so simple and clear that one was never disturbed in the contemplation of the object. It was entitled "The Prison-Key." I say nothing of the course of the action, except that the conclusion seemed to be abrupt, and rather unsatisfactory.

"That," said Goethe, "is the beauty of it; for it thus leaves a sting in the heart, and the imagination of the reader is excited to devise every possible case which can follow. The conclusion leaves untold the material for a whole tragedy, but of a kind that has often been done already. On the contrary, that which is set forth in the poem is really new and beautiful, and the poet acted very wisely in delineating this alone, and leaving the rest to the reader. I would willingly insert the poem in '*Kunst und Alterthum*,' but it is too long; on the other hand, I have asked Herr Gerhard to give me these three in rhyme, which I shall print in the next number. What do you say to this? Only listen."

Goethe read first the song of the old man who loves a young maiden, then the women's drinking song, and finally that animated one beginning "Dance for us, Theodore." He read them admirably, each in a different tone and manner, so that it would not be easy to hear anything more perfect.

We praised Herr Gerhard for having, in each instance, chosen the most appropriate versification and burden, and for having executed all in such an easy and perfect manner, that we could not easily conceive anything better done. "There you see," said Goethe, "what technical practice does for such a talent as Gerhard's; and it is fortunate for him that he has no actual literary profession,

but one that daily takes him into practical life. He has, moreover, traveled much in England and other countries; and thus, with his sense for the actual, he has many advantages over our learned young poets.

"If he confines himself to making good translations, he is not likely to produce anything bad; but original inventions demand a great deal, and are difficult matters."

Some reflections were here made upon the productions of our newest young poets, and it was remarked that scarce one of them had come out with good prose. "That is very easily explained," said Goethe; "to write prose, one must have something to say; but he who has nothing to say can still make verses and rhymes, where one word suggests the other, and at last something comes out, which in fact is nothing, but looks as if it were something."

Wed., Jan. 31.— Dined with Goethe. "Within the last few days, since I saw you," said he, "I have read many and various things; especially a Chinese novel, which occupies me still, and seems to me very remarkable."

"Chinese novel!" said I; "that must look strange enough."

"Not so much as you might think," said Goethe; "the Chinamen think, act, and feel almost exactly like us; and we soon find that we are perfectly like them, excepting that all they do is more clear, more pure, and decorous than with us.

"With them all is orderly, citizen-like, without great passion or poetic flight; and there is a strong resemblance to my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' as well as to the English novels of Richardson. They likewise differ from us, inasmuch as with them external nature is always associated with the human figures. You always hear the goldfish splashing in the pond, the birds are always singing on the bough, the day is always serene and sunny, the night is always clear. There is much talk about the moon, but it does not alter the landscape, its light is conceived to be as bright as day itself; and the interior of the houses is as neat and elegant as their pictures. For instance, 'I heard the lovely girls laughing, and when I got a sight of them, they were sitting on cane chairs.' There you have, at

once, the prettiest situation; for cane chairs are necessarily associated with the greatest lightness and elegance. Then there is an infinite number of legends which are constantly introduced into the narrative, and are applied almost like proverbs; as, for instance, one of a girl, who was so light and graceful in the feet, that she could balance herself on a flower without breaking it; and then another, of a young man so virtuous and brave, that in his thirtieth year he had the honor to talk with the Emperor; then there is another of two lovers who showed such great purity during a long acquaintance, that when they were on one occasion obliged to pass the night in the same chamber, they occupied the time with conversation, and did not approach one another.

"And in the same way, there are innumerable other legends, all turning upon what is moral and proper. It is by this severe moderation in everything that the Chinese Empire has sustained itself for thousands of years, and will endure hereafter.

"I find a highly remarkable contrast to this Chinese novel in the 'Chansons de Béranger,' which have, almost every one, some immoral licentious subject for their foundation, and which would be extremely odious to me if managed by a genius inferior to Béranger; he, however, has made them not only tolerable, but pleasing. Tell me yourself, is it not remarkable that the subjects of the Chinese poet should be so thoroughly moral, and those of the first French poet of the present day be exactly the contrary?"

"Such a talent as Béranger's," said I, "would find no field in moral subjects."

"You are right," said Goethe; "the very perversions of his time have revealed and developed his better nature."

"But," said I, "is this Chinese romance one of their best?"

"By no means," said Goethe; "the Chinese have thousands of them, and had already when our forefathers were still living in the woods.

"I am more and more convinced," he continued, "that poetry is the universal possession of mankind, revealing

itself everywhere, and at all times, in hundreds and hundreds of men. One makes it a little better than another, and swims on the surface a little longer than another — that is all. Herr von Matthisson must not think he is the man, nor must I think that I am the man; but each must say to himself, that the gift of poetry is by no means so very rare, and that nobody need think very much of himself because he has written a good poem.

"But, really, we Germans are very likely to fall too easily into this pedantic conceit, when we do not look beyond the narrow circle which surrounds us. I therefore like to look about me in foreign nations, and advise every one to do the same. National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of World literature is at hand, and every one must strive to hasten its approach. But, while we thus value what is foreign, we must not bind ourselves to anything in particular, and regard it as a model. We must not give this value to the Chinese, or the Servian, or Calderon, or the Nibelungen; but if we really want a pattern, we must always return to the ancient Greeks, in whose works the beauty of mankind is constantly represented. All the rest we must look at only historically, appropriating to ourselves what is good, so far as it goes."

I was glad to hear Goethe talk at length on a subject of such importance. The bells of passing sledges allured us to the window, as we expected that the long procession which went out to Belvidere this morning would return about this time.

Goethe, meanwhile, continued his instructive conversation. We talked of Alexander Manzoni; and he told me that Count Reinhard, not long since, saw Manzoni at Paris, where, as a young author of celebrity, he had been well received in society, and that he was now living happily on his estate in the neighborhood of Milan, with a young family and his mother.

"Manzoni," continued he, "wants nothing except to know what a good poet he is, and what rights belong to him as such. He has too much respect for history, and on this account is always adding notes to his pieces, in

which he shows how faithful he has been to detail. Now, though his facts may be historical, his characters are not so, any more than my Thoas and Iphigenia. No poet has ever known the historical characters which he has painted; if he had, he could scarcely have made use of them. The poet must know what effects he wishes to produce, and regulate the nature of his characters accordingly. If I had tried to make Egmont as history represents him, the father of a dozen children, his light-minded proceedings would have appeared very absurd. I needed an Egmont more in harmony with his own actions and my poetic views; and this is, as Clara says, MY Egmont.

"What would be the use of poets, if they only repeated the record of the historian? The poet must go further, and give us, if possible, something higher and better. All the characters of Sophocles bear something of that great poet's lofty soul; and it is the same with the characters of Shakespeare. This is as it ought to be. Nay, Shakespeare goes farther, and makes his Romans Englishmen; and there, too, he is right; for otherwise his nation would not have understood him.

"Here, again," continued Goethe, "the Greeks were so great, that they regarded fidelity to historic facts less than the treatment of them by the poet. We have, fortunately, a fine example in Philoctetes, which subject has been treated by all three of the great tragedians, and lastly and best by Sophocles. This poet's excellent play has, fortunately, come down to us entire, while of the Philoctetes of Æschylus and Euripides only fragments have been found, although sufficient to show how they have managed the subject. If time permitted, I would restore these pieces, as I did the Phäeton of Euripides; it would be to me no unpleasant or useless task.

"In this subject the problem was very simple, namely, to bring Philoctetes, with his bow, from the island of Lemnos. But the manner of doing this was the business of the poet, and here each could show the power of his invention, and one could excel another. Ulysses must fetch him; but shall he be known by Philoctetes or not? and if not, how shall he be disguised? Shall Ulysses go alone, or shall he

have companions, and who shall they be? In Æschylus there is no companion; in Euripides, it is Diomed; in Sophocles, the son of Achilles. Then, in what situation is Philoctetes to be found? Shall the island be inhabited or not? and, if inhabited, shall any sympathetic soul have taken compassion on him or not? And so with a hundred other things, which are all at the discretion of the poet, and in the selection and omission of which one may show his superiority in wisdom to another. Here is the grand point, and our present poets should do like the ancients. They should not be always asking whether a subject has been used before, and look to south and north for unheard-of adventures, which are often barbarous enough, and merely make an impression as incidents. But to make something of a simple subject by a masterly treatment requires intellect and great talent, and these we do not find."

Some passing sledges again allured us to the window; but it was not the expected train from Belvedere. We laughed and talked about trivial matters, and then I asked Goethe how the novel was going on.

"I have not touched it of late," said he; "but one incident more must yet take place in the introduction. The lion must roar as the princess passes the booth; upon which some good remarks may be made on the formidable nature of this mighty beast."

"That is a very happy thought," said I; "for thus you gain an introduction, which is not only good and essential in its place, but which gives a greater effect to all that follows. Hitherto the lion has appeared almost too gentle, inasmuch as he has shown no trace of ferocity; but by roaring he at least makes us suspect how formidable he is, and the effect is heightened when he gently follows the boy's flute."

"This mode of altering and improving," said Goethe, "where by continued invention the imperfect is heightened to the perfect, is the right one. But the remaking and carrying further what is already complete — as, for instance, Walter Scott has done with my 'Mignon,' whom, in addition to her other qualities, he makes deaf and dumb — this mode of altering I cannot commend."

Thurs. evening, *Feb. 1.*— Goethe told me of a visit which the Crown Prince of Russia had been making him in company with the Grand Duke. "The Princes Charles and William of Prussia," said he, "were also with me this morning. The Crown Prince and Grand Duke stayed nearly three hours, and we talked about many things, which gave me a high opinion of the intellect, taste, knowledge, and way of thinking of these young princes."

"If," said Goethe, "when the truth was once found, people would not again pervert and obscure it, I should be satisfied; for mankind requires something positive, to be handed down from generation to generation, and it would be well if the positive were also the true. On this account, I should be glad if people came to a clear understanding in natural science, and then adhered to the truth, not TRANSCENDING again after all had been done in the region of the comprehensible. But mankind cannot be at peace, and confusion always returns before one is aware of it.

"Thus they are now pulling to pieces the five books of Moses, and if an annihilating criticism is injurious in anything, it is so in matters of religion; for here everything depends upon faith, to which we cannot return when we have once lost it.

"In poetry, an annihilating criticism is not so injurious. Wolf has demolished Homer, but he has not been able to injure the poem; for this poem has a miraculous power like the heroes of Walhalla, who hew one another to pieces in the morning, but sit down to dinner with whole limbs at noon."

Goethe was in the best humor, and I was delighted to hear him talk once more on such important subjects. "We will quietly keep to the right way," said he, "and let others go as they please; that is, after all, the best plan."

Wed., *Feb. 7.*— To-day Goethe spoke severely of certain critics, who were not satisfied with Lessing, and made unjust demands upon him. "When people," said he, "compare the pieces of Lessing with those of the ancients, and call them paltry and miserable, what do they mean? Rather pity the extraordinary man for being obliged to live in a

pitiful time, which afforded him no better materials than are treated in his pieces; pity him, because in his 'Minna von Barnhelm,' he found nothing better to do than to meddle with the squabbles of Saxony and Prussia. His constant polemical turn, too, resulted from the badness of his time. In 'Emilia Galotti,' he vented his pique against princes; in 'Nathan,' against the priests."

Fri., Feb. 16.— I told Goethe that I lately had been reading Winckelmann's work upon the imitation of Greek works of art, and I confessed that it often seemed to me that Winckelmann was not perfectly clear about his subject.

"You are quite right," said Goethe; "we sometimes find him merely groping about; but what is the great matter, his groping always leads to something. He is like Columbus, when he had not yet discovered the new world, yet had a presentiment of it in his mind. We learn nothing by reading him, but we BECOME something.

"Now, Meyer has gone further, and has carried the knowledge of art to its highest point. His history of art is an immortal work; but he would not have become what he is, if, in his youth, he had not formed himself on Winckelmann, and walked in the path which Winckelmann pointed out.

"Thus you see once again what is done for a man by a great predecessor, and the advantage of making a proper use of him."

Wed., Feb. 21.— Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration, of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Columbia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him. "Humboldt," said Goethe, "has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future, and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would

result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young state, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage round Cape Horn. I therefore repeat, that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it! — but I shall not. I should like to see another thing — a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! it would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

Wed., Mar. 28. — We conversed upon Sophocles, remarking that in his pieces he always less considered a moral tendency than an apt treatment of the subject in hand, particularly with regard to theatrical effect.

"I do not object," said Goethe, "to a dramatic poet having a moral influence in view; but when the point is to bring his subject clearly and effectively before his audience, his moral purpose proves of little use, and he needs much more a faculty for delineation and a familiarity with the stage to know what to do and what to leave undone. If

there be a moral in the subject, it will appear, and the poet has nothing to consider but the effective and artistic treatment of his subject. If a poet has as high a soul as Sophocles, his influence will always be moral, let him do what he will. Besides, he knew the stage, and understood his craft thoroughly."

"How well he knew the theatre," answered I, "and how much he had in view a theatrical effect, we see in his 'Philoctetes,' and the great resemblance which this piece bears to 'Œdipus in Colonos,' both in the arrangement and the course of action.

"In both pieces we see the hero in a helpless condition; both are old and suffering from bodily infirmities. Œdipus has, at his side, his daughter as a guide and a prop; Philoctetes has his bow. The resemblance is carried still further. Both have been thrust aside in their afflictions; but when the oracle declares with respect to both of them, that the victory can be obtained with their aid alone, an endeavor is made to get them back again; Ulysses comes to Philoctetes, Creon to Œdipus. Both begin their discourse with cunning and honeyed words; but when these are of no avail they use violence, and we see Philoctetes deprived of his bow, and Œdipus of his daughter."

"Such acts of violence," said Goethe, "give an opportunity for excellent altercations, and such situations of helplessness excited the emotions of the audience, on which account the poet, whose object it was to produce an effect upon the public, liked to introduce them. In order to strengthen this effect in the Œdipus, Sophocles brings him in as a weak old man, when he still, according to all circumstances, must have been a man in the prime of life. But at this vigorous age, the poet could not have used him for his play; he would have produced no effect, and he therefore made him a weak, helpless old man."

"The resemblance to Philoctetes," continued I, "goes still further. The hero, in both pieces, does not act, but suffers. On the other hand, each of these passive heroes has two active characters against him. Œdipus has Creon and Polyneices, Philoctetes has Neoptolemus and Ulysses; two such opposing characters were necessary to discuss the

subject on all sides, and to gain the necessary body and fullness for the piece."

"You might add," interposed Goethe, "that both pieces bear this further resemblance, that we see in both the extremely effective situation of a happy change, since one hero, in his disconsolate situation, has his beloved daughter restored to him, and the other, his no less beloved bow."

The happy conclusions of these two pieces are also similar; for both heroes are delivered from their sorrows: Œdipus is blissfully snatched away, and as for Philoctetes, we are forewarned by the oracle of his cure, before Troy, by Æsculapius.

"When we," continued Goethe, "for our modern purposes, wish to learn how to conduct ourselves upon the theatre, Molière is the man to whom we should apply.

"Do you know his 'Malade Imaginaire'? There is a scene in it which, as often as I read the piece, appears to me the symbol of a perfect knowledge of the boards. I mean the scene where the 'Malade Imaginaire' asks his little daughter Louison, if there has not been a young man in the chamber of her eldest sister.

"Now, any other who did not understand his craft so well would have let the little Louison plainly tell the fact at once, and there would have been the end of the matter.

"But what various motives for delay are introduced by Molière into this examination, for the sake of life and effect. He first makes the little Louison act as if she did not understand her father; then she denies that she knows anything; then, threatened with the rod, she falls down as if dead; then, when her father bursts out in despair, she springs up from her feigned swoon with roguish hilarity, and at last, little by little, she confesses all.

"My explanation can only give you a very meager notion of the animation of the scene; but read this scene yourself till you become thoroughly impressed with its theatrical worth, and you will confess that there is more practical instruction contained in it than in all the theories in the world.

"I have known and loved Molière," continued Goethe, "from my youth, and have learned from him during my

whole life. I never fail to read some of his plays every year, that I may keep up a constant intercourse with what is excellent. It is not merely the perfectly artistic treatment which delights me; but particularly the amiable nature, the highly formed mind, of the poet. There is in him a grace and a feeling for the decorous, and a tone of good society, which his innate beautiful nature could only attain by daily intercourse with the most eminent men of his age. Of Menander, I only know the few fragments; but these give me so high an idea of him, that I look upon this great Greek as the only man who could be compared to Molière."

"I am happy," returned I, "to hear you speak so highly of Molière. This sounds a little different from Herr von Schlegel! I have to-day, with great repugnance, swallowed what he says concerning Molière in his lectures on dramatic poetry. He quite looks down upon him as a vulgar buffoon, who has only seen good society at a distance, and whose business it was to invent all sorts of pleasantries for the amusement of his lord. In these low pleasantries, Schlegel admits he was most happy, but he stole the best of them. He was obliged to force himself into the higher school of comedy, and never succeeded in it."

"To a man like Schlegel," returned Goethe, "a genuine nature like Molière's is a veritable eyesore; he feels that he has nothing in common with him, he cannot endure him. The 'Misanthrope,' which I read over and over again, as one of my most favorite pieces, is repugnant to him; he is forced to praise 'Tartuffe' a little, but he lets him down again as much as he can. Schlegel cannot forgive Molière for ridiculing the affectation of learned ladies; he feels, probably, as one of my friends has remarked, that he himself would have been ridiculed if he had lived with Molière.

"It is not to be denied," continued Goethe, "that Schlegel knows a great deal, and one is almost terrified at his extraordinary attainments and his extensive reading. But this is not enough. All the learning in the world is still no judgment. His criticism is completely one-sided, because

in all theatrical pieces he merely regards the skeleton of the plot and arrangement, and only points out small points of resemblance to great predecessors, without troubling himself in the least as to what the author brings forward of graceful life and the culture of a high soul. But of what use are all the arts of genius, if we do not find in a theatrical piece an amiable or great personality of the author. This alone influences the cultivation of the people.

"I look upon the manner in which Schlegel has treated the French drama as a sort of recipe for the formation of a bad critic, who is wanting in every organ for the veneration of excellence, and who passes over a sound nature and a great character as if they were chaff and stubble."

"Shakespeare and Calderon, on the other hand," I replied, "he treats justly, and even with decided affection."

"Both," returned Goethe, "are of such a kind that one cannot say enough in praise of them, although I should not have wondered if Schlegel had scornfully let them down also. Thus he is also just to Æschylus and Sophocles; but this does not seem to arise so much from a lively conviction of their extraordinary merit as from the tradition among philologists to place them both very high; for, in fact, Schlegel's own little person is not sufficient to comprehend and appreciate such lofty natures. If this had been the case, he would have been just to Euripides too, and would have gone to work with him in a different manner. But he knows that philologists do not estimate him very highly, and he therefore feels no little delight that he is permitted upon such high authority, to fall foul of this mighty ancient, and to schoolmaster him as much as he can. I do not deny that Euripides has his faults; but he was always a very respectable competitor with Sophocles and Æschylus. If he did not possess the great earnestness and the severe artistic completeness of his two predecessors, and as a dramatic poet treated things a little more leniently and humanely, he probably knew his Athenians well enough to be aware that the chord which he struck was the right one for his contemporaries. A poet whom Socrates called his friend, whom Aristotle lauded, whom Menander admired, and for whom Sophocles and the city of Athens

put on mourning on hearing of his death, must certainly have been something. If a modern man like Schlegel must pick out faults in so great an ancient, he ought only to do it upon his knees."

Sun., April 1.— In the evening with Goethe. I conversed with him upon the yesterday's performance of his "Iphigenia," in which Herr Krüger, from the Theatre Royal at Berlin, played Orestes with great applause.

"The piece," said Goethe, "has its difficulties. It is rich in internal but poor in external life: the point is to make the internal life come out. It is full of the most effective means, arising from the various horrors which form the foundation of the piece. The printed words are indeed only a faint reflex of the life which stirred within me during the invention; but the actor must bring us back to this first fire which animated the poet with respect to his subject. We wish to see the vigorous Greeks and heroes, with the fresh sea breezes blowing upon them, who, oppressed and tormented by various ills and dangers, speak out strongly as their hearts prompt them. But we want none of those feeble, sentimental actors who have only just learned their part by rote, and still less do we want those who are not even perfect in their parts.

"I must confess that I have never succeeded in witnessing a perfect representation of my 'Iphigenia.' That was the reason why I did not go yesterday; for I suffer dreadfully when I have to do with these spectres who do not manifest themselves as they ought."

"You would probably have been satisfied with Orestes as Herr Krüger represented him," said I. "There was such perspicuity in his acting, that nothing could be more comprehensible or tangible than his part: it seems to comprise everything; and I shall never forget his words and gestures.

"All that belongs to the higher intuition — to the vision in this part, was so brought forward by his bodily movements, and the varying tones of his voice, that one could fancy one saw it with one's own eyes. At the sight of this Orestes, Schiller would certainly not have missed the furies — they were behind him, they were around him.

"The important place where Orestes, awakening from his swoon, believes himself transported to the lower regions, succeeded so as to produce astonishment. We saw the rows of ancestors engaged in conversation: we saw Orestes join them, question them, and become one of their number. We felt ourselves transported into the midst of those blessed persons, so pure and deep was the feeling of the artist, and so great was his power of bringing the impalpable before our eyes."

"You are just the people to be worked upon," said Goethe, laughing: "but go on. He appears then to have been really good, and his physical capabilities to have been great."

"His organ," said I, "was clear and melodious, besides being well practiced, and therefore capable of the highest flexion and variety. He has at command physical strength and bodily activity in the execution of every difficulty. It seemed that, during his whole life, he had never neglected to cultivate and excercise his body in the most various ways."

"An actor," said Goethe, "should properly go to school to a sculptor and a painter; for, in order to represent a Greek hero, it is necessary for him to study carefully the antique sculptures which have come down to us, and to impress on his mind the natural grace of their sitting, standing, and going. But the merely bodily is not enough. He must also, by diligent study of the best ancient and modern authors, give a great cultivation to his mind. This will not only assist him to understand his part, but will also give a higher tone to his whole being and his whole deportment. But tell me more! What else did you see good in him?"

"It appeared to me," said I, "that he possessed great love for his subject. He had by diligent study made every detail clear to himself, so that he lived and moved in his hero with great freedom; and nothing remained which he had not made entirely his own. Thence arose a just expression and a just accentuation for every word; together with such certainty, that the prompter was for him a person quite superfluous."

"I am pleased with this," said Goethe; "this is as it ought to be. Nothing is more dreadful than when the actors are not masters of their parts, and at every new sentence must listen to the prompter. By this their acting becomes a mere nullity, without any life and power. When the actors are not perfect in their parts in a piece like my 'Iphigenia,' it is better not to play it; for the piece can have success only when all goes surely, rapidly, and with animation. However, I am glad that it went off so well with Krüger. Zelter recommended him to me, and I should have been annoyed if he had not turned out so well as he has. I will have a little joke with him, and will present him with a prettily bound copy of my 'Iphigenia,' with some verses inscribed in reference to his acting."

The conversation then turned upon the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and the high moral tone prevailing in it; and, lastly, upon the question — how the moral element came into the world?

"Through God himself," returned Goethe, "like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature, inherent and inborn. It is, more or less, inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently gifted minds. These have, by great deeds or doctrines, manifested their divine nature; which, then, by the beauty of its appearance, won the love of men, and powerfully attracted them to reverence and emulation."

"A consciousness of the worth of the morally beautiful and good could be attained by experience and wisdom, inasmuch as the bad showed itself in its consequences, as a destroyer of happiness, both in individuals and the whole body, while the noble and right seemed to produce and secure the happiness of one and all. Thus the morally beautiful could become a doctrine, and diffuse itself over whole nations as something plainly expressed."

"I have lately read somewhere," answered I, "the opinion that the Greek tragedy had made moral beauty a special object."

"Not so much morality," returned Goethe, "as pure humanity in its whole extent; especially in such positions

where, by falling into contact with rude power, it could assume a tragic character. In this region, indeed, even the moral stood as a principal part of human nature.

"The morality of Antigone, besides, was not invented by Sophocles, but was contained in the subject, which Sophocles chose the more readily, as it united so much dramatic effect with moral beauty."

Goethe then spoke about the characters of Creon and Ismene, and on the necessity for these two persons for the development of the beautiful soul of the heroine.

"All that is noble," said he, "is in itself of a quiet nature, and appears to sleep until it is aroused and summoned forth by contrast. Such a contrast is Creon, who is brought in, partly on account of Antigone, in order that her noble nature and the right which is on her side may be brought out by him, partly on his own account, in order that his unhappy error may appear odious to us.

"But, as Sophocles meant to display the elevated soul of his heroine even before the deed, another contrast was requisite by which her character might be developed: and this is her sister Ismene. In this character, the poet has given us a beautiful standard of the commonplace, so that the greatness of Antigone, which is far above such a standard, is the more strikingly visible."

The conversation then turned upon dramatic authors in general, and upon the important influence which they exerted, and could exert, upon the great mass of the people.

"A great dramatic poet," said Goethe, "if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong noble purpose, which pervades all his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people. I should think that this was something well worth the trouble. From Corneille proceeded an influence capable of forming heroes. This was something for Napoleon, who had need of an heroic people; on which account, he said of Corneille, that if he were still living, he would make a prince of him. A dramatic poet, who knows his vocation, should therefore work incessantly at its higher development, in order that his influence on the people may be noble and beneficial.

"One should not study contemporaries and competitors, but the great men of antiquity, whose works have, for centuries, received equal homage and consideration. Indeed, a man of really superior endowments will feel the necessity of this, and it is just this need for an intercourse with great predecessors, which is the sign of a higher talent. Let us study Molière, let us study Shakespeare, but above all things, the old Greeks, and always the Greeks."

"For highly endowed natures," remarked I, "the study of the authors of antiquity may be perfectly invaluable; but, in general, it appears to have little influence upon personal character. If this were the case, all philologists and theologians would be the most excellent of men. But this is by no means the case; and such connoisseurs of the ancient Greek and Latin authors are able people or pitiful creatures, according to the good or bad qualities which God has given them, or which they have inherited from their father and mother."

"There is nothing to be said against that," returned Goethe; "but it must not, therefore, be said, that the study of the authors of antiquity is entirely without effect upon the formation of character. A worthless man will always remain worthless, and a little mind will not, by daily intercourse with the great minds of antiquity, become one inch greater. But a noble man, in whose soul God has placed the capability for future greatness of character, and elevation of mind, will, by a knowledge of, and familiar intercourse with, the elevated natures of ancient Greeks and Romans, every day make a visible approximation to similar greatness."

Wed., April 11.— I went to-day about one o'clock to Goethe, who had invited me to take a drive with him before dinner. We took the road to Erfurt. The weather was very fine; the cornfields on both sides of the way refreshed the eye with the liveliest green. Goethe seemed in his feelings gay and young as the early spring, but in his words old in wisdom.

"I ever repeat it," he began, "the world could not exist, if it were not so simple. This wretched soil has been

tilled a thousand years, yet its powers are always the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each spring it grows green and so forth."

I could make no answer or addition to these words. Goethe allowed his eyes to wander over the verdant fields, and then, turning again to me, continued thus on other subjects: —

"I have been lately reading something odd,— the letters of Jacobi and his friends. This is a remarkable book, and you must read it; not to learn anything from it, but to take a glance into the state of education and literature at a time of which people now have no idea. We see men who are to a certain extent important, but no trace of a similar direction and a common interest; each one as an isolated being goes his own way, without sympathizing at all in the exertions of others. They seem to me like billiard balls, which run blindly by one another on the green cover, without knowing anything of each other; and which, if they come in contact, only recede so much the farther from one another."

I smiled at this excellent simile. I asked about the corresponding persons, and Goethe named them to me, with some special remark about each.

"Jacobi was really a born diplomatist, a handsome man of slender figure, elegant and noble mien — who, as an ambassador, would have been quite in his place. As a poet, a philosopher, he had deficiencies.

"His relation to me was peculiar. He loved me personally, without taking interest in my endeavors, or even approving of them: friendship was necessary to bind us together. But my connection with Schiller was very peculiar, because we found the strongest bond of union in our common efforts, and had no need of what is commonly called friendship."

I asked whether Lessing appeared in this correspondence.

"No," said he, "but Herder and Wieland do. Herder, however, did not enjoy such connections; he stood so high that this hollowness could not fail to weary him in the long run. Hamann, too, treated these people with marked superiority of mind.

"Wieland, as usual, appears in these letters quite cheerful and at home. Caring for no opinion in particular, he was adroit enough to enter into all. He was like a reed, moved hither and thither by the wind of opinion, yet always adhering firmly to its root.

"My personal relation to Wieland was always very pleasant, especially in those earlier days when he belonged to me alone. His little tales were written at my suggestion; but, when Herder came to Wiemar, Wieland was false to me. Herder took him away from me, for this man's power of personal attraction was very great."

The carriage now began to return. We saw toward the east many rain clouds driving one into another.

"These clouds," said I, "threaten to descend in rain every moment. Do you think they could possibly dissipate, if the barometer rose?"

"Yes," said he, "they would be dispersed from the top downward, and be spun off like a distaff at once. So strong is my faith in the barometer. Nay, I always say and maintain, that if, in the night of the great inundation of Petersburg, the barometer had risen, the wave would not have overflowed.

"My son believes that the moon influences the weather, and you perhaps think the same, and I do not blame you; the moon is so important an orb that we must ascribe to it a decided influence on our earth; but the change of the weather, the rise and fall of the barometer, are not effected by the changes of the moon; they are purely telluric.

"I compare the earth and her atmosphere to a great living being, perpetually inhaling and exhaling. If she inhale, she draws the atmosphere to her, so that, coming near her surface, it is condensed to clouds and rain. This state I call water-affirmative (*Wasser-bejahung*). Should it continue an irregular length of time, the earth would be drowned. This the earth does not allow, but exhales again, and sends the watery vapors upward, when they are dissipated through the whole space of the higher atmosphere, and become so rarified, that not only does the sun penetrate them with his brilliancy, but the eternal darkness of

infinite space is seen through as a fresh blue. This state of the atmosphere I call the water-negative (*Wasserverneinung*). For as, under the contrary influence, not only water comes profusely from above, but also the moisture of the earth cannot be dried and dissipated,—so, on the contrary, in this state, not only no moisture comes from above, but the damp of the earth itself flies upward; so that, if this should continue an irregular length of time, the earth, even if the sun did not shine, would be in danger of drying up."

Thus spoke Goethe on this important subject, and I listened to him with great attention.

"The thing is very simple, and I abide by what is simple and comprehensive, without being disturbed by occasional deviations. High barometer, dry weather, east wind; low barometer, wet weather, and west wind; this is the general rule by which I abide. Should wet clouds blow hither now and then, when the barometer is high, and the wind east, or, if we have a blue sky, with a west wind, this does not disturb me, or make me lose my faith in the general rule. I merely observe that many collateral influences exist, the nature of which we do not yet understand.

"I will tell you something, by which you may abide during your future life. There is in nature an accessible and inaccessible. Be careful to discriminate between the two, be circumspect, and proceed with reverence.

"We have already done something, if we only know this in a general way, though it is always difficult to see where the one begins and the other leaves off. He who does not know it torments himself, perhaps his life long, about the inaccessible, without ever coming near the truth. But he who knows it and is wise, will confine himself to the accessible; and, while he traverses this region in every direction, and confines himself therein, will be able to win somewhat even from the inaccessible, though he must at last confess that many things can only be approached to a certain degree, and that nature has ever something problematical in reserve, which man's faculties are insufficient to fathom."

During this discourse we had returned into the town. Conversation turned upon unimportant subjects, so that those high views could still dwell for a while within me.

We had returned too early for dinner, and Goethe had time to show me a landscape, by Rubens, representing a summer's evening. On the left of the foreground, you saw field laborers going homeward; in the midst of the picture, a flock of sheep followed their shepherd to the hamlet; a little farther back, on the right, stood a hay cart, which people were busy in loading; while the horses, not yet put in, were grazing near; afar off, in the meadow and thickets, mares were grazing with their foals, and appearances indicated that they would remain there all night. Several villages and a town bordered the bright horizon of the picture, in which the ideas of activity and repose were expressed in the most graceful manner.

The whole seemed to me put together with such truth, and the details painted with such fidelity, that I said Rubens must have copied the picture from nature.

"By no means," said Goethe, "so perfect a picture has never been seen in nature; but we are indebted for its composition to the poetic mind of the painter. Still, the great Rubens had such an extraordinary memory, that he carried all nature in his head, and she was always at his command, in the minutest particulars. Thence comes this truth in the whole, and the details, so that we think it is a mere copy from nature. No such landscapes are painted now-a-days. That way of feeling and seeing nature no longer exists. Our painters are wanting in poetry.

"Then our young talents are left to themselves; they are without living masters, to initiate them into the mysteries of art. Something, indeed, may be learned from the dead, but this is rather a catching of details than a penetration into the deep thoughts and methods of a master."

Frau and Herr von Goethe came in, and we sat down to dinner. The lively topics of the day, such as the theatre, balls, and the court, were lightly discussed; but soon we came to more serious matters, and found ourselves deeply engaged in conversation on the religious doctrines of England.

"You ought, like me," said Goethe, "to have studied Church history for fifty years, to understand how all this hangs together. On the other hand, it is highly remarkable to see with what doctrines the Mahometans commence the work of education. As a religious foundation, they confirm their youth in the conviction that nothing can happen to man, except what was long since decreed by an all-ruling divinity. With this they are prepared and satisfied for a whole life, and scarce need anything further.

"I will not inquire what is true or false, useful or pernicious, in this doctrine; but really something of this faith is held in us all, even without being taught. 'The ball on which my name is not written, cannot hit me,' says the soldier in the battlefield; and, without such a belief, how could he maintain such courage and cheerfulness in the most imminent perils? The Christian doctrine, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without the consent of our Father,' comes from the same source, intimating that there is a Providence, which keeps in its eye the smallest things, and without whose will and permission nothing can happen.

"Then the Mahometans begin their instruction in philosophy, with the doctrine that nothing exists of which the contrary may not be affirmed. Thus they practice the minds of youth, by giving them the task of detecting and expressing the opposite of every proposition; from which great adroitness in thinking and speaking is sure to arise.

"Certainly, after the contrary of any proposition has been maintained, doubt arises as to which is really true. But there is no permanence in doubt; it incites the mind to closer inquiry and experiment, from which, if rightly managed, certainty proceeds, and in this alone can man find thorough satisfaction.

"You see that nothing is wanting in this doctrine; that with all our systems, we have got no further; and that, generally speaking, no one can get further."

"You remind me of the Greeks," said I, "who made use of a similar mode of philosophical instruction, as is obvious from their tragedy, which, in its course of action, rests wholly upon contradiction, not one of the speakers ever

maintaining any opinion of which the other cannot, with equal dexterity, maintain the contrary."

"You are perfectly right," said Goethe; "and that doubt is brought in which is awakened in the spectator or reader. Thus, at the end, we are brought to certainty by fate, which attaches itself to the moral, and espouses its cause."

We rose from table, and Goethe took me down with him into the garden, to continue our conversation.

"It is remarkable in Lessing," said I, "that in his theoretical writings, for instance, in the 'Laocoon,' he never leads us directly to results, but always takes us by the philosophical way of opinion, counter opinion, and doubt, before he lets us arrive at any sort of certainty. We rather see the operation of thinking and seeking, than obtain great views and great truths that can excite our own powers of thought, and make ourselves productive."

"You are right," said Goethe; "Lessing himself is reported to have said, that if God would give him truth, he would decline the gift, and prefer the labor of seeking it for himself.

"That philosophic system of the Mahometans is a good standard, which we can apply to ourselves and others, to ascertain the degree of mental progress which we have attained.

"Lessing from his polemical nature, loved best the region of doubt and contradiction. Analysis is his province, and there his fine understanding aided him most nobly. You will find me wholly the reverse. I have always avoided contradictions, have striven to dispel the doubts within me, and have uttered only the results I have discovered."

I asked Goethe which of the new philosophers he thought the highest.

"Kant," said he, "beyond a doubt. He is the one whose doctrines still continue to work, and have penetrated most deeply into our German civilization. He has influenced even you, although you have never read him; now you need him no longer, for what he could give you,

you possess already. If you wish, by and by, to read something of his, I recommend to you his 'Critique on the Power of Judgment,' in which he has written admirably upon rhetoric, tolerably upon poetry, but unsatisfactorily on plastic art."

"Has your excellency ever had any personal connection with Kant?"

"No," he replied; "Kant never took any notice of me, though from my own nature I went a way like his own. I wrote my 'Metamorphosis of Plants' before I knew anything about Kant; and yet it is wholly in the spirit of his doctrine. The separation of subject from object, and further, the opinion that each creature exists for his own sake, and that cork trees do not grow merely that we may stop our bottles — this Kant shared with me, and I rejoiced to meet him on such ground. Afterward I wrote my 'doctrine of experiment,'* which is to be regarded as criticism upon subject and object, and a mediation of both.

"Schiller was always wont to advise me against the study of Kant's philosophy. He usually said Kant could give me nothing; but he himself studied Kant with great zeal; and I have studied him too, and not without profit."

While talking thus, we walked up and down the garden: the clouds had been gathering; and it began to rain, so that we were obliged to return to the house, where we continued our conversation for some time.

Wed., April 18. — Before dinner, I took a ride with Goethe some distance along the road to Erfurt.

We were met by all sorts of vehicles laden with wares for the fair at Leipsic; also a string of horses, among which were some very fine animals.

"I cannot help laughing at the æsthetical folks," said Goethe, "who torment themselves in endeavoring, by some abstract words, to reduce to a conception that inexpressible thing to which we give the name of beauty. Beauty is a primeval phenomenon, which itself never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is visible in a thousand

* The title of this paper, which appeared in 1793, and is contained in Goethe's works, is "*Der Versuch als Vermittler von Object und Subject.*" — TRANS.

different utterances of the creative mind, and is as various as nature herself."

"I have often heard it said that nature is always beautiful," said I; "that she causes the artists to despair because they are seldom capable of reaching her completely."

"I know well," returned Goethe, "that nature often reveals an unattainable charm; but I am by no means of opinion that she is beautiful in all her aspects. Her intentions are, indeed, always good; but not so the conditions which are required to make her manifest herself completely.

"Thus the oak is a tree which may be very beautiful; but how many favorable circumstances must concur before nature can succeed in producing one truly beautiful! If an oak grow in the midst of a forest, encompassed with large neighboring trunks, its tendency will always be upward, toward free air and light; only small weak branches will grow on its sides; and these will in the course of a century decay and fall off. But if it has at last succeeded in reaching the free air with its summit, it will then rest in its upward tendency, and begin to spread itself from its sides and form a crown. But it is by this time already past its middle age: its many years of upward striving have consumed its freshest powers, and its present endeavor to put forth its strength by increasing in breadth will not now have its proper results. When full grown, it will be high, strong and slender stemmed, but still without such a proportion between its crown and its stem as would render it beautiful.

"Again; if the oak grow in a moist, marshy place, and the earth is too nourishing, it will, with proper space, prematurely shoot forth many branches and twigs on all sides: but it will still want the opposing, retarding influences; it will not show itself gnarled, stubborn, and indented, and seen from a distance, it will have the appearance of a weak tree of the lime species; and it will not be beautiful — at least, not as an oak.

"If, lastly, it grow upon mountainous slopes, upon poor, stony soil, it will become excessively gnarled and knotty; but it will lack free development: it will become prematurely stunted, and will never attain such perfection that

one can say of it, 'there is in that oak something which creates astonishment.'"

I rejoiced at these words. "I saw very beautiful oaks," said I, "when, some years ago, I made short tours from Göttingen into the valley of the Weser. I found them particularly magnificent in the neighborhood of Höxter."

"A sandy soil, or one mixed with sand," continued Goethe, "where the oak is able to spread its strong roots in every direction, appears to be most favorable; and then it needs a situation where it has the necessary space to feel the effects on all sides of light, sun, rain, and wind. If it grows up snugly sheltered from wind and weather, it becomes nothing; but a century's struggle with the elements makes it strong and powerful, so that, at its full growth, its presence inspires us with astonishment and admiration."

"Cannot one, from these remarks of yours," returned I, "draw a conclusion and say, 'a creature is beautiful when it has attained the summit of its natural development?'"

"Certainly," returned Goethe; "but still one must first explain what one means by the summit of its natural development."

"I would by that," returned I, "signify the period of growth in which the character peculiar to any creature appears perfectly impressed on it."

"In that sense," said Goethe, "there would be nothing to object, especially if we add that, for such a perfect development of character, it is likewise requisite that the build of the different members of a creature should be conformable to its natural destination.

"In that case, a marriageable girl, whose natural destiny is to bear and suckle children, will not be beautiful without the proper breadth of the pelvis and the necessary fullness of the breasts. Still, an excess in these respects would not be beautiful, for that would go beyond conformity to an end.

"On this account, we might call some of the saddle horses which we met a little time ago beautiful, even according to the fitness of their build. It is not merely the elegance, lightness, and gracefulness of their movements, but something more, of which a good horseman and judge of horses

alone can speak, and of which we others merely receive the general impression."

"Might we not, on the other hand," said I, "call a cart horse beautiful, like those strong specimens which we met a little time ago drawing the wagons of the Brabant carriers?"

"Certainly," said Goethe; "and why not? A painter would probably find a more varied display of all kinds of beauties in the strongly-marked character and powerful development of bone, sinew, and muscle, in such an animal, than in the softer and more equal character of an elegant saddle horse."

"The main point is," continued Goethe, "that the race is pure, and that man has not applied his mutilating hand. A horse with his mane and tail cut, a hound with cropped ears, a tree from which the strongest branches have been lopped and the rest cut into a spherical form, and, above all, a young girl whose youthful form has been spoiled and deformed by stays, are things from which good taste revolts, and which merely occupy a place in the Philistine's catechism of beauty."

During this and similar conversations, we had returned. We walked about a little in the garden of the house before dinner. The weather was very beautiful; the spring sun had begun to grow powerful, and to bring out all sorts of leaves and blossoms on bushes and hedges. Goethe was full of thought and hopes of a delightful summer.

At dinner we were very cheerful. Young Goethe had read his father's "Helena," and spoke upon it with much judgment and natural intelligence. He showed decided delight at the part conceived in the antique spirit, while we could see that he had not fully entered into the operatic, romantic half.

"You are right," said Goethe; "it is something peculiar. One cannot say that the rational is always beautiful; but the beautiful is always rational, or at least, ought to be so. The antique part pleases you because it is comprehensible, because you can take a survey of the details, and approach my reason with your own. In the second half, all sorts of understanding and reason are likewise employed and expended; but it is difficult, and requires some study, before

the reader can approach the meaning, and with his own reason discover the reason of the author."

Goethe then spoke with much praise and acknowledgment of the poems of Madame Tastu, with which he had been lately occupied.

When the rest had departed, and I also prepared to go, he begged of me to remain a little longer. He ordered a portfolio, with engravings and etchings by Dutch masters, to be brought in.

"I will treat you with something good, by way of dessert," said he. With these words, he placed before me a landscape by Rubens.

"You have," said he, "already seen this picture; but one cannot look often enough at anything really excellent; besides, there is something very particular attached to this. Will you tell me what you see?"

"I begin from the distance," said I. "I see in the remotest background a very clear sky, as if after sunset. Then, still in the extreme distance, a village and a town, in the light of evening. In the middle of the picture there is a road, along which a flock of sheep is hastening to the village. At the right hand of the picture are several haystacks, and a wagon which appears well laden. Unharnessed* horses are grazing near. On one side, among the the bushes, are several mares with their foals, which appear as if they were going to remain out of doors all night. Then, nearer to the foreground, there is a group of large trees; and lastly, quite in the foreground to the left, there are various laborers returning homeward."

"Good," said Goethe, "that is apparently all. But the principal point is still wanting. All these things, which we see represented, the flock of sheep, the wagon with hay, the horses, the returning laborers,—on which side are they lighted?"

"They receive light," said I, "from the side turned to us, and the shadow is thrown into the picture. The return-

* The original says "harnessed" (*angeschirrt*), but as this is evidently the same engraving as the one mentioned at p. 193, where the horses are described as "unharnessed" (*abgespannt*), I assume that *angeschirrt* is a misprint for *abgeschirrt*.— TRANS.

ing laborers in the foreground are especially in the light, which produces an excellent effect."

"But how has Rubens produced this beautiful effect?"

"By making these light figures appear on a dark ground," said I.

"But this dark ground," said Goethe, "whence does it arise?"

"It is the powerful shadow," said I, "thrown by the group of trees toward the figures. But how?" continued I, with surprise, "the figures cast their shadows into the picture; the group of trees, on the contrary, cast their's toward the spectator. We have, thus, light from two different sides, which is quite contrary to Nature."

"That is the point," returned Goethe, with a smile. "It is by this that Rubens proves himself great, and shows to the world that he, with a free spirit, stands ABOVE Nature, and treats her conformably to his high purposes. The double light is certainly a violent expedient, and you certainly say that it is contrary to nature. But if it is contrary to nature, I still say it is higher than nature; I say it is the bold stroke of the master, by which he, in a genial manner, proclaims to the world that art is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but has laws of its own.

"The artist," continued Goethe, "must, indeed, in his details faithfully and reverently copy nature; he must not, arbitrarily, change the structure of the bones, or the position of the muscles and sinews of an animal, so that the peculiar character is destroyed. This would be annihilating nature. But in the higher regions of artistical production, by which a picture really becomes a picture, he has freer play, and here he may have recourse to FICTIONS, as Rubens has done with the double light in this landscape.

"The artist has a twofold relation to nature; he is at once her master and her slave. He is her slave, inasmuch as he must work with earthly things, in order to be understood; but he is her master, inasmuch as he subjects these earthly means to his higher intentions, and renders them subservient.

"The artist would speak to the world through an entirety; however, he does not find this entirety in nature; but it is

the fruit of his own mind, or, if you like it, of the aspiration of a fructifying divine breath.

"If we observe this landscape by Rubens only slightly, everything appears as natural to us as if it had been copied exactly from nature. But this is not the case. So beautiful a picture has never been seen in nature, any more than a landscape by Poussin or Claude Lorraine, which appears very natural to us, but which we vainly seek in the actual world."

"Are there not," said I, "bold strokes of artistic fiction similar to this double light of Rubens, to be found in literature?"

"We need not go far," said Goethe, after some reflection; "I could show you a dozen of them in Shakespeare. Only take Macbeth. When the lady would animate her husband to the deed, she says —

'I have given suck,' etc.

Whether this be true or not does not appear; but the lady says it, and she must say it, in order to give emphasis to her speech. But in the course of the piece, when Macduff hears of the account of the destruction of his family, he exclaims in wild rage —

'He has no children!'

These words of Macduff contradict those of Lady Macbeth; but this does not trouble Shakespeare. The grand point with him is the force of each speech; and as the lady, in order to give the highest emphasis to her words, must say 'I have given suck,' so, for the same purpose, Macduff must say 'he has no children.'

"Generally," continued Goethe, "we must not judge too exactly and narrowly of the pencil touches of a painter, or the words of a poet; we should rather contemplate and enjoy a work of art that has been produced in a bold and free spirit, and if possible with the same spirit.

"Thus it would be foolish, if, from the words of Macbeth —

'Bring forth men children only!' etc.,

the conclusions were drawn that the lady was a young creature who had not yet borne any children. And it

would be equally foolish if we were to go still further, and say that the lady must be represented on the stage as a very youthful person.

"Shakespeare by no means makes Macbeth say these words to show the youth of the lady; but these words, like those of Lady Macbeth and Macduff, which I quoted just now, are merely introduced for rhetorical purposes, and prove nothing more than that the poet always makes his character say whatever is proper, effective, and good in each PARTICULAR PLACE, without troubling himself to calculate whether these words may, perhaps, fall into apparent contradiction with some other passage.

"Shakespeare, in writing his pieces, could hardly have thought that they would appear in print, so as to be told over, and compared one with another; he had rather the stage in view when he wrote; he regarded his plays as a lively and moving scene, that would pass rapidly before the eyes and ears upon the stage, not as one that was to be held firmly, and carped at in detail. Hence, his only point was to be effective and significant for the moment."

Tues., April 24.— August Wilhelm von Schlegel is here. Before dinner, Goethe took a drive with him round the Webicht, and this evening gave a great tea party in honor of him, at which Schlegel's fellow traveler, Dr. Lassen, was present. All in Weimar, of any rank and name, were invited, so that the press in Goethe's room was very great. Herr von Schlegel was quite surrounded by ladies, to whom he showed thin rolled-up strips with Indian idols, as well as the whole text of two great Indian poems, of which no one but himself and Dr. Lassen probably understood anything. Schlegel was dressed with extreme neatness, and had an extremely youthful and blooming appearance, so that some of the assembled guests were pleased to maintain that he appeared not unskilled in the use of cosmetic means.

Goethe drew me to the window. "Now, how does he please you?" "Not better than I expected," returned I. "He is truly, in many respects, no true man," continued Goethe; "but still, one must bear with him a little, on account of his extensive knowledge and great deserts."

Wed., April 25.— Dined with Goethe and Dr. Lassen. Schlegel had once more gone to dine at the court. Here Lassen displayed great knowledge of Indian poetry, which seemed highly acceptable to Goethe, as he could thus complete his own very deficient knowledge of these things.

In the evening I again spent a few moments with Goethe. He related to me that Schlegel had been with him at twilight, and that they had carried on a very important conversation on historical and literary subjects, which had been very instructive to him. "Only," said he, "one must not expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles; for the rest, all is very excellent."

Thurs., May 3. — The highly successful translation of Goethe's dramatic works, by Stapfer, was noticed by Monsieur J. J. Ampère in the "Parisian Globe" of last year, in a manner no less excellent, and this affected Goethe so agreeably that he very often recurred to it, and expressed his great obligations to it.

"Ampère's point of view is a very high one," said he. "When German critics on similar occasions start from philosophy, and in the consideration and discussion of a poetical production proceed in a manner that what they intend as an elucidation is only intelligible to philosophers of their own school, while for other people it is far more obscure than the work upon which they intended to throw a light, M. Ampère, on the contrary, shows himself quite practical and popular. Like one who knows his profession thoroughly, he shows the relation between the production and the producer, and judges the different poetical productions as different fruits of different epochs of the poet's life.

"He has studied most profoundly the changing course of my earthly career, and of the condition of my mind, and has had the faculty of seeing what I have not expressed, and what, so to speak, could only be read between the lines. How truly has he remarked that, during the first ten years of my official and court life at Weimar, I scarcely did anything; that despair drove me to Italy; and that I there, with new delight in producing, seized upon the history of Tasso, in order to free myself, by the treatment of this

agreeable subject, from the painful and troublesome impressions and recollections of my life at Weimar. He therefore very happily calls Tasso an elevated Werther.

"Then, concerning Faust, his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistophiles."

In this, and a similar spirit of acknowledgment, Goethe often spoke of M. Ampère. We took a decided interest in him; we endeavored to picture to ourselves his personal appearance, and, if we could not succeed in this, we at least agreed that he must be a man of middle age to understand the reciprocal action of life and poetry on each other. We were, therefore, extremely surprised when M. Ampère arrived in Weimar a few days ago, and proved to be a lively youth, some twenty years old; and we were no less surprised when, in the course of further intercourse, he told us that the whole of the contributors to the "Globe," whose wisdom, moderation, and high degree of cultivation we had often admired, were only young people like himself.

"I can well comprehend," said I, "that a person may be young and may still produce something of importance — like Mérimée, for instance, who wrote excellent pieces in his twentieth year; but that any one at so early an age should have at his command such a comprehensive view, and such deep insight, as to attain such mature judgment as the gentlemen of the 'Globe,' is to me something entirely new."

"To you, in your Heath,"* returned Goethe, "it has not been so easy; and we others also, in Central Germany, have been forced to buy our little wisdom dearly enough. Then we all lead a very isolated miserable sort of life! From the people, properly so called, we derive very little culture. Our talents and men of brains are scattered over the whole of Germany. One is in Vienna, another in Berlin, another in Königsberg, another in Bonn or Düsseldorf — all about a hundred miles apart from each other, so that personal contact and personal exchange of thought may be considered

*This doubtless refers to the Heath country in which Eckermann was born.—TRANS.

as rarities. I feel what this must be, when such men as Alexander von Humboldt come here, and in one single day lead me nearer to what I am seeking, and what I require to know, than I should have done for years in my own solitary way.

"But now conceive a city like Paris, where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation, mutually instruct and advance each other; where the best works, both of nature and art, from all the kingdoms of the earth, are open to daily inspection; — conceive this metropolis of the world, I say, where every walk over a bridge or across a square recalls some mighty past, and where some historical event is connected with every corner of a street. In addition to all this, conceive not the Paris of a dull, spiritless time, but the Paris of the nineteenth century, in which, during three generations, such men as Molière, Voltaire, Diderot, and the like, have kept up such a current of intellect as cannot be found twice in a single spot on the whole world, and you will comprehend that a man of talent like Ampère, who has grown up amid such abundance, can easily be something in his four-and-twentieth year.

"You said just now," said Goethe, "that you could well understand how any one in his twentieth year could write pieces as good as those of Mérimée. I have nothing to oppose to this; and I am, on the whole, quite of your opinion that good productiveness is easier than good judgment in a youthful man. But in Germany, one had better not, when so young as Mérimée, attempt to produce anything so mature as he has done in his pieces of 'Clara Gazul.' It is true, Schiller was very young when he wrote his 'Robbers,' his 'Love and Intrigue,' his 'Fiesco'; but, to speak the truth, all three pieces are rather the utterances of an extraordinary talent than signs of mature cultivation in the author. This, however, is not Schiller's fault, but rather the result of the state of culture of his nation and the great difficulty which we all experience in assisting ourselves on our solitary way.

"On the other hand, take up Béranger. He is the son of poor parents, the descendant of a poor tailor; at one

time a poor printer's apprentice, then placed in some office with a small salary: he has never been to a classical school or university; and yet his songs are so full of mature cultivation, so full of wit and the most refined irony, and there is such artistic perfection and masterly handling of the language, that he is the admiration, not only of France, but of all civilized Europe.

"But imagine this same Béranger — instead of being born in Paris, and brought up in this metropolis of the world — the son of a poor tailor in Jena or Weimar, and let him commence his career, in an equally miserable manner, in such small places, ask yourself what fruit would have been produced by this same tree grown in such a soil and in such an atmosphere.

"Therefore, my good friend, I repeat that, if a talent is to be speedily and happily developed, the great point is that a great deal of intellect and sound culture should be current in a nation.

"We admire the tragedies of the ancient Greeks; but, to take a correct view of the case, we ought rather to admire the period and the nation in which their production was possible than the individual authors; for though these pieces differ a little from each other, and though one of these poets appears somewhat greater and more finished than the other, still, taking all things together, only one decided character runs through the whole.

"This is the character of grandeur, fitness, soundness, human perfection, elevated wisdom, sublime thought, pure, strong intuition, and whatever other qualities one might enumerate. But when we find all these qualities, not only in the dramatic works that have come down to us, but also in lyrical and epic works, in the philosophers, the orators, and the historians, and in an equally high degree in the works of plastic art that have come down to us, we must feel convinced that such qualities did not merely belong to individuals, but were the current property of the nation and the whole period.

"Now, take up Burns. How is he great, except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people, — that they were, so to

speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up among them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further? Again, why is he great, but from this, that his own songs at once found susceptible ears among his compatriots; that, sung by reapers and sheaf binders, they at once greeted him in the field; and that his boon companions sang them to welcome him at the alehouse? Something was certainly to be done in this way.

"On the other hand, what a pitiful figure is made by us Germans! Of our old songs — no less important than those of Scotland — how many lived among the people in the days of my youth? Herder and his successors first began to collect them and rescue them from oblivion; then they were at least printed in the libraries. Then, more lately, what songs have not Bürger and Voss composed! Who can say that they are more insignificant or less popular than those of the excellent Burns? but which of them so lives among us that it greets us with the mouth of the people? — they are written and printed, and they remain in the libraries, quite in accordance with the general fate of German poets. Of my own songs, how many live? Perhaps one or another of them may be sung by a pretty girl to the piano; but among the people, properly so called, they have no sound. With what sensations must I remember the time when passages from Tasso were sung to me by Italian fishermen!

"We Germans are of yesterday. We have indeed been properly cultivated for a century; but a few centuries more must still elapse before so much mind and elevated culture will become universal among our people that they will appreciate beauty like the Greeks, that they will be inspired by a beautiful song, and that it will be said of them, 'it is long since they were barbarians.'"

Fri., May 4. — A grand dinner at Goethe's in honor of Ampère and his friend Stapfer. The conversation was loud, cheerful, and varied. Ampère told Goethe a great deal about Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, and other important men of genius. A great deal also was said about Béranger, whose inimitable songs are daily in Goethe's thoughts.

There was a discussion as to whether Béranger's cheerful amatory songs or his political ones merited the preference; whereupon Goethe expressed his opinion that, in general, a purely poetical subject is as superior to a political one as the pure, everlasting truth of nature is to party spirit.

"However," continued he, "Béranger has, in his political poems, shown himself the benefactor of his nation. After the invasion of the allies, the French found in him the best organ for their suppressed feelings. He directed their attention by various recollections to the glory of their arms under the Emperor, whose memory still lives in every cottage, and whose great qualities the poet loved, without desiring a continuance of his despotic sway. Now, under the Bourbons, he does not seem too comfortable. They are, indeed, a degenerate race; and the Frenchman of the present day desires great qualities upon the throne, although he likes to take part in the government, and put in his own word."

After dinner the company dispersed in the garden, and Goethe beckoned me to take a drive round the wood, on the road to Tiefurt.

While in the carriage he was very pleasant and affable. He was glad that he had formed so pleasant an intimacy with Ampère, promising himself, as a result, the fairest consequences with respect to the acknowledgment and diffusion of German literature in France.

"Ampère," continued he, "stands indeed so high in culture that the national prejudices, apprehensions, and narrow-mindedness of many of his countrymen lie far behind him; and in mind he is far more a citizen of the world than a citizen of Paris. But I see a time coming when there will be thousands in France who think like him."

Sun., May 6.— A second dinner party at Goethe's, to which the same people came as the day before yesterday. Much was said about "Helena" and "Tasso." Goethe related to us that in the year 1797, he had formed the plan of treating the tradition concerning Tell as an epic poem in hexameters.

"In the same year," said he, "I visited the small cantons, and the lake of the four cantons, and this charming, magnificent, grand nature made once more such an impression upon me, that it induced me to represent in a poem the variety and richness of so incomparable a landscape. But, in order to throw more charm, interest, and life into my representation, I considered it good to people this highly-striking spot with equally striking human figures, for which purpose the tradition concerning Tell appeared to me admirably fitted.

"I pictured Tell to myself as a heroic man, possessed of native strength, but contented with himself, and in a state of childish unconsciousness. He traverses the canton as a carrier, and is everywhere known and beloved, everywhere ready with his assistance. He peacefully follows his calling, providing for his wife and child, and not troubling himself who is lord or who is serf.

"Gessler, on the contrary, I pictured to myself as a tyrant; but as one of the comfortable sort who occasionally does good when it suits him, and occasionally harm when it suits him, and to whom the people, with its weal and woe, is as totally indifferent as if it did not exist.

"The higher and better qualities of human nature, on the contrary, the love of native soil, the feeling of freedom and security under the protection of the laws of the country, the feeling, moreover, of the disgrace of being subjugated, and occasionally illtreated, by a foreign debauchee, and lastly, strength of mind matured to a determination to throw off so obnoxious a yoke,— all these great and good qualities I had shared between the well-known noble-minded men, Walter Fürst, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and others; and these were my proper heroes, my higher powers, acting with consciousness, while Tell and Gessler, though occasionally brought into action, were, upon the whole, rather figures of a passive nature.

"I was quite full of this beautiful subject, and was already humming my hexameters. I saw the lake in the quiet moonlight, illuminated mists in the depths of the mountains. I then saw it in the light of the loveliest morning sun — a rejoicing and a life in wood and meadow.

Then I described a storm — a thunderstorm, which swept from the hollows over the lake. Neither was there any lack of the stillness of night, nor of secret meetings approached by bridges.

"I related all this to Schiller, in whose soul my landscapes and my acting figures formed themselves into a drama. And as I had other things to do, and the execution of my design was deferred more and more, I gave up my subject entirely to Schiller, who thereupon wrote his admirable play."

We were pleased with this communication, which was interesting to us all. I remarked that it appeared to me as if the splendid description of sunrise, in the first scene of the second act of "Faust," written in *terza rima*, was founded upon the recalled impressions of the lake of the four cantons.

"I will not deny," said Goethe, "that these contemplations proceed from that source; nay, without the fresh impressions of those wonderful scenes, I could never have conceived the subject of that *terza rima*. But that is all which I have coined from the gold of my Tell-localities. The rest I left to Schiller, who, as we know, made the most beautiful use of it."

The conversation now turned upon "Tasso," and the idea which Goethe had endeavored to represent by it.

"Idea!" said Goethe, "as if I knew nothing about it. I had the life of Tasso, I had my own life; and while I brought together two odd figures with their peculiarities, the image of Tasso arose in my mind, to which I opposed, as a prosaic contrast, that of Antonio, for whom also I did not lack models. The further particulars of court life and love affairs were at Weimar as they were in Ferrara; and I can truly say of my production, IT IS BONE OF MY BONE, AND FLESH OF MY FLESH.

"The Germans are, certainly, strange people. By their deep thoughts and ideas, which they seek in everything and fix upon everything, they make life much more burdensome than is necessary. Only have the courage to give yourself up to your impressions, allow yourself to be delighted, moved, elevated, nay, instructed and inspired for

something great; but do not imagine all is vanity, if it is not abstract thought and idea.

"Then they come and ask, 'What idea I meant to embody in my "Faust?"' as if I knew myself and could inform them. FROM HEAVEN, THROUGH THE WORLD, TO HELL, would indeed be something; but this is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager, and that a man continually struggling from difficult errors toward something better, should be redeemed, is an effective, and to many, a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in 'Faust' upon the slender string of one pervading idea.

"It was, in short," continued Goethe, "not in my line, as a poet, to strive to embody anything ABSTRACT. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundredfold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them.

"If I still wished, as a poet, to represent any idea, I would do it in short poems, where a decided unity could prevail, and where a complete survey would be easy, as, for instance, in the "Metamorphosis of Animals," that of the plants, the poem 'Bequest' (*Vermächtniss*), and many others. The only production of greater extent, in which I am conscious of having labored to set forth a pervading idea, is probably my '*Wahlverwandtschaften.*' This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; but I will not say that it is therefore better. I am rather of the opinion, that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic production is, so much the better it is."

Tues., May 15.— Herr von Holtey, from Paris, has been here for some time, and has been very well received

everywhere, on account of his person and talent. A very friendly intimacy has also been formed between him and Goethe and his family.

Goethe has for some days been drawn into his garden, where he is very happy with his quiet activity. I called upon him there to-day, with Herr von Holtey and Count Schulenburg, the former of whom took his leave, in order to go to Berlin with Ampère.

Wed., June 20.— The family table was covered for five; the rooms were vacant and cool, which was very pleasant, considering the great heat. I went into the spacious room next the dining hall, where are the worked carpet and the colossal bust of Juno.

After I had walked up and down alone for a short time, Goethe soon came in from his workroom, and greeted me in his cordial manner. He seated himself on a chair by the window. "Take a chair, too," said he, "and sit down by me; we will talk a little before the others arrive. I am glad that you have become acquainted with Count Sternberg at my house; he has departed, and I am now once more in my wonted state of activity and repose."

"The present appearance and manner of the Count," said I, "seemed to me very remarkable, as well as his great attainments. Whatever the conversation turned on, he was always at home, and talked about everything with the greatest ease, though with profundity and circumspection."

"Yes," said Goethe, "he is a highly remarkable man, and his influence and connections in Germany are very extensive. As a botanist, he is known throughout Europe by his '*Flora Subterranea*,' and he also stands high as a mineralogist. Do you know his history?"

"No," said I, "but I should like to hear something about him. I saw him as a Count and a man of the world, and also a person profoundly versed in various branches of science. This is a riddle I should like to see solved."

Goethe told me that the Count in his youth had been destined for the priesthood, and had commenced his studies at Rome; but that afterward, when Austria had withdrawn certain favors, he had gone to Naples. Goethe then proceeded in the most profound and interesting manner, to set

forth a remarkable life, which would have adorned the "*Wanderjahre*," but which I do not feel I can repeat here. I was delighted to listen to him and thanked him with all my soul. The conversation now turned upon the Bohemian schools, and their great advantages, especially for a thorough æsthetic culture.

Frau von Goethe, young Goethe, and Fräulein Ulrica now came in, and we sat down to table. The conversation was gay and varied, the pietists of some cities in Northern Germany being a subject to which we often reverted. It was remarked that these pietistical separations had destroyed the harmony of whole families.

I was able to give an instance of the kind, having nearly lost an excellent friend because he could not convert me to his opinions. He, as I stated, was thoroughly convinced that good works and one's own merits are of no avail, and that man can only win favor with the divinity by the grace of Christ.

"A female friend," observed Frau von Goethe, "said something of the sort to me; but even now I scarcely know what is meant by grace and what by good works."

"According to the present course of the world, in conversing on all such topics," said Goethe, "there is nothing but a medley; and perhaps none of you know whence it comes. I will tell you. The doctrine of good works — namely, that man by good actions, legacies, and beneficent institutions, can avoid the penalty of sin, and rise in the favor of God — is Catholic. But the reformers, out of opposition, rejected this doctrine, and declared, in lieu of it, that man must seek solely to recognize the merits of Christ, and become a partaker of his grace; which indeed leads to good works. But, nowadays, all this is mingled together, and nobody knows whence a thing comes."

I remarked, more in thought than openly, that difference of opinion in religious matters had always sown dissension among men, and made them enemies; nay, that the first murder had been caused by a difference in the mode of worshiping God. I said that I had lately been reading Byron's "Cain," and had been particularly struck by the third act, and the manner in which the murder is brought about."

"It is indeed admirable," said Goethe. "Its beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world."

"Cain," said I, "was at first prohibited in England; but now everybody reads it, and young English travelers usually carry a complete Byron with them."

"It was folly," said Goethe; "for, in fact, there is nothing in the whole of 'Cain' which is not taught by the English bishops themselves."

The Chancellor was announced. He came in and sat down with us at table. Goethe's grandchildren, Walter and Wolfgang, also came in, jumping one after the other. Wolf pressed close to the Chancellor.

"Bring your album," said Goethe, "and show the Chancellor your princess, and what Count Sternberg wrote for you."

Wolf sprang up and brought the book. The Chancellor looked at the portrait of the princess, with the verses annexed by Goethe. Turning over the leaves, he came to Zelter's inscription, and read aloud, *Lerne gehorchen* (Learn to obey).

"Those are the only rational words in the whole book," said Goethe, laughing; "as indeed, Zelter is always majestic and to the point. I am now looking over his letters with Riemer; and they contain invaluable things. Those letters which he has written me on his travels are especially of worth; for he has, as a sound architect and musician, the advantage that he can never want interesting subjects for criticism. As soon as he enters a city, the buildings stand before him, and tell him their merits and their faults.

"Then the musical societies receive him at once, and show themselves to the master with their virtues and their defects. If a shorthand writer could but have recorded his conversations with his musical scholars, we should possess something quite unique in its way. In such matters is Zelter great and genial, and always hits the nail on the head."

Thurs., July 5.— Toward evening, I met Goethe in the park, returning from a ride. As he passed he beckoned to me to come and see him. I went immediately to his house, where I found Coudray. Goethe alighted, and we went up the steps with him. We sat down to the round table in the

so-called Juno room, and had not talked long before the Chancellor came in and joined us. The conversation turned on political subjects — Wellington's embassy to St. Petersburg, and its probable consequences, Capo d'Istria, the delayed liberation of Greece, the restriction upon the Turks to Constantinople, and the like.

We talked, too, of Napoleon's times, especially about the Duke d'Enghein, whose incautious revolutionary conduct was much discussed.

We then came to more pacific topics, and Wieland's tomb at Osmannstedt was a fruitful subject of discourse. Coudray told us that he was engaged with an iron inclosure of the tomb. He gave us a clear notion of his intention by drawing the form of the iron railing on a piece of paper.

When the Chancellor and Coudray departed, Goethe asked me to stay with him a little while. "For one who, like me, lives through ages," said he, "it always seems odd when I hear about statues and monuments. I can never think of a statue erected in honor of a distinguished man without already seeing it cast down and trampled upon by future warriors. Already I see Coudray's iron railing about Wieland's grave forged into horseshoes, and shining under the feet of future cavalry; and I may even say that I have witnessed such a case at Frankfort. Wieland's grave is, besides, much too near the Ilm; the stream in less than a hundred years will have so worn the shore by its sudden turn, that it will have reached the body."

We had some good-humored jests about the terrible inconstancy of earthly things, and then, returning to Coudray's drawing, were delighted with the delicate and strong strokes of the English pencils, which are so obedient to the draughtsman, that the thought is conveyed immediately to the paper, without the slightest loss. This led the conversation to drawing, and Goethe showed me a fine one, by an Italian master, representing the boy Jesus in the temple with the doctors; he then showed me an engraving after the finished picture on this subject; and many remarks were made, all in favor of drawings.

"I have lately been so fortunate," said he, "as to buy, at a reasonable rate, many excellent drawings by celebrated

masters. Such drawings are invaluable, not only because they give, in its purity, the mental intention of the artist, but because they bring immediately before us the mood of his mind at the moment of creation. In every stroke of this drawing of the boy Jesus in the temple, we perceive the great clearness, and quiet, serene resolution, in the mind of the artist; and this beneficial mood is extended to us while we contemplate the work. The arts of painting and sculpture have, moreover, the great advantage that they are purely objective, and attract us without violently exciting our feelings. Such a work either speaks to us not at all, or in a very decided manner. A poem, on the other hand, makes a far more vague impression, exciting in each hearer different emotions, according to his nature and capacity."

"I have," said I, "been lately reading Smollett's excellent novel of 'Roderick Random.' It gave me almost the same impression as a good drawing. It is a direct representation of the subject, without a trace of a leaning toward the sentimental; actual life stands before us as it is, often repulsive and detestable enough, yet, as a whole, giving a pleasant impression on account of the decided reality."

"I have often heard the praises of 'Roderick Random,' and believe what you say of it, but have never read it. Do you know Johnson's 'Rasselas?' Just read it, and tell me what you think of it."

I promised to do so.

"In Lord Byron," said I, "I frequently find passages which merely bring objects before us, without affecting our feelings otherwise than the drawing of a good painter. 'Don Juan' is, especially, rich in such passages."

"Yes," said Goethe, "here Lord Byron was great; his pictures have an air of reality, as lightly thrown off as if they were improvised. I know but little of 'Don Juan,' but I remember passages from his other poems, especially sea scenes, with a sail peeping out here and there, which are quite invaluable, for they make us seem to feel the sea breeze blowing."

"In his 'Don Juan,'" said I, "I have particularly admired the representation of London, which his careless

verses bring before our very eyes. He is not very scrupulous whether an object is poetical or not; but he seizes and uses all just as they come before him, down to the wigs in the haircutter's window, and the men who fill the street lamps with oil."

"Our German æsthetical people," said Goethe, "are always talking about poetical and unpoetical objects; and, in one respect, they are not quite wrong; yet, at bottom, no real object is unpoetical, if the poet knows how to use it properly."

"True," said I; "and I wish this view were adopted as a general maxim."

We then spoke of the "Two Foscari," and I remarked that Byron drew excellent women.

"His women," said Goethe, "are good. Indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our ideality; nothing can be done with the men. Homer has got all beforehand in Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and the most prudent."

"There is something terrible in the 'Foscari,'" I continued, "on account of the frequent recurrence of the rack. One can hardly conceive how Lord Byron could dwell so long on this torturing subject, for the sake of the piece."

"That sort of thing," said Goethe, "was Byron's element; he was always a self-tormentor; and hence such subjects were his darling theme, as you see in all his works, scarce one of which has a cheerful subject. But the execution of the 'Foscari' is worthy of great praise—is it not?"

"Admirable!" said I; "every word is strong, significant, and subservient to the aim; indeed, generally speaking, I have hitherto found no weak lines in Byron. I always fancy I see him issuing from the sea waves, fresh and full of creative power. The more I read him, the more I admire the greatness of his talent; and I think you were quite right to present him with that immortal monument of love in 'Helena.'"

"I could not," said Goethe, "make use of any man as the representative of the modern poetical era except him, who undoubtedly is to be regarded as the greatest genius

of our century. Again, Byron is neither antique nor romantic, but like the present day itself. This was the sort of man I required. Then he suited me on account of his unsatisfied nature and his warlike tendency, which led to his death at Missolonghi. A treatise upon Byron would be neither convenient nor advisable; but I shall not fail to pay him honor and to point him out at proper times."

Goethe spoke further of "Helena" now it had again become a subject of discourse. "I at first intended a very different close," said he. "I modified it in various ways, and once very well, but I will not tell you how. Then this conclusion with Lord Byron and Missolonghi was suggested to me by the events of the day, and I gave up all the rest. You have observed the character of the chorus is quite destroyed by the mourning song: until this time it has remained thoroughly antique, or has never belied its girlish nature; but here of a sudden it becomes nobly reflecting, and says things such as it has never thought or could think."

"Certainly," said I, "I remarked it; but, since I have seen Ruben's landscape with the double shadow, and have got an insight into the idea of fiction, such things do not disturb me. These little inconsistencies are of no consequence, if by their means a higher degree of beauty is obtained. The song had to be sung, somehow or other; and as there was no other chorus present, the girls were forced to sing it."

"I wonder," said Goethe, laughing, "what the German critics will say? Will they have freedom and boldness enough to get over this? Understanding will be in the way of the French; they will not consider that the imagination has its own laws, to which the understanding cannot, and should not, penetrate.

"If imagination did not originate things which must ever be problems to the understanding, there would be but little for the imagination to do. It is this which separates poetry from prose; in which latter understanding always is, and always should be, at home."

I was pleased with this important remark, which I treasured up. I now took leave, for it was ten o'clock.

We had been sitting without candles; the clear summer evening shining from the north over the Ettersberg.

Mon. evening, July 9. — I found Goethe alone, examining the plaster casts which had been taken from the Stosch cabinet. "My Berlin friends," said he, "have had the kindness to send me this whole collection to look at. I am already acquainted with most of these fine things; but now I see them in the instructive arrangement of Winckelmann. I use his description, and consult him in cases where I myself am doubtful."

We had not long talked before the Chancellor came in and joined us. He told us the news from the public papers, and, among other things, the story of a keeper of a menagerie, who, out of a longing for lion's flesh, had killed a lion, and dressed a large piece of him.

"I wonder," said Goethe, "he did not rather try an ape; that would have been a tender, relishing morsel."

We talked of the ugliness of these beasts, remarking that they were the more unpleasant the more they were like men.

"I do not understand," said the Chancellor, "how princes can keep these animals near them, and, indeed, take pleasure in them."

"Princes," said Goethe, "are so much tormented by disagreeable men, that they regard these more disagreeable animals as a means of balancing the other unpleasant impressions. We common people naturally dislike apes and the screaming of parrots, because we see them in circumstances for which they were not made. If we could ride upon elephants among palm trees, we should there find apes and parroquets quite in their place, perhaps pleasant. But, as I said, princes are right to drive away one repulsive thing with something still more repulsive.

"On this point," said he, "a scrap of verse occurs to me, which perhaps you do not remember: —

> "If men should ever beasts become,
> Bring only brutes into your room,
> And less disgust you'll surely feel:
> We all are Adam's children still."

The Chancellor turned the conversation on the present state of the opposition, and the ministerial party at Paris,

repeating, almost word for word, a powerful speech, which an extremely bold democrat had made against the minister, in defending himself before a court of justice. We had an opportunity once more to marvel at the happy memory of the Chancellor. There was much conversation upon this subject, and especially upon the censure of the press, between Goethe and the Chancellor; the theme proved fertile, Goethe showing himself, as usual, a mild aristocrat, and his friend, as usual, apparently taking his ground on the side of the people.

"I have no fears for the French," said Goethe; "they stand upon such a height from a world-historical point of view, that their mind cannot by any means be suppressed. The law restraining the press, can have only a beneficial effect, especially as its limitations concern nothing essential, but are only against personalities. An opposition which has no bounds is a flat affair, while limits sharpen its wits, and this is a great advantage. To speak out an opinion directly and coarsely is only excusable when one is perfectly right; but a party, for the very reason that it is a party, cannot be wholly in the right; therefore the indirect method in which the French have ever been great models is the best. I say to my servant plainly, 'Hans, pull off my boots,' and he understands; but if I am with a friend, and wish the service from him, I must not speak so bluntly, but must find some pleasant, friendly way, to ask him to perform this kind office. This necessity excites my mind; and, for the same reason as I have said, I like some restraint upon the press. The French have always had the reputation of being the most *spirituelle* of nations, and they ought to preserve it. We Germans speak out our opinions without ceremony, and have not acquired much skill in the indirect mode.

"The parties at Paris would be still greater than they are, if they were more liberal and free, and understood each other better than they do. They stand upon a higher grade, from a world-historical point of view than the English; whose parliament consists of strong opposing powers, which paralyze one another, and where the great penetration of an individual has a difficulty in working its way,

as we see by Canning, and the many annoyances which beset that great statesman."

We rose to go, but Goethe was so full of life that the conversation was continued a while standing. At last he bid us an affectionate farewell, and I accompanied the Chancellor home to his residence. It was a beautiful evening, and we talked much of Goethe as we went along, especially repeating his remark that an unlimited opposition becomes a flat affair.

Sun., July 15.—I went at eight o'clock this evening to see Goethe, whom I found just returned from his garden.

"See what lies there?" said he; "a romance in three volumes; and by whom, think you? by Manzoni."

I looked at the books, which were very handsomely bound, and inscribed to Goethe. "Manzoni is industrious," said I. "Yes, there is movement there," said Goethe.

"I know nothing of Manzoni," said I, "except his ode to Napoleon, which I lately read again in your translation, and have admired to a high degree. Each strophe is a picture."

"You are right," said Goethe, "the ode is excellent; but do you find any one who speaks of it in Germany? It might as well not have existed, although it is the best poem which has been made upon the subject."

Goethe continued reading the English newspapers, with which I had found him engaged when I came in. I took up that volume of Carlyle's translation of "German Romance" which contains Musæus and Fouqué. The Englishman, who is intimately acquainted with our literature, had prefixed to every translation a memoir and a criticism of the author. I read that upon Fouqué, and remarked with pleasure that the biography was written with much thought and profundity, and that the critical point of view, from which this favorite author was to be contemplated, was indicated with great understanding, and a tranquil, mild penetration into poetic merits. At one time the clever Englishman compares Fouqué to the voice of a singer, which has no great compass and but few notes, but those few are good and beautifully melodious. To illustrate his meaning further, he takes a simile from ecclesiastical

polity, saying that Fouqué does not hold in the poetic church the place of a bishop or dignitary of the first rank, but rather satisfies himself with the duties of a chaplain, and looks very well in this humble station.

While I was reading this, Goethe had gone into the back chamber. He sent his servant, who invited me to come to him there.

"Sit down," said he, "and let us talk awhile. A new translation of Sophocles has just arrived. It reads well, and seems to be excellent; I will compare it with Solger. Now, what say you to Carlyle?"

I told him what I had been reading upon Fouqué.

"Is not that very good?" said Goethe. "Aye, there are clever people over the sea, who know us and can appreciate us.

"In other departments," continued Goethe, "there is no lack of good heads even among us Germans. I have been reading in the 'Berlin Register,' the criticism of an historian upon Schlosser, which is very great. It is signed by Heinrich Leo, a person of whom I never heard, but about whom we must inquire. He stands higher than the French, which, from an historical point of view, is saying something. They stick too much to the real, and cannot get the ideal into their heads; the German has this quite at his command. Leo has admirable views upon the castes of India. Much is said of aristocracy and democracy; but the whole affair is simply this: in youth, when we either possess nothing, or know not how to value tranquil possession, we are democrats; but, when in a long life we have acquired property, we wish not only to be secure of it ourselves, but also that our children and grandchildren shall be secure of inheriting it, and quietly enjoying it. Therefore, in old age, we are always aristocrats, to whatever opinions we may have been inclined in youth. Leo speaks with a great deal of thought upon this point.

"We are weakest in the æsthetic department, and may wait long before we meet such a man as Carlyle. It is pleasant to see that intercourse is now so close between the French, English, and Germans, that we shall be able to correct one another. This is the greatest use of a world-literature, which will show itself more and more.

"Carlyle has written a life of Schiller, and judged him as it would be difficult for a German to judge him. On the other hand, we are clear about Shakespeare and Byron, and can, perhaps, appreciate their merits better than the English themselves."

Wed., July 18.— "I must announce to you," was Goethe's first salutation at dinner, "that Manzoni's novel soars far above all that we know of the kind. I need say to you nothing more, except that the interior life — all that comes from the soul of the poet, is absolutely perfect; and that the outward — the delineation of localities, and the like, is in no way inferior. That is saying something." I was astonished and pleased to hear this. "The impression in reading," continued Goethe, "is such, that we are constantly passing from emotion to admiration, and again from admiration to emotion; so that we are always subject to one of those great influences; higher than this, I think, one cannot go. In this novel we have first seen what Manzoni is. Here his perfect interior is exhibited, which he had no opportunity to display in his dramatic works. I will now read the best novel by Sir Walter Scott,— perhaps 'Waverley,' which I do not yet know,— and I shall see how Manzoni will come out in comparison with this great English writer.

"Manzoni's internal culture here appears so high, that scarcely anything can approach it. It satisfies us like perfectly ripe fruit. Then, in his treatment and exhibition of details, he is as clear as the Italian sky itself."

"Has he any marks of sentimentality?" said I.

"None at all," replied Goethe; "he has sentiment, but is perfectly free from sentimentality; his feeling for every situation is manly and genuine; but I will say no more to-day. I am still in the first volume; soon you shall hear more."

Sat., July 21. — When I came into Goethe's room this evening, I found him reading Manzoni's novel.

"I am in the third volume already," said he, as he laid aside the book, "and am thus getting many new thoughts. You know Aristotle says of tragedy, 'It must excite fear, if it is to be good.' This is true, not only of tragedy, but

of many other sorts of poetry. You find it in my '*Gott und die Bayadere.*' You find it in very good comedy, even in the '*Sieben Mädchen in Uniform*' (Seven Girls in Uniform), as we do not know how the joke will turn out for the dear creatures.

"This fear may be of two sorts: it may exist in the shape of alarm (*Angst*), or in that of uneasiness (*Bangigkeit*). The latter feeling is awakened when we see a moral evil threatening, and gradually overshadowing, the personages, as, for instance, in the 'Elective Affinities'; but alarm is awakened, in reader or spectator, when the personages are threatened with physical danger, as, for instance, in the 'Galley Slave,' and in '*Der Freyschütz*';—nay, in the scene of the Wolf's-glen, not only alarm, but a sense of annihilation, is awakened in the spectators. Now, Manzoni makes use of this alarm with wonderful felicity, by resolving it into emotion, and thus leading us to admiration. The feeling of alarm is necessarily of a material character, and will be excited in every reader; but that of admiration is excited by a recognition of the writer's skill, and only the connoisseur will be blessed with this feeling. What say you to these æsthetics of mine? If I were younger I would write something according to this theory, though, perhaps, not so extensive a work as this of Manzoni.

"I am now really curious to know what the gentlemen of the 'Globe' will say to this novel. They are clever enough to perceive its excellencies; and the whole tendency of the work is so much grist to the mill of these liberals, although Manzoni has shown himself very moderate. Nevertheless, the French seldom receive a work with such pure kindliness as we; they cannot readily adapt themselves to the author's point of view, but, even in the best, always find something which is not to their mind, and which the author should have done otherwise."

Goethe then described to me some parts of the novel, in order to show me in what spirit it was written.

"There are four things," said he, "which have contributed especially to the excellence of Manzoni's works. First, he is an excellent historian, and consequently gives

his inventions a depth and dignity which raise them far above what are commonly called novels. Secondly, the Catholic religion is favorable to him, giving him many poetical relations, which he could not have had as a Protestant. Thirdly, it is to the advantage of the book that the author has suffered much in revolutionary collisions, which, if they did not affect him, have wounded his friends, and sometimes ruined them. Fourthly, it is in favor of this novel that the scene is laid in the charming country near Lake Como, which has been stamped on the poet's mind, from youth upward, and which he, therefore, knows by heart. Hence arises also that distinguishing merit of the work — its distinctness and wonderful accuracy in describing localities."

Mon., July 23.—When I asked for Goethe, about eight o'clock this evening, I heard that he had not yet returned from the garden. I therefore went to meet him, and found him in the park, sitting on a bench in the shade of the lindens; his grandson, Wolfgang, at his side. He seemed glad to see me, and motioned me to sit down by him. We had no sooner exchanged salutations, than the conversation again turned upon Manzoni.

"I told you lately," Goethe began, "that the historian had been of great use to the poet in this novel; but now, in the third volume, I find that the historian hurts the poet, for Signor Manzoni throws off at once the poet's mantle, and stands for some time as a naked historian. This happens in his descriptions of war, famine, and pestilence — things which are repulsive, and are now made insufferable by the circumstantial details of a dry chronicle.

"The German translator must seek to avoid this fault; he must get rid of a great part of the war and famine, and two-thirds of the plague, so as only to leave what is necessary to carry on the action. If Manzoni had had at his side a friendly adviser, he might easily have shunned this fault; but, as a historian, he had too great a respect for reality. This gives him trouble even in his dramatic works, where, however, he helps himself through by adding the superfluous historical matter in the shape of notes.

Here, however, he could not get rid of his historical furniture in the same manner. This is very remarkable. Nevertheless, as soon as the persons of the romance reappear, the poet stands once more before us in all his glory, and compels us to our accustomed admiration."

We rose and directed our steps toward the house.

"You will hardly understand," said Goethe, "how a poet like Manzoni, capable of such admirable compositions, could even for a moment sin against poetry. Yet the cause is simple — it is this: Manzoni, like Schiller, was born a poet; but our times are so bad, that the poet can find no nature fit for his use in the human life which surrounds him. To build himself up, Schiller seized on two great subjects, philosophy and history; Manzoni on history alone. Schiller's '*Wallenstein*' is so great, that there is nothing else like it of the same sort; yet you will find that even these two powerful helpers — history and philosophy — have injured various parts of the work, and hinder a purely poetical success. And so Manzoni suffers from too great a load of history."

"Your excellency," said I, "speaks great things, and I am happy in hearing you."

"Manzoni," said Goethe, "helps us to good thoughts."

He was proceeding with his remarks, when the Chancellor met us at the gate of Goethe's house garden, and the conversation was then interrupted. He joined us as a welcome friend, and we accompanied Goethe up the little stairs, through the chamber of busts, into the long saloon, where the curtains were let down, and two lights were burning on the table near the window. We sat down by the table, and Goethe and the Chancellor talked upon subjects of another kind.

Wed., July 25.— Goethe has lately received a letter from Walter Scott, which has given him great pleasure. He showed it to me to-day, and as the English handwriting was very illegible to him, he begged me to translate the contents to him. It appears that Goethe had first written to the renowned English poet, and that this letter was in reply.

"I feel myself highly honored," writes Walter Scott, "that any of my productions should have been so fortunate

as to attract the attention of Goethe, to the number of whose admirers I have belonged since the year 1798, when, notwithstanding my slight knowledge of the German language, I was bold enough to translate into English the '*Götz von Berlichingen.*' In this youthful undertaking, I had quite forgotten that it is not enough to feel the beauty of a work of genius, but that one must also thoroughly understand the language in which it is written before one can succeed in making such beauty apparent to others. Nevertheless, I still set some value on that youthful effort, because it at least shows that I knew how to choose a subject which was worthy of admiration.

"I have often heard of you, through my son-in-law, Lockhart, a young man of literary eminence, who, some years before he became connected with my family, had the honor of being introduced to the father of German literature. It is impossible that you should recollect every individual of the great number of those who feel themselves urged to pay you their respects; but I believe no one is more heartily devoted to you than that young member of my family.

"My friend, Sir John Hope, of Pinkie, has lately had the honor of seeing you, and I hoped to write to you by him; I afterward took this liberty through two of his relations, who designed to travel over Germany; but illness prevented them putting their project into execution, so that after two or three months my letter returned to me. I also, at an earlier period, dared to seek Goethe's acquaintance, and that before the flattering notice which he has been so kind as to take of me.

"It is highly gratifying to all admirers of genius to know that one of the greatest European models enjoys a fortunate and honorable retreat, at an age when he sees himself respected in so remarkable a manner. Poor Lord Byron's destiny did not grant him so fortunate a lot, since it carried him off in the prime of life, and cut short all that had been hoped and expected from him. He esteemed himself fortunate in the honor which you paid him, and felt how much he was indebted to a poet to whom all the writers of the present generation owe so much, that they

feel themselves bound to look up to him with childlike veneration.

"I have taken the liberty of requesting MM. Treuttel and Würtz to send to you my attempt at a biography of that remarkable man who for so many years had so terrible an influence in the world which he governed. Besides, I do not know whether I am not under some obligation to him, inasmuch as he made me carry arms for 12 years, during which time I served in a corps of our militia, and, in spite of a long standing lameness, became a good horseman, huntsman, and shot. These good qualities have latterly a little forsaken me; rheumatism, that sad torment of our northern climate, having affected my limbs. However, I do not complain; for I see my sons join in the pleasures of the chase, since I have been obliged to give them up.

"My eldest son has a squadron of hussars, which is a great deal for a young man of five-and-twenty. My younger son has lately taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, and is now going to spend some months at home, before he enters into the world. As it has pleased God to take their mother from me, my youngest daughter manages my domestic affairs. My eldest daughter is married, and has a family of her own.

"This is the domestic condition of a man concerning whom you have so kindly inquired. For the rest, I possess enough to live quite as I wish, notwithstanding some very heavy losses. I inhabit a stately old mansion, where every friend of Goethe's will at all times be welcome. The hall is filled with armor, which would even have suited Jaxthausen; a large bloodhound guards the entrance.

"I have, however, forgotten him who contrived that people should not forget him while alive. I hope you will pardon the faults of the work, while you consider that the author was animated by the wish to treat the memory of this extraordinary man as sincerely as his island prejudices would allow.

"As this opportunity of writing to you has suddenly and accidentally been afforded me by a traveler, and admits of no delay, I have not time to say more, excepting that I

wish you a continuance of good health and repose, and subscribe myself, with the most sincere and deepest esteem,

WALTER SCOTT.

«EDINBURGH, July 9, 1827.»

Goethe was, as I said, delighted with this letter. He was, however, of opinion that it paid him so much respect that he must put a great deal to the account of the courtesy of a man of rank and refined cultivation.

He then mentioned the good and affectionate manner in which Walter Scott spoke of his family connections, which pleased him highly, as a sign of brotherly confidence.

«I am really quite impatient,» continued he, «for his 'Life of Napoleon,' which he announces to me. I hear so many contradictions and vehement protestations concerning the book, that I am already certain it will, in any case, be very remarkable.»

I asked about Lockhart, and whether he still recollected him.

«Perfectly well!» returned Goethe. «His personal appearance makes so decided an impression that one cannot easily forget him. From all I hear from Englishmen, and from my daughter-in-law, he must be a young man from whom great things in literature are to be expected.

«I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him.

«It is admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. There is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect.»

Mon., Sept. 24.— I went with Goethe to Berka. We drove off soon after eight o'clock; the morning was very beautiful. The road is uphill at first, and, as there was nothing in the scenery worth looking at, Goethe talked on literary subjects. A well-known German poet had lately passed through Weimar, and shown Goethe his album.

«You cannot imagine what stuff it contains,» said Goethe. «All the poets write as if they were ill, and the whole

world were a lazaretto. They all speak of the woe and the misery of this earth, and of the joys of a hereafter; all are discontented, and one draws the other into a state of still greater discontent. This is a real abuse of poetry, which was given to us to hide the little discords of life, and to make man contented with the world and his condition. But the present generation is afraid of all such strength, and only feels poetical when it has weakness to deal with.

"I have hit on a good word," continued Goethe, "to tease these gentlemen. I will call their poetry 'Lazaretto-poetry,' and I will give the name of Tyrtæan-poetry to that which not only sings war songs, but also arms men with courage to undergo the conflicts of life."

Goethe's words received my full assent.

At the bottom of the carriage lay a basket made of rushes, with two handles, which attracted my attention. "I brought it with me from Marienbad," said Goethe, "where there are baskets of the sort of every variety of size, and I am so accustomed to it that I cannot travel without it. You see when it is empty it folds up, and occupies but little room, but when it is full it stretches out very wide, and holds more than you would imagine. It is soft and pliant, and at the same time so tough and strong, that the heaviest things can be carried in it."

"It has a very picturesque and even an antique appearance," said I.

"You are right," said Goethe; "it does approach the antique character, since it is not only as fit for its purpose as possible; but it has the simplest and most pleasing form, so that we may say it stands on the highest point of perfection. During my mineralogical excursions in the Bohemian Mountains, I have found it especially serviceable; now, it contains our breakfast. If I had a hammer, I should not lack an opportunity to-day to knock off a piece here and there, and bring home the basket full of stones."

We had now reached the heights, and had a free prospect toward the hills behind which Berka lies. A little to the left we saw into the valley which leads to Hetschburg, and where, on the other side of the Ilm, is a hill, which

now turned toward us its shadowy side, and, on account of the vapors of the valley which hovered before it, seemed blue to my eye. I looked at the same spot through my glass, and the blue was obviously diminished. I observed this to Goethe. "Thus you see," said I, "what a great part the subject plays with these purely objective colors; a weak eye increases the density, while a sharpened one drives it away, or, at any rate, makes it diminish."

"Your remark is perfectly just," said Goethe; "a good telescope dispels the blue tint of the most distant mountains. The subject is, in all the phenomena, far more important than is supposed. Even Wieland knew this very well, for he was wont to say, 'One could easily amuse people, if they were only amusable.'"

We laughed at the pleasant meaning of these words. We had, in the meanwhile, descended the little valley where the road passes over a roofed wooden bridge, under which the rain torrents, which flow down to Hetschburg, had made a channel, which was now dry. Highway laborers were employed in setting up against the bridge some reddish sandstones, which attracted Goethe's attention. At about a stone's throw over the bridge, where the road goes gradually up the hill which separates the traveler from Berka, Goethe bade the coachman stop.

"We will get out here," said he, "and see whether we shall not relish a little breakfast in the open air."

We got out and looked about us. The servant spread a napkin upon a four-cornered pile of stones, such as usually lie by the roadside, and brought the osier basket from the carriage, out of which he took roast partridges, new wheaten rolls, and pickled cucumbers. Goethe cut a partridge, and gave me half; I ate, standing up and walking about. Goethe had seated himself on the corner of a heap of stones. The coldness of the stones, on which the night dew was still resting, must hurt him, I thought, and I expressed my anxiety. Goethe, however, assured me it would not hurt him at all, and then I felt quite tranquil, regarding it as a new token of the inward strength he must feel. In the meanwhile, the servant had brought a bottle of wine from the carriage, and filled for us.

"Our friend Schütze," said Goethe, "is quite right to fly to the country every week; we will take pattern by him, and if this fine weather continues for a while, this shall not be our last excursion."

I was rejoiced by this assurance.

I passed, afterward, with Goethe, a most interesting day, partly in Berka, partly in Tonndorf. He was inexhaustible in intellectual communications, and talked much of the second part of "Faust," on which he was just beginning to work in earnest; I therefore lament so much the more, that nothing is noted down in my journal beyond this introduction.

Wed., Sept. 26.— Goethe had invited me to take a drive this morning to the Hottelstedt Ecke, the most western summit of the Ettersberg, and thence to the Ettersberg hunting lodge. The day was very fine, and we drove early out of the Jacob's gate. Behind Lützendorf, where the journey was uphill, and we could only drive leisurely, we had an opportunity for various observations.

"Always the old story," said Goethe; "always the old bed of the sea! When one looks down from this height upon Weimar, and upon the numerous villages around, it appears wonderful when one thinks that there was a time when whales sported in the broad valley below. And yet there was such a time — at least it is highly probable. But the mew that flew over the sea which then covered this mountain certainly never thought that we two should drive here to-day. And who knows whether, in some thousands of years, the mew may not again fly over this mountain."

We were now upon the height, and drove quickly along. On our right were oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees: Weimar was behind us, but out of sight. We had reached the western height; — the broad valley of the Unstrut with many villages and small towns, lay before us, in the clearest morning sun.

"This is a good resting place," said Goethe, as he ordered the coachman to stop. "I think we may as well try how a little breakfast would suit us in this good air."

We alighted, and walked up and down for a few minutes upon the dry earth, at the foot of some half-grown oaks, stunted by many storms, while Frederick unpacked the breakfast we had brought with us, and spread it upon a turfy hillock. The view from this spot, in the clear morning light of the autumn sun, was truly magnificent. On the south and southwest we saw the whole range of the Thüringer-wald Mountains; on the west, beyond Erfurt, the towering Castle Gotha and the Inselsberg; farther north the mountains behind Langensalza and Mühlhausen, until the view was bounded on the north by the blue Hartz Mountains. I thought of the verses—

> "Far, high, splendid the view,
> Around into life!
> From mountain to mountain,
> Soars the eternal spirit,
> Presaging endless life."

We seated ourselves with our backs against the oak; so that, during breakfast, we had constantly before us the extensive view over half Thüringia. In the meanwhile we demolished a brace of roast partridges, with new white bread, and drank a flask of very good wine, out of a cup of pure gold which Goethe always carried with him on such excursions in a yellow leather case.

"I have very often been in this spot," said he, "and of late years I have often thought it would be the last time that I should look down hence on the kingdoms of the world, and their glories; but it has happened still once again, and I hope that even this is not the last time that we shall both spend a pleasant day here. We will, for the future, often come hither. One shrinks in the narrow confinement of the house. Here one feels great and free, as the great nature which one has before one's eyes, and as one ought, properly, always to be."

"From this spot," continued Goethe, "I look down upon many points which are bound up with the richest recollections of a long life. What have I not, in my youth, gone through yonder in the mountains of Ilmenau? Then, how many adventures have I had down below there, in dear Erfurt! In early times, too, I often liked to be at

Gotha; but for many years I have scarcely been there at all."

"Since I have been in Weimar," remarked I, "I do not recollect you going there."

"There is a reason for that," returned Goethe, laughing, "I am not in the best favor there. I will tell you the story. When the mother of the present ruler was in the bloom of youth, I was very often there. I was sitting one evening alone with her at the tea table, when the two princes, of ten and twelve years of age, two pretty, fair-haired boys, burst in and came to the table. With great audacity, I put a hand through the hair of each prince, with the words — 'NOW, YOU FLOURY HEADS, WHAT DO YOU WANT?' The boys stared in the greatest astonishment at my boldness, and they have never forgotten the affair! I will not boast of it now; but so it was, and it lay deep in my nature. I never had much respect for mere princely rank as such, when there was not behind it sound human nature, and sound human worth. Nay, I felt so satisfied with myself, that if I had been made a prince I should not have thought the change so very remarkable. When the diploma of nobility was given me, many thought that I should feel elevated by it; but, between ourselves, it was nothing to me — really nothing! We Frankfort patricians always considered ourselves equal to the nobility; and when I held the diploma in my hands I had nothing more, in my own opinion, than I had possessed long ago."

We took another good draught from the golden cup, and then drove round the northern side of the Ettersberg to the Ettersberg hunting lodge. Goethe had all the chambers opened, which were hung with beautiful tapestry and pictures. He told me that Schiller had for some time inhabited the chamber at the western angle of the first story.

"In early times," continued he, "we have here spent many a good day, and wasted many a good day. We were all young and wanton: in the summer we had impromptu comedies, and in the winter many a dance and sledge race by torchlight."

We returned into the open air, and Goethe led me, in a westerly direction, along a footpath into the wood.

"I will show you the beech," said he, "on which we cut our names fifty years ago. But how it has altered, and how everything has grown! That must be the tree; you see that it is still in the fullest vigor. Even our names are still to be traced; but they are so confused and distorted that they are scarcely to be made out. This beech then stood upon a dry open spot. It was quite sunny and pleasant around it, and here, in the beautiful summer evenings, we played our impromptu farces. Now the spot is damp and cheerless. What were then only low bushes have now grown up into shady trees, so that one can scarcely distinguish in the thicket the magnificent beech of one's youth."

We returned to the lodge, and after we had seen the tolerably rich collection of arms, we drove back to Weimar.

Thurs., Sept. 27.— This afternoon spent a short time with Goethe, when I made the acquaintance of Privy-councilor Streckfuss, of Berlin, who had taken a drive with him in the forenoon, and had then stayed to dinner. When Streckfuss went, I accompanied him, and took a walk through the park. On my return across the market-place, I met the Chancellor and Raupach, with whom I went into the "Elephant." In the evening I returned to Goethe, who talked with me about a new number of "*Kunst und Alterthum*" (Art and Antiquity), and also about a dozen pencil-drawings, in which the brothers Riepenhausen endeavored to represent the painting of Polygnotus, in the Lesche at Delphi, according to the description of Pausanias, an attempt which Goethe could not sufficiently praise.

Mon., Oct. 1.— At the theatre, "*Das Bild*" (the picture), by Houwald. I saw two acts, and then went to Goethe, who read to me the second scene of his new "Faust."

"In the emperor," said he, "I have endeavored to represent a prince who has all the necessary qualities for losing his land, and at last succeeds in so doing.

"He does not concern himself about the welfare of his kingdom and his subjects; he only thinks of himself, and how he can amuse himself from day to day with something new. The land is without law and justice; the judge

himself is on the side of the criminals; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay, without discipline, and roams about plundering, in order to provide its own pay, and help itself as it can. The state treasury is without money, and without hope of replenishment. In the emperor's own household, things are no better; there is scarcity both in kitchen and cellar. The marshal, who cannot devise means how to get on from day to day, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything is pawned, so that bread already eaten comes to the emperor's table.

"The councilor of state wishes to remonstrate with his Majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy; but the gracious sovereign is very unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here now is the true element for Mephisto, who quickly supplants the former fool, and is at once at the side of the emperor as new fool and counselor."

Goethe read the scene and the interspersed murmuring of the crowd excellently, and I had a very pleasant evening.

Sun., Oct. 7.— This morning, the weather being very beautiful, I found myself in the chariot with Goethe before eight o'clock, and on the road to Jena, where he intended to stay until the next evening.

Having arrived there early we first called at the botanical garden, where Goethe surveyed all the shrubs and plants, and found them all thriving and in beautiful order. We also looked over the mineralogical cabinets, and some other collections of natural objects, and then drove to Herr von Knebel's, who expected us to dinner.

Knebel, who had attained a great age, almost stumbled toward Goethe at the door, to fold him in his arms. At dinner all were very lively and hearty, although there was no conversation of any importance. The two old friends were quite enough occupied with the pleasure of their friendly meeting. After dinner we took a drive in a southerly direction, up the Saale. I had known this charming region in earlier times, but everything appeared as fresh as if I had never seen it before.

When we returned into the streets of Jena, Goethe gave orders to drive along a brook, and to stop at a house the external appearance of which was not very striking.

"This was the dwelling of Voss," said he, "and I will conduct you on this classic ground." We walked through the house, and entered the garden. There were but few traces of flowers and the finer species of culture; we walked on the turf completely under fruit trees.

"This was something for Ernestine," said Goethe, "who could not even here forget her excellent Eutiner apples, which she praised to me as incomparable. But they were the apples of her childhood, there was the charm! I have spent many pleasant evenings here with Voss and his excellent Ernestine, and I still like to think of the old time. Such a man as Voss will not soon come again. There are few who have had such influence as he upon the higher German culture. With him everything was sound and solid; and on this account he had no artificial, but a purely natural relation to the Greeks, which produced the noblest fruits for us. One who is so penetrated with his worth as I am scarcely knows how to honor his memory sufficiently."

It was by this time about six o'clock, and Goethe considered it time to go to our night quarters, which he had bespoken at the "Bear."

We were accommodated with a roomy chamber, together with an alcove containing two beds. The sun had not long set — the evening light reposed upon our windows, and it was pleasant to sit for some time without a candle.

Goethe brought the conversation back to Voss. "He was very valuable to me," said he, "and I would willingly have retained him for the University and myself; but the advantages offered from Heidelberg were too important for us, with our limited means, to be able to outweigh them. I was obliged, with mournful resignation, to let him go. It was, however, fortunate for me at that time," continued Goethe, "that I had Schiller; for, different as our natures were, our tendencies were still toward one point, which made our connection so intimate that one really could not live without the other."

Goethe related me some anecdotes of his friend, which appeared to me very characteristic.

"Schiller was, as you may imagine from his high character," said he, "a decided enemy to all the hollow reverence, and all the vain idolatry, which people paid him, or wished to pay him. When Kotzebue proposed to get up a public demonstration in his house, it was so distasteful to him that he was almost ill with inward disgust. It was also repulsive to him when a stranger was announced. If he were hindered for a moment from seeing him, and made an appointment for four o'clock in the afternoon, it generally happened that at the appointed hour he was ill from mere apprehension. On these occasions he could now and then be very impatient, and sometimes even rude. I was witness of his impetuous conduct toward a foreign surgeon, who entered unannounced to pay him a visit. The poor man, quite put out of countenance, did not know how he could retreat rapidly enough.

"However, as I have said, and as we all know," continued Goethe, "we were, in spite of the similarity of our tendencies, very different in our natures, and that not merely in mental but also in physical matters. An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison. I called on him one day, and as I did not find him at home, and his wife told me that he would soon return, I seated myself at his worktable to note down various matters. I had not been seated long before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and, to me, unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odor issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I felt myself instantly restored. In the meantime his wife had reentered, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it.

"To-morrow morning," continued Goethe, "I will also show you where Schiller lived in Jena."

In the meantime lights were brought in; we took a little supper, and afterward sat for a little time engaged in various conversations and recollections.

I related to Goethe a wonderful dream of my boyish years, which was literally fulfilled the next morning.

"I had," said I, "brought up three young linnets, to which I devoted my whole heart, and which I loved above all things. They flew freely about my chamber, and came toward me and settled on my hand as soon as I entered at the door. One day at noon, I had the misfortune, that, on my entrance into the chamber, one of the birds flew over me, out of the house — I knew not whither. I sought it the whole afternoon, on all the roofs, and was inconsolable when evening came and I had discovered no traces of it. I went to sleep with sad thoughts in my heart, and toward morning I had the following dream: Methought I roamed about the neighboring houses in search of my lost bird. All at once I heard the sound of its voice, and saw it behind the garden of our cottage, seated upon the roof of a neighbor's house. I called to it, and it approached me, moved its wings toward me as if asking for food, but still it could not venture to fly down to my hand. I ran quickly through our garden into my chamber, and returned with a cup of soaked rape seed! I held the favorite food toward it, and it perched upon my hand, when, full of joy, I carried it back into my chamber to the other two.

"With this dream I awoke; and as it was then broad daylight, I quickly put on my clothes, and with the utmost haste ran down through our little garden to the house where I had seen the bird. But how great was my astonishment when the bird was really there! Everything happened literally as I had seen it in the dream. I called the bird, it approached, but it hesitated to fly to my hand. I ran back and brought the food, when it flew upon my hand, and I took it back to the others."

"This boyish adventure of yours," said Goethe, "is certainly very remarkable. But there are many such things in nature, though we have not the right key to them. We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or

how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain,— that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into the immediate future, is accorded to it."

"I have lately experienced something similar," returned I. "As I was returning from a walk along the Erfurt road, about ten minutes before I reached Weimar, I had the mental impression that a person whom I had not seen, and of whom I had not even thought for a length of time, would meet me at the corner of the theatre. It troubled me to think that this person might meet me, and great was my surprise when, as I was about to turn the corner, this very person actually met me, in the same place which I had seen in my imagination ten minutes before."

"That is also very wonderful, and more than chance," returned Goethe. "As I said, we are all groping among mysteries and wonders. Besides, one soul may have a decided influence upon another, merely by means of its silent presence, of which I could relate many instances. It has often happened to me that, when I have been walking with an acquaintance, and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing. I have also known a man who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation, by the mere power of his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of electrical and magnetic forces within us, and we put forth, like the magnet itself, an attractive or repulsive power, accordingly as we come in contact with something similar or dissimilar. It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come over her, which would drive her from the room to the rest of the household."

"I know a scene in an opera," returned I, "in which two lovers, who had long been separated by a great distance, find themselves together in a dark room without

knowing it; but they do not remain long together before the magnetic power begins to work! one feels the proximity of the other — they are involuntarily attracted toward each other — and it is not long before the young girl is clasped in the arms of the youth."

"With lovers," answered Goethe, "this magnetic power is particularly strong, and acts even at a distance. In my younger days I have experienced cases enough, when, during solitary walks, I have felt a great desire for the company of a beloved girl, and have thought of her till she has really come to meet me. 'I was so restless in my room,' she has said, 'that I could not help coming here.'

"I recollect an instance during the first years of my residence here, where I soon fell in love again. I had taken a long journey, and had returned some days; but, being detained late at night by court affairs, I had not been able to visit my mistress; besides, our mutual affection had already attracted attention, and I was afraid to pay my visits by day, lest I should increase the common talk. On the fourth or fifth evening, however, I could resist no longer, and I was on the road to her, and stood before her house, before I had thought of it. I went softly upstairs, and was upon the point of entering her room, when I heard, by the different voices, that she was not alone. I went down again unnoticed, and was quickly in the dark streets, which at that time were not lighted. In an impassioned and angry mood I roamed about the town in all directions, for about an hour, and passed the house once more, full of passionate thoughts of my beloved. At last I was on the point of returning to my solitary room, when I once more went past her house, and remarked that she had no light. 'She must have gone out,' said I to myself, 'but whither, in this dark night? and where shall I meet her?' I afterward went through many streets — I met many people, and was often deceived, inasmuch as I often fancied I saw her form and size; but, on nearer approach, invariably found that it was not she. I then firmly believed in a strong mutual influence, and that I could attract her to me by a strong desire. I also believed myself surrounded by invisible beings of a higher order,

whom I entreated to direct her steps to me, or mine to her. 'But what a fool thou art!' I then said to myself; 'thou wilt not seek her and go to her again, and yet thou desirest signs and wonders!'

"In the meantime I had gone down the esplanade, and had reached the small house in which Schiller afterward lived, when it occurred to me to turn back toward the palace, and then go down a little street to the right. I had scarcely taken a hundred steps in this direction, when I saw a female form coming toward me which perfectly resembled her I expected. The street was faintly lighted by the weak rays which now and then shone from a window, and since I had been already often deceived in the course of the evening with an apparent resemblance, I did not feel courage to speak to her in doubt. We passed quite close to each other, so that our arms touched. I stood still and looked about me; she did the same. 'Is it you?' said she, and I recognized her beloved voice. 'At last!' said I, and was enraptured even to tears. Our hands clasped each other. 'Now,' said I, 'my hopes have not deceived me; I have sought you with the greatest eagerness; my feelings told me that I should certainly find you; now I am happy, and I thank God that my forebodings have proved true.' 'But, you wicked one!' said she, 'why did you not come? I heard to-day, by chance, that you had been back three days, and I have wept the whole afternoon, because I thought you had forgotten me. Then, an hour ago, I was seized with a longing and uneasiness on your account, such as I cannot describe. There were two female friends with me, whose visit appeared interminable. At last, when they were gone, I involuntarily seized my hat and cloak, and was impelled to go out into the air and darkness, I knew not whither; you were constantly in my mind, and I could not help thinking that I should meet you.' While she thus spoke truly from her heart, we still held each other's hands, and pressed them, and gave each other to understand that absence had not cooled our love. I accompanied her to her door, and into the house. She went up the dark stairs before me, holding my hand and drawing me after her. My happiness was indescribable; both because I

at last saw her again, and also because my belief had not deceived me, and I had not been deluded in my sense of an invisible influence."

Goethe was in a most amiable mood; I could have listened to him for hours; but he seemed to be gradually growing tired, and so we very soon went to bed in our alcove.

Jena, Mon., Oct. 8. — We arose early. While we were dressing, Goethe related to me a dream of the previous night, in which he imagined himself at Göttingen, where he had various pleasant conversations with the professors of his acquaintance.

We drank a few cups of coffee, and then drove to the building which contains a collection of natural objects. We saw the anatomical cabinet, various skeletons of animals, modern and primeval, as well as skeletons of men of former ages, on which Goethe remarked that their teeth showed them to have been a very moral race. We then drove to the observatory, where Dr. Schrön showed and explained to us the most important instruments. We also examined the adjacent meteorological cabinet with great interest, and Goethe praised Dr. Schrön, on account of the great order which prevailed in all these things.

We then went down into the garden, where Goethe had caused a little breakfast to be laid out upon a stone table in an arbor. "You scarcely know," said Goethe, "in what a remarkable place we are now seated. Here it was that Schiller dwelt. In this arbor, upon these benches, which are now almost broken, we have often sat at this old stone table, and have exchanged many good and great words. He was then in the thirties, I in the forties; both were full of aspirations, and indeed it was something. Everything passes away; I am no more what I was; but the old earth still remains, and air, water, and land are still the same.

"Afterward you shall go upstairs with Schrön, who will show you the room in the *mansarde*, which Schiller occupied."

In the meantime we relished our breakfast very much in this pleasant air, and on this delightful spot. Schiller was

present, at least in our minds; and Goethe devoted to him many kind words of affectionate remembrance.

I then went with Schrön to the *mansarde*, and enjoyed the magnificent prospect from Schiller's windows. The direction was due south, so that one might see the beautiful stream, interrupted by thickets and windings, flowing along for miles. There was also a wide expanse of sky. One could admirably observe the rising and setting of the planets; and it could not be denied that this locality was very favorable for the conception of the astronomical and astrological part of Wallenstein.

I returned to Goethe, who drove to Hofrath Döbereiner, whom he highly esteems, and who showed him some new chemical experiments.

It was by this time noon. We were again seated in the carriage.

"I think," said Goethe, "we will not return to 'The Bear,' to dinner, but will enjoy the splendid day in the open air. I think we will go to Burgau. We have wine with us, and, in any case, we shall find there some good fish, which can be either boiled or broiled."

We did so, and the plan proved splendid. We drove along the bank of the Saale, by the thickets and the windings, the pleasantest way, as I had already seen from Schiller's *mansarde*. We were soon in Burgau. We alighted at the little inn near the river, and the bridge, where there is a crossing to Lobeda, a little town which was close before our eyes across the meadows.

At the little inn we found all as Goethe had said. The hostess apologized for having nothing prepared; but said we should have some soup and some good fish.

In the meantime we walked in the sunshine, up and down the bridge, amusing ourselves by looking at the river, which was animated by raftsmen, who, upon planks of pine wood bound together, glided under the bridge from time to time, and were very noisy and merry over their troublesome, wet occupation.

1828

Tues., March 11.

For several weeks I have not been quite well. I sleep badly, and have the most harassing dreams from night to morning, in which I see myself in the most various states, carry on all sorts of conversation with known and unknown persons, get into disputes and quarrels, and all this in such a vivid manner, that I am perfectly conscious of every particular next morning. But this dreamy life consumes the powers of my brain, so that I feel weak and unnerved in the daytime, and without thought or pleasure for any intellectual activity.

I had frequently complained of my condition to Goethe, and he had repeatedly urged me to consult my physician. "Your malady," said he, is certainly not very serious; it is probably nothing but a little stagnation, which a glass or two of mineral water or a little salts would remove. But do not let it linger any longer; attack it at once."

Goethe may have been right, and I said to myself that he was right; but my indecision and disinclination operated in this case, so that I again allowed many restless nights and wretched days to pass, without making the least effort to remove the indisposition.

As I did not appear to Goethe very gay and cheerful today after dinner, he lost his patience, and could not refrain from smiling at me ironically, and bantering me a little.

"You are a second Shandy," said he, "the father of that renowned Tristram, who was annoyed half his life by a creaking door, and who could not come to the resolution of removing the daily annoyance with a few drops of oil.

"But so it is with us all! The darkness and enlightenment of man make his destiny. The demon ought to lead us every day in leading strings, and tell us and direct us what we ought to do on every occasion. But the good spirit leaves us in the lurch, and we grope about in the dark.

"Napoleon was the man! Always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed at every hour with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantageous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god, from battle to battle, and from victory to victory. It might well be said of him, that he was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account, his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had ever seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him.

"Yes, yes, my good friend, that was a fellow whom we cannot imitate."

Goethe paced up and down the room. I had placed myself at the table, which had been already cleared, but upon which there was left some wine with some biscuits and fruit. Goethe filled for me, and compelled me to partake of both. "You have, indeed," said he, "not condescended to be our guest at dinner to-day, but still a glass of this present from good friends ought to do you good."

I did not refuse these good things, and Goethe continued to walk up and down the room, murmuring to himself in an excited state of mind, and from time to time uttering unintelligible words.

What he had just said about Napoleon was in my mind, and I endeavored to lead the conversation back to that subject. "Still it appears to me," I began, "that Napoleon was especially in that state of continued enlightenment when he was young, and his powers were yet on the increase,— when, indeed, we see at his side divine protection and a constant fortune. In later years, on the contrary, this enlightenment appears to have forsaken him, as well as his fortune and his good star."

"What would you have?" returned Goethe. "I did not write my 'love songs,' or my 'Werther,' a second time. That divine enlightenment, whence everything proceeds, we shall always find in connection with youth and productiveness, as in the case of Napoleon, who was one of the most productive men that ever lived.

"Yes, yes, my good friend, one need not write poems and plays to be productive; there is also a productiveness of deeds which in many cases stands an important degree higher. The

physician himself must be productive, if he really intends to heal; if he is not so, he will only succeed now and then, as if by chance; but, on the whole, he will be only a bungler."

"You appear," added I, "in this case, to call productiveness that which is usually called genius."

"One lies very near the other," returned Goethe. "For what is genius but that productive power by which deeds arise that can display themselves before God and nature, and are therefore permanent, and produce results. All Mozart's works are of this kind; there lies in them a productive power which operates upon generation after generation, and still is not wasted or consumed.

"It is the same with other great composers and artists. What an influence have Phidias and Raphael had upon succeeding centuries, and Dürer and Holbein also. He who first invented the forms and proportions of the old German architecture, so that in the course of time a Strasburg minster and a cathedral of Cologne were possible, was also a genius; for his thoughts have a power continually productive, and operate even to the present hour. Luther was a genius of a very important kind; he has already gone on with influence for many a long day, and we cannot count the days when he will cease to be productive in future ages. Lessing would not allow himself the lofty title of a genius; but his permanent influence bears witness against him. On the other hand, we have, in literature, other names, and those of importance, the possessors of which, while they lived, were deemed great geniuses, but whose influence ended with their life, and who were therefore less than they and others thought. For, as I said before, there is no genius without a productive power of permanent influence; and furthermore, genius does not depend upon the business, the art, or the trade which one follows, but may be alike in all. Whether one shows oneself a man of genius in science, like Oken and Humboldt, or in war and statesmanship, like Frederick, Peter the Great, and Napoleon, or whether one composes a song like Béranger, it all comes to the same thing; the only point is, whether the thought, the discovery, the deed, is living, and can live on.

"Then I must add, it is not the mass of creations and deeds which proceed from a person, that indicates the productive man. We have, in literature, poets who are considered very productive, because volume after volume of their poems has appeared. But, in my opinion, these people ought to be called thoroughly unproductive; for what they have written is without life and durability. Goldsmith, on the contrary, has written so few poems that their number is not worth mentioning; but, nevertheless, I must pronounce him to be a thoroughly productive poet, and, indeed, even on that account, because the little that he has written has an inherent life which can sustain itself."

A pause ensued, during which Goethe continued to pace up and down the room. In the meantime, I was desirous of hearing something more on this weighty point, and therefore endeavored to arouse Goethe once more.

"Does this productiveness of genius," said I, "lie merely in the mind of an important man, or does it also lie in the body?"

"The body has, at least," said Goethe, "the greatest influence upon it. There was indeed a time when, in Germany, a genius was always thought of as short, weak, or hunchbacked; but commend me to a genius who has a well-proportioned body.

"When it was said of Napoleon that he was a man of granite, this applied particularly to his body. What was it, then, which he could not and did not venture? From the burning sands of the Syrian deserts, to the snowy plains of Moscow, what an incalculable amount of marches, battles, and nightly bivouacs did he go through? And what fatigues and bodily privations was he forced to endure? Little sleep, little nourishment, and yet always in the highest mental activity. After the awful exertion and excitement of the eighteenth Brumaire, it was midnight, and he had not tasted anything during the whole day, and yet, without thinking of strengthening his body, he felt power enough in the depth of the night to draw up the well-known proclamation to the French people. When one considers what he accomplished and endured, one might imagine that when he was in his fortieth year not a sound particle was

left in him; but even at that age he still occupied the position of a perfect hero.

"But you are not quite right: the real focus of his lustre belongs to his youth. And it is something to say that one of obscure origin, and at a time which set all capacities in motion, so distinguished himself as to become, in his seven-and-twentieth year, the idol of a nation of thirty millions! Yes, yes, my good friend, one must be young to do great things! And Napoleon is not the only one!"

"His brother Lucien," remarked I, "also did a great deal at an early age. We see him as president of the five hundred, and afterward as minister of the interior, when he had scarcely completed his five-and-twentieth year."

"Why name Lucien?" interposed Goethe. "History presents to us hundreds of clever people, who, while still young, have, both in the cabinet and in the field, superintended the most important matters with great renown.

"If I were a prince," continued he, with animation, "I would never place in the highest offices people who have gradually risen by mere birth and seniority, and who in their old age move on leisurely in their accustomed track, for in this way but little talent is brought to light. I would have young men; but they must have capacities, and be endowed with clearness and energy, and also with the best will and the noblest character. Then there would be pleasure in governing and improving one's people. But where is there a prince who would like this, and who would be so well served?

"I have great hopes of the present Crown Prince of Prussia. From all that I hear and know of him, he is a very distinguished man; and this is essential to recognize and choose qualified and clever people. For, say what we will, like can only be recognized by like; and only a prince who himself possesses great abilities can properly acknowledge and value great abilities in his subjects and servants. 'Let the path be open to talent' was the well-known maxim of Napoleon, who really had a particular tact in the choice of his people, who knew how to place every important power where it appeared in its proper sphere, and who,

therefore, during his lifetime, was served in all his great undertakings as scarcely any one was served before him."

Goethe delighted me particularly this evening. The noblest part of his nature appeared alive in him, while the sound of his voice and the fire of his eyes were of such power, as if he were inspired by a fresh gleam of the best days of youth.

It was remarkable to me that he, who at so great an age himself superintended an important post, should speak so decidedly in favor of youth, and should desire the first offices in the state to be filled, if not by youths, at least by men still young. I could not forbear mentioning some Germans of high standing, who at an advanced age did not appear to want the necessary energy and youthful activity for the direction of the most important and most various affairs.

"Such men are natural geniuses," returned Goethe, "whose case is peculiar; they experience a renewed puberty, while other people are young but once.

"Every *Entelechia** is a piece of eternity, and the few years during which it is bound to the earthly body does not make it old. If this *Entelechia* is of a trivial kind, it will exercise but little sway during its bodily confinement; on the contrary, the body will predominate, and when this grows old the *Entelechia* will not hold and restrain it. But if the *Entelechia* is of a powerful kind, as is the case with all men of natural genius, then with its animating penetration of the body it will not only act with strengthening and ennobling power upon the organization, but it will also endeavor with its spiritual superiority to confer the privilege of perpetual youth. Thence it comes that in men of superior endowments, even during their old age, we constantly perceive fresh epochs of singular productiveness; they seem constantly to grow young again for a time, and that is what I call a repeated puberty. Still youth is youth, and however powerful an *Entelechia* may prove, it will never become quite master of the corporeal, and it

*If for this Aristotelian word the reader substitutes the popular expression "soul," he will not go far wrong as far as this passage is concerned.— TRANS.

makes a wonderful difference whether it finds in the body an ally or an adversary.

"There was a time in my life when I had to furnish a printed sheet every day, and I accomplished it with facility. I wrote my '*Geschwister*' (Brother and Sister) in three days; my 'Clavigo,' as you know, in a week. Now it seems I can do nothing of the kind, and still I can by no means complain of want of productiveness even at my advanced age. But whereas in my youth I succeeded daily and under all circumstances, I now succeed only periodically and under certain favorable conditions. When ten or twelve years ago, in the happy time after the war of independence, the poems of the 'Divan' had me in their power, I was often productive enough to compose two or three in a day, and it was all the same to me whether I was in the open air, in the chariot, or in an inn. Now, I can only work at the second part of my 'Faust' during the early part of the day, when I feel refreshed and revived by sleep, and have not been perplexed by the trifles of daily life. And, after all, what is it I achieve? Under the most favorable circumstances, a page of writing, but generally only so much as one could write in the space of a handbreadth, and often, when in an unproductive humor, still less."

"Are there, then, no means," said I, "to call forth a productive mood, or, if it is not powerful enough, of increasing it?"

"That is a curious point," said Goethe, "and a great deal might be thought and talked about it.

"No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the demon, which does with him what it pleases, and to which he unconsciously resigns himself, while he believes he is acting from his own impulse. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world,—as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence.

I say this, while I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon their age, which has remained uneffaced, and has operated beneficially upon succeeding generations.

"There is, however, a productiveness of another kind subjected to earthly influences, and which man has more in his power, although he here also finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art.

"Thus, Shakespeare was inspired with the first thought of his "Hamlet," when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters, and conclusion, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, although the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly presupposed a mind such as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked. And, indeed, we see in all that he has achieved, constantly the same power of production; and in all his plays we never come to a passage of which it could be said 'this was not written in the proper humor, or with the most perfect faculty.' While we read him, we receive the impression of a man thoroughly strong and healthy, both in mind and body.

"Supposing, however, that the bodily constitution of a dramatic poet were not so strong and excellent, and that he were, on the contrary, subject to frequent illness and weakness, the productiveness necessary for the daily construction of his scenes would very frequently cease, and would often fail him for whole days. If now, by some spirituous drink, he tried to force his failing productiveness, and supply its deficiencies, the method would certainly answer, but it would be discoverable in all the scenes which he had written under such an influence, to their

great disadvantage. My counsel is, therefore, to force nothing, and rather to trifle and sleep away all unproductive days and hours, than on such days to compose something which will afterward give one no pleasure."

"You express," returned I, "what I myself have very often experienced and felt, and what one must respect as thoroughly true and just. But still it appears to me that a person might, by natural means, heighten his productive mood, without exactly forcing it. It has often been the case in my life to be unable to arrive at any right conclusion in certain complicated circumstances. But if, in such a case, I have drunk a few glasses of wine, I have at once seen clearly what was to be done, and have come to a resolution on the spot. The adoption of a resolution is, after all, a species of productiveness, and if a glass or two of wine will bring about this good effect, such means are surely not to be rejected altogether."

"I will not contradict your remark," returned Goethe; "but what I said before is also correct, by which you see that truth may be compared to a diamond, the rays of which dart not to one side, but to many. Since you know my 'Divan' so well, you know also that I myself have said —

'When we have drunk
We know what's right;'

and therefore that I perfectly agree with you. Productive-making powers of a very important kind certainly are contained in wine; but still, all depends upon time and circumstances, and what is useful to one is prejudicial to another. Productive-making powers are also contained in sleep and repose; but they are also contained in movement. Such powers lie in the water, and particularly in the atmosphere. The fresh air of the open country is the proper place to which we belong; it is as if the breath of God were there wafted immediately to men, and a divine power exerted its influence. Lord Byron, who daily passed several hours in the open air, now riding on horseback along the seashore, now sailing or rowing in a boat, now bathing in the sea, and exercising his physical powers in swimming, was one of the most productive men who ever lived."

Goethe had seated himself opposite to me, and we spoke about all sorts of subjects. Then we again dwelt upon Lord Byron, and touched upon the many misfortunes which had imbittered his later life, until at last a noble will, but an unhappy destiny, drove him into Greece, and entirely destroyed him.

"You will generally find," continued Goethe, "that in his middle age a man frequently experiences a change; and that, while in his youth everything has favored him, and has prospered with him, all is now completely reversed, and misfortunes and disasters are heaped one upon another.

"But do you know my opinion on this matter? Man must be ruined again! Every extraordinary man has a certain mission which he is called upon to accomplish. If he has fulfilled it, he is no longer needed upon earth in the same form, and Providence uses him for something else. But as everything here below happens in a natural way, the demons keep tripping him up till he falls at last. Thus it was with Napoleon and many others. Mozart died in his six-and-thirtieth year. Raphael at the same age. Byron only a little older. But all these had perfectly fulfilled their missions, and it was time for them to depart, that other people might still have something to do in a world made to last a long while."

It was now late; Goethe gave me his dear hand, and I departed.

Wed., March 12. — After I had quitted Goethe yesterday evening, the important conversation I had carried on with him remained constantly in my mind. The discourse had also been upon the sea and sea air; and Goethe had expressed the opinion, that he considered all islanders and inhabitants of the seashore in temperate climates far more productive, and possessed of more active force, than the people in the interior of large continents.

"There is something more or less wrong among us old Europeans; our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Every one is polished and courteous;

but no one has the courage to be hearty and true, so that an honest man, with natural views and feelings, stands in a very bad position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South Sea Islands, a so-called savage, so as to have thoroughly enjoyed human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration.

"If in a depressed mood one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For it is not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices increased by our own."

"Similar thoughts often occur to me," answered I; "but if, at such a time, I see a regiment of German dragoons ride by me, and observe the beauty and power of these young people, I again derive some consolation, and say to myself, that the durability of mankind is after all not in such a desperate plight."

"Our country people," returned Goethe, "have certainly kept up their strength, and will, I hope, long be able not only to furnish us with good horsemen, but also to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population may be regarded as a magazine, from which the forces of declining mankind are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn by the side of a second *diable boiteux*, or a physician with a large practice, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice with which human nature is visited, and from which society suffers.

"But let us banish these hypochondriacal thoughts. How are you going on? What are you doing? What else have you seen to-day? Tell me, and inspire me with good thoughts."

"I have been reading Sterne," returned I, "where Yorick is sauntering about the streets of Paris, and makes the remark that every tenth man is a dwarf. I thought of that when you mentioned the vices of great towns. I also remember to have seen, in Napoleon's time, among the French

infantry, one battalion which consisted entirely of Parisians, who were all such puny, diminutive people, that one could not comprehend what could be done with them in battle."

"The Scotch Highlanders under the Duke of Wellington," rejoined Goethe, "were doubtless heroes of another description."

"I saw them in Brussels a year before the battle of Waterloo," returned I. "They were, indeed, fine men; all strong, fresh, and active, as if just from the hand of their Maker. They all carried their heads so freely and gallantly, and stepped so lightly along with their strong bare legs, that it seemed as if there were no original sin, and no ancestral failing, as far as they were concerned."

"There is something peculiar in this," said Goethe. "Whether it lies in the race, in the soil, in the free political constitution, or in the healthy tone of education,— certainly the English in general appear to have certain advantages over many others. Here in Weimar, we see only a few of them, and, probably, by no means the best; but what fine, handsome people they are. And however young they come here, they feel themselves by no means strange or embarrassed in this foreign atmosphere; on the contrary, their deportment in society is as full of confidence, and as easy as if they were lords everywhere, and the whole world belonged to them. This it is which pleases our women, and by which they make such havoc in the hearts of our young ladies. As a German father of a family, who is concerned for the tranquillity of his household, I often feel a slight shudder, when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of some fresh, young islander. I already see in my mind's eye, the tears which will one day flow when he takes his departure. They are dangerous young people; but this very quality of being dangerous is their virtue."

"Still, I would not assert," answered I, "that the young Englishmen in Weimar are more clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than other people."

"The secret does not lie in these things, my good friend," returned Goethe. "Neither does it lie in birth

and riches; it lies in the courage which they have to be that for which nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoilt about them, there is nothing halfway or crooked; but such as they are, they are thoroughly complete men. That they are also sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart; but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of nature.

"The happiness of personal freedom, the consciousness of an English name, and of the importance attached to it by other nations, is an advantage even to the children; for in their own family, as well as in scholastic establishments, they are treated with far more respect, and enjoy a far freer development, than is the case with us Germans.

"In our own dear Weimar, I need only look out of the window to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the snow was lying upon the ground, and my neighbor's children were trying their little sledges in the street, the police was immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now, when the spring sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe, and feared the approach of some despot of the police. Not a boy may crack a whip, or sing or shout; the police is immediately at hand to forbid it. This has the effect with us all of taming youth prematurely, and of driving out all originality and all wildness, so that in the end nothing remains but the Philistine.

"You know that scarcely a day passes in which I am not visited by some traveling foreigner. But if I were to say that I took great pleasure, in the personal appearance, especially of young, learned Germans from a certain north-eastern quarter, I should tell a falsehood.

"Shortsighted, pale, narrow-chested, young without youth; that is a picture of most of them as they appear to me. And if I enter into a conversation with any of them, I immediately observe that the things in which one of us takes pleasure seem to them vain and trivial, that they are entirely absorbed in the Idea, and that only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of sound

senses or delight in the sensual, there is no trace; all youthful feeling and all youthful pleasure are driven out of them, and that irrecoverably; for if a man is not young in his twentieth year, how can he be so in his fortieth?"

Goethe sighed and was silent.

I thought of the happy time in the last century, in which Goethe's youth fell; the summer air of Sesenheim passed before my soul, and I reminded him of the verses—

> "In the afternoon we sat,
> Young people, in the cool."

"Ah," sighed Goethe, "those were, indeed, happy times. But we will drive them from our minds, that the dark foggy days of the present may not become quite insupportable."

"A second Redeemer," said I, "would be required to remove from us the seriousness, the discomfort, and the monstrous oppressiveness of the present state of things."

"If he came," answered Goethe, "he would be crucified a second time. Still, we by no means need anything so great. If we could only alter the Germans after the model of the English, if we could only have less philosophy and more power of action, less theory and more practice, we might obtain a good share of redemption, without waiting for the personal majesty of a second Christ. Much may be done from below by the people by means of schools and domestic education; much from above by the rulers and those in immediate connection with them.

"Thus, for instance, I cannot approve the requisition, in the studies of future statesmen, of so much theoretically-learned knowledge, by which young people are ruined before their time, both in mind and body. When they enter into practical service, they possess, indeed, an immense stock of philosophical and learned matters; but in the narrow circle of their calling, this cannot be practically applied, and must therefore be forgotten as useless. On the other hand, what they most needed they have lost; they are deficient in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life.

"And then, are not love and benevolence also needed in the life of a statesman,—in the management of men? And how can any one feel and exercise benevolence toward another, when he is ill at ease with himself?

"But all these people are in a dreadfully bad case. The third part of the learned men and statesmen, shackled to the desk are ruined in body, and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Here there should be action from above, that future generations may at least be preserved from a like destruction.

"In the meantime," continued Goethe, smiling, "let us remain in a state of hopeful expectation as to the condition of us Germans a century hence, and whether we shall then have advanced so far as to be no longer *savants* and philosophers, but men."

Sun., June 15.—We had not been long at table before Herr Seidel was announced, accompanied by the Tyrolese. The singers remained in the garden room, so that we could see them perfectly through the open doors, and their song was heard to advantage from that distance. Herr Seidel sat down with us. These songs and the Gejodel of the cheerful Tyrolese, with their peculiar burden, delighted us young people. Fräulein Ulrica and I were particularly pleased with the "Strauss," and "*Du, du liegst mir im Herzen*," and asked for a copy of them. Goethe seemed by no means so much delighted as we.

"One must ask children and birds," said he, "how cherries and strawberries taste."

Between the songs the Tyrolese played various national dances, on a sort of horizontal guitar, accompanied by a clear-toned German flute.

Young Goethe was called out, but soon returned and dismissed the Tyrolese. He sat down with us again. We talked of "Oberon," and the great concourse of people who had come together from all quarters to see that opera; so that even at noon there were no more tickets to be got. Young Goethe proposed that we should leave the table.

"Dear father," said he, "our friends will wish to go somewhat earlier to the theatre this evening."

Goethe thought such haste very odd, as it was scarcely four o'clock; however, he made no opposition, and we dispersed through the apartments. Seidel came to me and some others, and said softly, and with a troubled brow:—

"You need anticipate no pleasure at the theatre; there will be no performance; the Grand Duke is dead; he died on his journey hither from Berlin."

A general shock went through the company. Goethe came in; we went on as if nothing had happened, and talked of different things. Goethe called me to the window, and talked about the Tyrolese and the theatre.

"You have my box to-day," said he, "and need not go till six; stay after the others, that we may have a little chat."

Young Goethe was trying to send the guests away, that he might break the news to his father before the return of the Chancellor, who had brought it to him. Goethe could not understand his son's strange conduct, and seemed annoyed.

"Will you not stay for coffee?" said he; "it is scarcely four o'clock."

The others all departed; and I, too, took my hat.

"What! are you going too?" said he, astonished.

"Yes," said young Goethe; "Eckermann has something to do before going to the theatre." "Yes," said I, "I have something to do." "Go along, then," said Goethe, shaking his head with a suspicious air; "still, I do not understand you."

We went with Fräulein Ulrica into the upper rooms, while young Goethe remained below, and communicated the sad tidings to his father.

I saw Goethe late in the evening. Before I entered his chamber, I heard him sighing and talking aloud to himself: he seemed to feel that an irreparable rent had been torn in his existence. All consolation he refused, and would hear nothing of the sort.

"I thought," said he, "that I should depart before him; but God disposes as he thinks best; and all that we poor mortals have to do, is to endure and keep ourselves upright as well and as long as we can."

The Dowager Grand Duchess received the melancholy news at her summer residence of Wilhelmsthal, the younger members of the family received it in Russia. Goethe went soon to Dornburg, to withdraw himself from daily saddening impressions, and to restore himself by fresh activity in a new scene.

By important literary incitements on the part of the French, he had been once more impelled to his theory of plants; and this rural abode, where, at every step into the pure air, he was surrounded by the most luxurious vegetation, in the shape of twining vines and sprouting flowers, was very favorable to such studies.

I sometimes visited him there, in company with his daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He seemed very happy, and could not refrain from repeatedly expressing his delight at the beautiful situation of the castle and gardens.

And, indeed, there was, from windows at such a height, an enchanting prospect. Beneath was the variegated valley, with the Saale meandering through the meadows. On the opposite side, toward the east, were woody hills, over which the eye could wander afar, so that one felt that this situation was, in the daytime, favorable to the observation of passing showers losing themselves in the distance, and at night to the contemplation of the eastern stars and the rising sun.

"I enjoy here," said Goethe, "both good days and good nights. Often before dawn I am already awake, and lie down by the open window, to enjoy the splendor of the three planets, which are at present to be seen together, and to refresh myself with the increasing brilliancy of the morning-red. I then pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, and of which I could tell you wonders. I also write poems again, which are not bad, and, if it were permitted me, I should like always to remain in this situation."

Thurs., Sept. 11.— At two o'clock to-day, in the very finest weather, Goethe returned from Dornburg. He looked very well, and was quite browned by the sun. We soon sat down to dinner, in the chamber next the garden, the doors

of which stood open. He told us of many visits and presents which he had received; and seemed to take pleasure in interspersing his conversation with light jests. If, however, one looked deeper, one could not but perceive a certain embarrassment, such as a person feels who returns to a former situation, conditioned by manifold relations, views, and requisitions.

During the first course, a message came from the Dowager Grand Duchess, expressing her pleasure at Goethe's return, and announcing that she would have the pleasure of visiting him on the following Tuesday.

Since the death of the Grand Duke, Goethe had seen no member of the reigning family. He had, indeed, corresponded constantly with the Dowager Grand Duchess, so that they had sufficiently expressed their feelings upon their common loss. Still, the personal interview could not but awake painful emotions, and could not be anticipated without some apprehension. Neither had Goethe yet seen the young Duke and Duchess, nor paid his homage to them as new rulers of the land. All this he had now to undergo, and even, though it could not disturb him as an accomplished man of the world, it was an impediment to his talent, which always loved to move in its innate directions, and in its own activity. Visits, too, threatened him from all parts. The meeting at Berlin, of celebrated natural philosophers, had set in motion many important personages, who, passing through Weimar on their way, had, some of them, announced themselves, and were soon expected. Whole weeks of disturbance, which would take the inner sense out of its usual track, and other annoyances connected with visits otherwise so valuable; — all this was foreseen like a coming spectre by Goethe, when he again set his foot on the threshold, and paced his rooms. What made all these coming evils still worse, was a circumstance which I cannot pass over. The fifth section of his works, which was to contain the "*Wanderjahre*," had been promised for the press at Christmas. Goethe had begun entirely to remodel this novel, which originally appeared in one volume, combining so much new matter with the old, that in the new edition it would occupy three volumes.

Much is done, but there is also much to do. The manuscript has everywhere gaps of white paper, which are yet to be filled up. Here something is wanting to the introduction; here is to be found a suitable link to render the reader less sensible that this is a collective work; here are fragments of great interest, some of which want a beginning, others an end; so that altogether there is much to do to all the three volumes, to make the important work at once attractive and graceful.

Last spring Goethe gave me this manuscript to look over. We then both in words and writing discussed the subject at great length. I advised him to devote the whole summer to the completion of this work, and to lay aside all others for the time. He was likewise convinced of the necessity of the case, and had resolved to do so; but the death of the Grand Duke had caused a gap in his existence; the tranquillity and cheerfulness necessary to such a composition were not now to be thought of, and he needed all his strength merely to sustain the blow and revive from it. Now, when with the commencement of autumn, returning from Dornburg, he again paced the rooms of his Weimar residence, the thought of completing his "*Wanderjahre*," for which he had now only the space of a few months, came vividly before his mind, in conflict with the various interruptions which awaited him, and impeded the free action of his talent. When all these matters are taken into consideration, I shall be understood when I say that Goethe was ill at ease within himself, although he jested lightly at dinner. I have another reason for mentioning these circumstances, they are connected with an observation of Goethe's, which appeared to me very remarkable, which expressed his situation and peculiar character, and of which I will now speak.

Professor Abeken of Osnaburg had sent me, shortly before the 28th of August, an inclosure, requesting me to give it to Goethe on his birthday, and saying it was a memorial relating to Schiller, which would certainly give him pleasure. When Goethe was speaking to-day at dinner, of the various presents which had been sent to him at Dornburg in honor of his birthday, I asked him what Abeken's packet contained.

"It was a remarkable present," said Goethe, "which really gave me great pleasure. An amiable lady, with whom Schiller took tea, conceived the happy idea of writing down all he said. She comprehended it well, and related it with accuracy, and after so long a time, it still reads well, inasmuch as one is transplanted immediately into a situation which is now passed by with a thousand others as interesting, while the living spirit of this one only has been felicitously caught and fixed upon paper.

"Schiller appears here, as always, in perfect possession of his sublime nature. He is as great at the tea table as he would have been in a council of state. Nothing constrains him, nothing narrows him, nothing draws downward the flight of his thoughts; the great views which lie within him are ever expressed freely and fearlessly. He was a true man, such as one ought to be. We others always feel ourselves subject to conditions. The persons, the objects that surround us have their influence upon us. The teaspoon constrains us, if it is of gold, when it should be of silver, and so, paralyzed by a thousand considerations, we do not succeed in expressing freely whatever may be great in our nature. We are the slaves of objects round us, and appear little or important according as these contract or give us room to expand."

Goethe was silent. The conversation turned on other subjects; but I continued to meditate on these important words, which had touched and expressed my own inmost soul.

Fri., Sept. 26. — Goethe showed me to-day his rich collection of fossils, which he keeps in the detached pavilion in his garden. The collection was begun by himself; but his son has greatly increased it; and it is particularly remarkable for a long series of petrified bones, all of which were found in the neighborhood of Weimar.

Wed., Oct. 1. — Herr Hönninghausen of Crefeld, head of a great mercantile house, and also an amateur of natural science, especially mineralogy, — a man possessed of varied information, through extensive travels and studies, — dined with Goethe to-day. He had returned from the meeting of natural philosophers at Berlin, and a great deal was said

about things connected with the subject, especially mineralogical matters.

There was also some talk about the Vulcanists, and the way in which men arrive at views and hypotheses about nature. On this occasion, several great natural philosophers were mentioned, including Aristotle, concerning whom Goethe spoke thus: —

"Aristotle observed nature better than any modern, but he was too hasty in his opinions. We must go slowly and gently to work with nature, if we would get anything out of her.

"If, on investigating natural objects, I formed an opinion I did not expect nature to concede the point at once, but I pursued her with observations and experiments, and was satisfied if she were kind enough to confirm my opinion when occasion offered. If she did not do this, she at any rate brought me to some other view, which I followed out, and which I perhaps found her more willing to confirm."

Fri., Oct. 3. — To-day, at dinner, I talked with Goethe about Fouqué's "*Sängerkrieg auf der Wartburg*," * which I had read, in compliance with his wish. We agreed that this poet had spent his life in old-German studies, without drawing from them any real culture in the end.

"From these old-German gloomy times," said Goethe, "we can obtain as little as from the Servian songs, and similar barbaric popular poetry. We can read it and be interested about it for a while, but merely to cast it aside, and let it lie behind us. Generally speaking, a man is quite sufficiently saddened by his own passions and destiny, and need not make himself more so by the darkness of a barbaric past. He needs enlightening and cheering influences, and should therefore turn to those eras in art and literature, during which remarkable men obtained perfect culture, so that they were satisfied with themselves, and able to impart to others the blessings of their culture.

"But if you would have a good opinion of Fouqué, read his 'Undine,' which is really charming. The subject is,

* The "War of the Singers of the Wartburg" was a famous poetical contest in the days of the old Minnesängers. — TRANS.

indeed, very good, and one cannot even say that the writer has done with it all that was possible; however, 'Undine' is good, and will give you pleasure."

"I have been unfortunate in my acqaintance with the most modern German literature," said I. "I came to the poems of Egon Ebert from Voltaire, whose acquaintance I had just made by those little poems which are addressed to individuals, and which certainly belong to the best he ever wrote. And now, I have fared no better with Fouqué. While deeply engaged in Walter Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth,' the first work of this great writer which I had ever read, I am induced to put it aside, and give myself up to the '*Sängerkrieg auf der Wartburg.*'"

"Against these great foreigners," said Goethe, "the modern Germans certainly cannot keep their ground; but it is desirable that you should, by degrees, make yourself acquainted with all writers, foreign and domestic, that you may see how that higher world-culture, which the poet needs, is really to be obtained."

Frau von Goethe came in, and sat down to the table with us.

"But," continued Goethe, with animation, "Walter Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth' is excellent, is it not? There is finish! there is a hand! What a firm foundation for the whole, and in particulars not a touch which does not lead to the catastrophe! Then, what details of dialogue and description, both of which are excellent.

"His scenes and situations are like pictures by Teniers; in the arrangement they show the summit of art, the individual figures have a speaking truth, and the execution is extended with artistical love to the minutest details, so that not a stroke is lost. How far have you read?"

"I have come," said I, "to the passage where Henry Smith carries the pretty minstrel girl home through the streets, and round about lanes; and where, to his great vexation, Proudfoot and Dwining met him."

"Ah," said Goethe, "that is excellent; that the obstinate, honest blacksmith should be brought at last to take with him not only the suspicious maiden, but even the little dog, is one of the finest things to be found in any novel. It

shows a knowledge of human nature, to which the deepest mysteries are revealed."

"It was also," said I, "an admirable notion to make the heroine's father a glover, who, by his trade in skins, must have been long in communication with the Highlanders."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that is a touch of the highest order. From this circumstance spring the relations and situations most favorable for the whole book, and these by this means also obtain a real basis, so that they have an air of the most convincing truth. You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineation, which proceeds from his comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by lifelong studies and observations, and a daily discussion of the most important relations. Then come his great talent and his comprehensive nature. You remember the English critic, who compares the poets to the voices of male singers, of which some can command only a few fine tones, while others have the whole compass, from the highest to the lowest, completely in their power. Walter Scott is one of this last sort. In the 'Fair Maid of Perth' you will not find a single weak passage to make you feel as if his knowledge and talent were insufficient. He is equal to his subject in every direction in which it takes him; the king, the royal brother, the prince, the head of the clergy, the nobles, the magistracy, the citizens and mechanics, the Highlanders, are all drawn with the same sure hand, and hit off with equal truth."

"The English," said Frau von Goethe, "particularly like the character of Henry Smith, and Walter Scott seems to have made him the hero of the book; however, he is not my favorite; I like the Prince."

"The Prince," said I, "is, indeed, amiable enough with all his wildness, and is as well drawn as any of the rest."

"The passage," said Goethe, "where, sitting on horseback, he makes the pretty minstrel girl step upon his foot, that he may raise her up for a kiss, is in the boldest English style. But you ladies are wrong always to take sides. Usually, you read a book to find nutrition for the heart; to find a hero whom you could love. This is not the way to

read; the great point is, not whether this or that character pleases, but whether the whole book pleases."

"We women were made so, dear father," said she, affectionately leaning over the table to press his hand.

"Well, we must let you have your own way in your amiability," replied Goethe.

The last number of the "Globe" lay by him, and he took it up. I talked, in the meanwhile, with Frau von Goethe, about some young Englishmen, whose acquaintance I had made at the theatre.

"What men these writers in the 'Globe' are!" resumed Goethe, with animation. "One has scarcely a notion how it is they become greater and more remarkable every day, and how much, as it were, they are imbued with one spirit. Such a paper would be utterly impossible in Germany. We are mere individuals; harmony and concert are not to be thought of; each has the opinions of his province, his city, and his own idiosyncracy; and it will be a long while before we have attained an universal culture."

Wed., Oct. 8. — Tieck, returning from a journey to the Rhine, with his wife, his daughters, and Countess Finkenstein, was expected to dine with Goethe to-day. I met them in the anteroom. Tieck looked very well; the Rhine baths seemed to have had a favorable effect upon him. I told him that since I had seen him I had been reading Sir Walter Scott's new novel, and what pleasure this extraordinary genius had given me.

"I suspect," said Tieck, "that this last novel of Scott's, which I have not yet read, is the best he has ever written; however, he is so great a writer that the first work of his which you read always excites astonishment, approach him on what side you will."

Professor Göttling came in, just fresh from his Italian tour. I was extremely glad to see him again, and drew him to a window that he might tell me what he had seen.

"To Rome!" said he; "you must to Rome, if you would become anything! That is indeed a city! that is a life! that is a world! Whatever is small in our nature cannot be eradicated while we are in Germany, but as soon as we

enter Rome a transformation takes place in us, and we feel ourselves great, like the objects which surround us."

"Why," said I, "did you not stay there longer?"

"My money and my leave of absence were at an end," he replied, "but I felt very uncomfortable when I again crossed the Alps, leaving fair Italy behind me."

Goethe came in, and greeted his guests. He talked on various subjects with Tieck and his family, and then offered the countess his arm to take her to the dining room. We followed, and when we took our seats at the table made a motley group. The conversation was lively and unconstrained, but I remember little of what was said.

After dinner, the Princes von Oldenburg were announced. We then went up to Frau von Goethe's apartment, where Fräulein Agnes Tieck seated herself at the piano, and gave us the song "*Im Felde schleich' ich still und wild*," with a fine alto voice, and so thoroughly in the spirit of the situation, that it made quite an ineffaceable impression on the mind.

Thurs., Oct 9.—I dined to-day with Goethe and Frau von Goethe alone.

"How do you get on with your 'Fair Maid of Perth?' How far have you read? Tell me all about it."

"I read slowly," said I. "However, I am now as far as the scene where Proudfoot, when in Henry Smith's armor he imitates his walk and whistle, is slain, and on the following morning is found in the streets of Perth by the citizens, who, taking him for Smith, raise a great alarm through the city."

"Ay," said Goethe, "that scene is remarkable; it is one of the best."

"I have been particularly struck," said I, "with Walter Scott's great talent for disentangling confused situations, so that the whole separates itself into masses and quiet pictures, which leave on our minds an impression as if, like omniscient beings, we had looked down and seen events which were occurring at the same time in various places."

"Generally," said Goethe, "he shows great understanding of art; for which reason we, and those like us, who always particularly look to see how things are done, find a double interest and the greatest profit in his works.

"I will not anticipate, but you will find in the third volume an admirable contrivance. You have already seen how the prince in council makes the wise proposal to let the rebel Highlanders destroy one another in combat, and how Palm Sunday is appointed for the day when the hostile clans are to come down to Perth, and to fight for life or death, thirty against thirty. You will see with admiration how Scott manages to make one man fail on one side on the decisive day, and with what art he contrives to bring his hero Smith from a distance into the vacant place among the combatants. This is admirably done; and you will be delighted when you come to it.

"But, when you have finished the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' you must at once read 'Waverley,' which is, indeed, from quite a different point of view, but which may, without hesitation, be set beside the best works that have ever been written in this world. We see that it is the same man who wrote the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' but that he has yet to gain the favor of the public, and therefore collects his forces so that he may not give a touch that is short of excellence. The 'Fair Maid of Perth,' on the other hand, is from a freer pen; the author is now sure of his public, and he proceeds more at liberty. After reading 'Waverley,' you will understand why Walter Scott still designates himself the author of that work; for there he showed what he could do, and he has never since written anything to surpass, or even equal, that first published novel."

Thurs. evening, Oct. 9. — In honor of Tieck, a very pleasant tea party was given this evening in the apartments of Frau von Goethe. I made the acquaintance of Count and Countess Medem. The latter told me that she had seen Goethe to-day, and had been highly delighted by the impression he had made. The count was especially interested about "Faust" and its continuation, and conversed with me about it for some time with much animation.

We had hoped that Tieck would read something aloud, and he did so. The party retired into a more remote room, and after all had comfortably seated themselves in a wide circle on chairs and sofas, he read "Clavigo."

I had often read and felt this drama; but now it appeared to me quite new, and produced an effect such as I had scarcely experienced before. It seemed as if I heard it from the stage, only better; every character and situation was more perfectly felt: it produced the impression of a theatrical representation in which each part is well performed.

It would be hard to say what parts Tieck read best; whether those in which the powers and passions of the male characters are developed; or the quiet clear scenes addressed to the understanding; or the moments of tortured love. For giving expression to passages of this last sort, he had especial qualifications. The scene between Marie and Clavigo is still ringing in my ears; the oppressed bosom; the faltering and trembling of the voice; the broken, half-stifled words and sounds; the panting and sighing of a hot breath accompanied with tears; — all this is still present with me, and will never be forgotten. Every one was absorbed in listening, and wholly carried away. The lights burned dim; nobody thought of that, or ventured to snuff them, for fear of the slightest interruption. Tears constantly dropping from the eyes of the ladies showed the deep effect of the piece, and were the most hearty tribute that could be paid to the reader of the poet.

Tieck had finished, and rose, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; but the hearers seemed still fettered to their chairs. Each man appeared too deeply engaged with what had just been passing through his soul, to have ready the suitable words of gratitude for him who had produced so wonderful an effect upon us all. Gradually, however, we recovered ourselves. The company arose, and talked cheerfully with one another. Then we partook of a supper which stood ready on little tables in the adjoining rooms.

Goethe himself was not present this evening; but his spirit and a remembrance of him were living among us all. He sent an apology to Tieck; and to his daughters, Agnes and Dorothea, two handkerchief pins, with his own picture and red ribbons, which Frau von Goethe gave him, and fastened to their dresses like little orders.

Fri., Oct. 10. — From Mr. William Frazer, of London, editor of the "Foreign Review," I received, this morning, two copies of the third number of that periodical, and gave one of them to Goethe at dinner.

I found again a pleasant dinner party, invited in honor of Tieck and the Countess, who, at the urgent request of Goethe and their other friends, had remained another day, the rest of the family having set off in the morning for Dresden.

At table a special subject of conversation was English literature, and particularly Walter Scott, on which occasion Tieck said that he brought to Germany the first copy of "Waverley" ten years ago.

Sat., Oct. 11. — The above-mentioned number of the "Foreign Review" contained, with a variety of other important and interesting articles, a very fine essay by Carlyle, upon Goethe, which I studied this morning.

I went to Goethe a little earlier to dinner, that I might have an opportunity of talking this over with him before the arrival of the other guests. I found him, as I wished, still alone, expecting the company. He wore his black coat and star, with which I so much liked to see him. He appeared to-day in quite youthful spirits, and we began immediately to speak on topics interesting to both. Goethe told me that he, likewise, had been looking at Carlyle's article this morning, and thus we were both in a position to exchange commendations of these foreign attempts.

"It is pleasant to see," said Goethe, "how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the 'Edinburgh Reviewers' treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better."

"In Carlyle," said I, "I venerate most of all the mind and character which lie at the foundation of his tendencies. The chief point with him is the culture of his own nation; and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wishes to make known to his contemporaries, he pays less attention to the arts of talent, then to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works."

"Yes," said Goethe, "the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves. At any rate, we cannot vie with him in our researches in English literature."

"The article," said I, "is written with a fire and impressiveness which show that there are many prejudices and contradictions to contend with in England. '*Wilhelm Meister*' especially seems to have been placed in an unfavorable light by malevolent critics and bad translators. Carlyle, on the contrary, behaves very well. To the stupid objection that no virtuous lady could read '*Wilhelm Meister*,' he opposes the example of the late Queen of Prussia, who made herself familiar with the book, and was rightly esteemed one of the first women of her time."

Some of the guests came in now, whom Goethe received. He then turned to me again, and I continued.

"Carlyle has, indeed," said I, "studied '*Meister*,' and, being so thoroughly penetrated with its value, he would like to see it universally circulated,—would like to see every cultivated mind receive similar profit and enjoyment."

Goethe drew me to a window to answer me.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I will confide to you something which may help you on a great deal. My works cannot be popular. He who thinks and strives to make them so is in error. They are not written for the multitude, but only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose aims are like my own."

He wished to say more; but a young lady who came up interrupted him, and drew him into conversation. I turned to the others, and soon afterward we sat down to table.

I could pay no attention to the conversation that was going on; Goethe's words were impressed upon me, and entirely occupied my mind.

"Really," thought I, "a writer like him, an intellect so exalted, a nature so comprehensive, how can he be popular? Can even a small part of him be popular? even those songs which convivial companies or enamored maidens sing, and which again are not for others?

"And, rightly regarded, is not this the case with everything extraordinary? Is Mozart, is Raphael popular? and is not the relation of the world toward these great fountains of overflowing spiritual life like that of some dainty person, who is pleased now and then to snatch up a little that may for a while afford higher enjoyment.

"Yes," I continued, in my own mind, "Goethe is right. He cannot be popular to his full extent; his works are only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose pursuits are like his own. They are for contemplative natures, who wish to penetrate into the depths of the world and human nature, and follow in his path. They are for those susceptible of passionate enjoyment, who seek in the poet the bliss and woe of the heart. They are for young poets who would learn how to express their feelings, and how to treat a subject artistically. They are for critics, who find there a model for the best rules of judgment, and also for the means of making a criticism interesting and attractive, so that it may be read with pleasure.

"His works are for the artist, inasmuch as they enlighten his mind generally, and teach him particularly what subjects are suited to works of art; what he should use, and what leave aside. They are for the observer of nature, not only because great laws are discovered and taught him, but, still more, because they give him the method by which the intellect must proceed with nature to make her reveal her mysteries.

"In short, all those who are making efforts in science or art, may be guests at the richly-provided banquet of his works, and in their productions bear witness to the great general source of light and life from which they have drawn."

These and similar thoughts were in my head all dinner-time. I thought of individuals, of many a good German artist, of natural philosophers, poets, and critics, who owed to Goethe a great part of their culture. I thought of intellectual Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, who have their eyes upon him, and who have worked in his spirit.

In the meanwhile, all around me were jesting and talking, and partaking of the good fare. I spoke now and then a word, but without exactly knowing what I said. A lady put a question to me, to which, it seems, I did not render a very appropriate answer: they all laughed at me.

"Let Eckermann alone," said Goethe. "He is always absent, except when he is at the theatre."

They laughed at me again; but I did not regard it. I felt myself, to-day, peculiarly happy. I blessed my fate, which, after many singular dispensations, had associated me with the few who enjoy the conversation and intimacy of a man whose greatness I had deeply felt only a few moments since, and whom I now had personally before my eyes, in all his amiability.

Biscuits and some very find grapes were brought for dessert. The latter had been sent from a distance, and Goethe would not say whence they came. He divided them, and handed me a very ripe branch across the table.

"Here, my good friend," said he, "eat these sweets, and much good may they do you."

I highly enjoyed the grapes from Goethe's hand, and was now quite near him both in body and soul.

They talked of the theatre, and of Wolff's great merits, and of what had been done by that excellent artist.

"I know very well," said Goethe, "that our earlier actors learned much from me, but I can properly call none but Wolff my pupil. I will give you an instance, which I am very fond of repeating, to show how thoroughly he was penetrated with my principles, and how fully he acted in my spirit. I was once very angry with Wolff for various reasons. He played one evening, and I was sitting in my box. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'you can keep a sharp look out upon him; for there is not, to-day, a spark of affection within you, which can speak out for him and excuse him.' Wolff acted, and I kept my sharp eye fixed upon him. And how did he act! How safe — how firm he was! It was impossible to find out in him even the shadow of an offense against the rules which I had implanted in him, and I saw that a reconciliation with him was inevitable."

Fri., Oct. 17.— Goethe has, for some time past, been reading the "Globe" very eagerly, and he often makes this paper the subject of his conversation. The endeavors of Cousin and his school appear to him especially important.

"These men," said he, "are quite on the way to effect an approximation between France and Germany, inasmuch as they form a language which is entirely fitted to facilitate the interchange of ideas between the two nations."

The "Globe" has also a particular interest for Goethe, because the newest productions in French *belles-lettres* are reviewed, and the freedom of the romantic school, or rather the emancipation from the fetters of unmeaning rules, is often defended in a very animated manner.

"What is the use of the whole lumber of rules belonging to a stiff antiquated time," said he to-day, "and what is the use of all the noise about classical and romantic! The point is for a work to be thoroughly good and then it is sure to be classical."

Mon., Oct. 20.— Oberbergrath* Nœggerath of Bonn, on his return from the meeting of natural philosophers at Berlin, was a very welcome guest to-day at Goethe's table. There was much talk about mineralogy, and the worthy stranger gave us some profound information about the mineralogical phenomena in the neighborhood of Bonn.

After dinner we went into the room where there is the colossal bust of Juno. Goethe showed the guests a long slip of paper, with outlines of the frieze of the temple at Phigalia. While we were looking at these, the remark was made that the Greeks, in representing animals, adhered less to nature than to certain conventional rules, and there was an attempt to prove, that in representations of this kind they are inferior to nature, and that their rams, oxen, and horses, as they appear in bas-relief, are often very stiff, shapeless, and imperfect creatures.

"I will not dispute with you about that point," said Goethe; "but before all things, we must distinguish the time and the artist from which such works proceed. For numbers of masterpieces have been found, in which the

* Literally, "Upper-Mine-Councilor"— a superior officer in a mining office.— TRANS.

Greek artists, in representing animals, have not only equalled, but even far surpassed nature. The English, who understand horses better than any nation in the world, are now compelled to acknowledge that two antique heads of horses are more perfect in their forms than those of any race now existing upon earth.

"These heads are from the best Greek period, and while we are astonished at such works, we should not so much infer that the artists have copied from a more perfect nature than we now possess, as that they themselves had become of some value in the progress of art, so that they turned to nature with their own personal greatness."

While all this was said, I stood on one side, looking at an engraving with a lady, at one of the tables, and could only lend half an ear to Goethe's words; but so much the deeper did they sink into my mind.

After the company had gradually departed, and I was alone with Goethe, who stood by the stove, I approached him.

"Your excellency," said I, "made an excellent remark a little while ago, when you said that the Greeks turned to nature with their own greatness, and I think that we cannot be too deeply penetrated with this maxim."

"Yes, my good friend," said Goethe, "all depends upon this; one must BE something in order to DO something. Dante seems to us great; but he had the culture of centuries behind him. The house of Rothschild is rich; but it has taken more than one generation to accumulate such treasures. All these things lie deeper than is thought.

"Our worthy artists who imitate the old German school know nothing of all this; they proceed to the imitation of nature with their own personal weakness and artistic incapacity, and fancy they are doing something. They stand below nature. But whoever will produce anything great, must so improve his culture that, like the Greeks, he will be able to elevate the mere trivial actualities of nature to the level of his own mind, and really carry out that which, in natural phenomena, either from internal weakness or external obstacles, remains a mere intention."

Wed., Oct. 22.—To-day at dinner we talked about ladies, and Goethe expressed himself very beautifully. "Women,"

said he, "are silver dishes into which we put golden apples. My idea of women is not abstracted from the phenomena of actual life, but has been born with me, or arisen in me, God knows how. The female characters which I have drawn have therefore all turned out well; they are all better than could be found in reality."

Thurs., Oct. 23.— Goethe spoke to-day with great respect of a little paper of the Chancellor's, on the subject of the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, which reviews, in a short compass, the active life of this remarkable prince.

"He has been very happy with this little work," said Goethe; "the materials are brought together with great circumspection and care; then all is animated with the breath of the heartiest love, while at the same time the style is so close, that one act follows immediately upon another, and we almost feel a mental giddiness in the contemplation of such fullness of life and action. The Chancellor has also sent his work to Berlin, and received some time ago a highly remarkable letter from Alexander von Humboldt, which I could not read without deep emotion. Humboldt was on the most intimate terms with the Grand Duke during a long life; which certainly is not to be wondered at, since the profound and highly endowed nature of the Prince was always athirst for fresh knowledge, and Humboldt, with his great universality, was just the man to be always ready with the best and profoundest answer to every question.

"Now, it is a singular fact that the Grand Duke passed the very last days before his death at Berlin, in almost constant intercourse with Humboldt, and that he was at last able to obtain from his friend the solution of many important problems which lay upon his heart. Further, the circumstance that one of the greatest princes whom Germany had ever possessed had such a man as Humboldt to witness his last days and hours, could not fail of producing a favorable effect. I have made a copy of the letter, and will impart some passages to you."

Goethe rose and went to his desk, whence he took the letter, and then reseated himself at the table. He read for some time in silence. I saw tears in his eyes. "Read it

for yourself," said he, while he handed it to me. He rose and walked up and down the room while I read: —

"Who could have been more shocked at the sudden departure of the illustrious deceased," writes Humboldt, "than I, whom he treated during thirty years with such kind distinction, I may say with such sincere predilection. Even here he would have me near him almost every hour; and as if this great brightness, as with the lofty snow-capped Alps, were the forerunner of departing light; never have I seen the great humane prince more animated, more intelligent, more mild, more sympathizing with the further development of the people, than in the last days when we had him here. I frequently said to my friends, anxiously and full of misgivings, that this animation, this mysterious clearness of intellect, combined with so much bodily weakness, was to me a fearful phenomenon. He himself evidently vacillated between hope of recovery and expectation of the great catastrophe.

"When I saw him at breakfast four-and-twenty hours previously to this, though he was ill and without appetite, he still questioned me cheerfully upon the granite of the shores of the Baltic which had just been brought from Sweden, upon the tails of the comets which might dim our atmosphere, and upon the cause of the extreme severity of the winter on all the eastern coasts.

"When I saw him for the last time, he pressed my hand at my departure, and cheerfully said: 'Do you believe, Humboldt, that Töplitz and all the warm springs are like water artificially heated? We will discuss that at Töplitz, when you come there with the king. You will see that your old kitchen fire will still make me hold together for a while.' Strange! for with such a man everything is of importance.

"In Potsdam, I sat many hours alone with him upon his couch; he drank and slept alternately, then drank again, then rose to write to his consort, and then slept again. He was cheerful, but much exhausted. In the intervals, he overpowered me with the most difficult questions upon physics, astronomy, meteorology, and geognosy; upon the transparency of the nucleus of a comet; upon the atmos-

phere of the moon; upon the colored double stars; upon the influence of the spots in the sun upon temperature; upon the appearance of organized forms in the primitive world; and upon the internal warmth of the earth. He slept at intervals during his discourse and mine, was often restless, and then said, mildly and kindly, excusing his apparent inattention, 'You see, Humboldt, it is all over with me!'

"Suddenly he began to talk desultorily upon religious matters. He regretted the increase of pietism, and the connection of this species of fanaticism with a tendency toward political absolutism, and a suppression of all free mental action. 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'there are false-hearted fellows who think that by means of pietism they can make themselves agreeable to princes, and obtain places and ribbons. They have smuggled themselves in with a poetical predilection for the middle ages.'

"His anger soon abated, and he said that he now found much consolation in the Christian religion. 'It is a human doctrine,' said he, 'but has been distorted from the beginning. The first Christians were the free-thinkers among the ultras.'"

I expressed to Goethe my delight at this noble letter. "You see," said Goethe, "what an extraordinary man he was. But how good it is of Humboldt to have taken up these last few traits, which may certainly serve as a symbol in which the whole nature of this eminent prince is reflected. Yes, such he was! I can say it better than any one, for no one knew him so thoroughly as I did. But is it not lamentable that there is no distinction, and that such a man must depart from us so early! Had he stayed with us only a poor century more, how, in his high position, could he have advanced his age! But mark this. The world will not attain its goal so speedily as we expect and desire. There are always retarding demons, who start in opposition at every point, so that although the whole progresses, it is but slowly. Only live on, and you will find that I am right."

"The development of mankind," said I, "appears to be laid out as a work for thousands of years."

"Perhaps millions," said Goethe, "who knows? But let mankind last as long as it may, it will never lack obstacles to give it trouble, and never lack the pressure of necessity to develop its powers.

"Men will become more clever and more acute, but not better, happier, and stronger in action, or at least only at epochs. I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in them, but will break up everything for a renewed creation. I am certain that everything is planned to this end, and that the time and hour are already fixed in the distant future for the occurrence of this renovating epoch. But a long time will elapse first, and we may still for thousands and thousands of years amuse ourselves in all sorts of ways on this dear old surface."

Goethe was in a particularly good and elevated mood. He ordered a bottle of wine, and filled for himself and me. Our conversation again turned upon the Grand Duke Charles Augustus.

"You see," said Goethe, "how his extraordinary mind embraced the whole kingdom of nature. Physics, astronomy, geognosy, meteorology, vegetable and animal formations of the primitive world, and everything of the sort; — he had a mind for all and took interest in them all. He was eighteen years of age when I came to Weimar; but even then the buds showed what the tree would one day become. He soon attached himself most intimately to me, and took a deep interest in all that I did. It was advantageous to our intercourse that I was ten years older than he. He sat whole evenings with me, in earnest conversation on the subjects of art and nature, and other excellent topics. We often sat together deep into the night, and not unfrequently we both fell asleep on one sofa. We worked together for fifty years, and it is no wonder that we at last achieved something."

"So thorough a cultivation as the Grand Duke seems to have received is probably rare among princes."

"Very seldom!" returned Goethe. "There are, indeed, many who are capable of conversing very cleverly on every subject, but they have it not at heart, and only dabble upon the surface. And it is no wonder, if one considers the

frightful dissipations and distractions which accompany a court life, and to which a young prince is exposed. He must take notice of everything; he must know a bit of this and a bit of that. Under such circumstances, nothing can take root; and it requires a strong natural foundation not to end in smoke in the face of such constant demands. The Grand Duke was indeed a born great man; and in this all is said, and all is done."

"With all his highly scientific and intellectual tendencies," said I, "he appears to have understood the art of government."

"He was a man of one piece," returned Goethe, "and with him everything flowed from one single great source. And as the whole was good, so the individual parts were good, let him do as he might. But he possessed three especially useful qualities for carrying on a government. He had the talent of discriminating between minds and characters, and of placing every one in his proper place. That was a great point. Then he possessed another gift as great, if not greater: he was animated by the noblest benevolence, by the purest philanthropy, and with his whole soul aimed only at what was best. He always thought first of the happiness of his country, and only at last a little of himself. His hand was always ready and open to meet noble men, and to assist in promoting worthy objects. There was a great deal that was divine in him. He would have liked to promote the happiness of all mankind. Love engenders love, and one who is loved can easily govern.

"Thirdly, he was greater than those who surrounded him. After ten voices which he heard on a certain occasion, he perceived an eleventh, and that a better one, in himself. Strange whispers passed him unheeded, and he was not easily led to commit anything unprincely, by setting aside real merit on which a doubt had been cast, and taking worthless ragamuffins under his protection. He surveyed everything himself, judged for himself, and had in all cases the surest basis in himself. Moreover, he was of a silent nature, and his words were always followed by action."

"How it grieves me," said I, "that I knew nothing of him but his exterior; still that made a deep impression upon me. I see him still in his old drosky, in a worn-out gray cloak and military cap, smoking a cigar, as he drove to the chase, with his favorite hound by his side. I have never seen him ride otherwise than in this ugly old drosky. And never with more than two horses. An equipage with six horses, and coats with orders, do not seem to have been much according to his taste."

"That sort of thing," returned Goethe, "is now almost out of date with princes generally. The only point now is what a man weighs in the scale of humanity; all the rest is naught. A coat with a star, and a chariot with six horses, at all events, imposes on the rudest multitude only, and scarcely that. Then the Grand Duke's old drosky barely hung upon springs. Whoever rode with him had to put up with some desperate shocks. But that was in his way; he liked the rough and inconvenient, and was an enemy to all effeminacy."

"We see traces of that in your poem of 'Ilmenau,'" said I, "in which you appear to have drawn him to the life."

"He was then very young," returned Goethe, "and we certainly led rather a mad life. He was like a fine wine, still in a high state of fermentation. He did not know how to expend his powers, and we often nearly broke our necks. Fagging all day long on horseback, over hedges and ditches, through rivers, up hill and down hill; and then at night encamping in the open air, by a fire in the wood; — this was what he liked. To have inherited a dukedom was in him nothing; but to have taken one by storm, he would have considered something.

"The poem of 'Ilmenau,'" continued Goethe, "contains, as an episode, an epoch which, in the year 1783, when I wrote it, had happened many years before, so that I could describe myself in it as an historical personage, and could hold a conversation with the self of former years. There occurs in it, as you know, a nightly scene after one of the breakneck chases in the mountain. We had built ourselves at the foot of a rock some little huts, and covered them

with fir branches, that we might pass the night on dry ground. Before the huts we burned several fires, and we cooked and spread out the produce of the chase. Knebel, whose tobacco pipe was not then cold, sat next to the fire, and enlivened the company with various dry jokes, while the wine flask passed from hand to hand. Seckendorf the slender, with his long thin limbs, had comfortably stretched himself out by the trunk of a tree, and was humming all sorts of poetics. On one side, in a similar little hut, lay the Grand Duke, in a deep slumber. I myself sat before him, by the glimmering light of the coals, absorbed in various grave thoughts, suffering accessions of regret for the mischief which had been done by my writings. Knebel and Seckendorf do not appear to me to be badly drawn, neither is the young prince, in the gloomy impetuosity of his twentieth year.

"'He hurries onward, inconsiderate,
No rock appears too steep, no bridge too small,
Ghastly mischances ever on him wait,
And into Pain's hard arms he oft must fall.
The wild unruly impulse in his breast,
Now here, now there, still sets him roving;
At last he takes his gloomy rest,
When weary of his gloomy moving.
Joyless, though feeling no control,
Sullen, though wild in happiest days,
Wounded and fagged in body and in soul,
On a hard couch his frame he lays.'"

"That is he exactly. Not the slightest touch is exaggerated. Nevertheless, the Duke soon worked himself out of this 'storm-and-stress period,'* into a state of useful clearness, so that on his birthday, in the year 1783, I could well remind him of this image of his earlier days.

"I will not deny that in the beginning he caused me much trouble and anxiety. Yet his noble nature soon cleared itself, and formed itself to the highest degree of perfection, so that it was a pleasure to live and act with him."

*The "storm-and-stress (*Sturm und Drang*) period" of German literature, which takes its name from one of Klinger's plays, is that period of unfettered impulse which is particularly represented by Schiller's "Robbers." — TRANS.

"In these early times you made a tour with him through Switzerland," remarked I.

"He was fond of traveling altogether," returned Goethe, "not so much for the sake of amusing himself as to have his eyes and ears open, and notice whatever was good and useful, in order to introduce it into his own country. On this account, agriculture, cattle breeding, and industry altogether, are infinitely indebted to him. His tendencies were not generally personal or egotistical, but of a purely productive kind; and, indeed, productive for the general good. He has thus acquired a name which has extended far beyond this little country."

"His careless, simple exterior," said I, "appeared to intimate that he did not seek renown, and that he set little store by it. It seemed as if he had become renowned without any effort of his own, merely by means of his own passive excellence."

"There is something peculiar in that," returned Goethe. "Wood burns because it has the proper stuff for that purpose in it; and a man becomes renowned because he has the necessary stuff in him. Renown is not to be sought, and all pursuit of it is vain. A person may, indeed, by skillful conduct and various artificial means, make a sort of name for himself. But if the inner jewel is wanting, all is vanity, and will not last a day. Just the same is it with popular favor. He did not seek it, and he by no means flattered people; but the nation loved him, because it felt that he had a heart for it."

Goethe then mentioned the other members of the Grand Duke's family, and how the mark of a noble character ran through them all. He spoke of the benevolence of the present Regent, and of the great hopes which were entertained of the young Prince, and expatiated with evident love upon the rare qualities of the now reigning Princess, who, in the noblest spirit, was applying great means to alleviate sufferings and to bring forth germs of goodness. "She has at all times been a good angel to her country," said he, "and she becomes so more and more the longer she is united to it. I have known the Grand Duchess since the year 1805, and have had many opportunities of admiring her

mind and character. She is one of the best and most distinguished women of our time, and would be so if she were not a princess. And this is the great point, that even when the purple has been laid aside, much that is great, nay, what is really the best, still remains."

We then spoke of the unity of Germany, and in what sense it was possible and desirable.

"I am not uneasy," said Goethe, "about the unity of Germany; our good high roads and future railroads will of themselves do their part. But, above all, may Germany be ONE in love! and may it always be ONE against the foreign foe! May it be ONE, so that German dollars and groschen may be of equal value throughout the whole empire! ONE, so that my traveling chest may pass unopened through all the six-and-thirty states! May it be ONE, so that the town passport of a citizen of Weimar may not be considered insufficient, like that of a mere FOREIGNER, by the frontier officer of a large neighboring state! May there be no more talk about inland and outland among the German states! In fine, may Germany be ONE in weight and measure, in trade and commerce, and a hundred similar things which I will not name!

"But if we imagine that the unity of Germany consists in this, that the very great empire should have a single great capital, and that this one great capital would conduce to the development of great individual talent, or to the welfare of the great mass of people, we are in error.

"A state has been justly compared to a living body with many limbs, and thus the capital of a state may be compared to the heart, from which life and prosperity flow to the individual members, near and far. But if the members be very distant from the heart, the life that flows to them will become weaker and weaker. A clever Frenchman, I think Dupin, has sketched a chart of the state of culture in France, and has exhibited the greater or less enlightenment of the different departments by a lighter or darker color. Now, some departments, particularly in the southern provinces remote from the capital, are represented by a perfectly black color, as a sign of the great darkness which prevails there. But would that be the case if *la belle*

France, instead of one great focus, had ten foci, whence life and light might proceed?

"Whence in Germany great, but by the admirable culture of the people, which equally pervades all parts of the kingdom? But does not this proceed from the various seats of government, and do not these foster and support it? Suppose, for centuries past, we had had in Germany only the two capitals, Vienna and Berlin, or only one of these, I should like to see how it would have fared with German culture, or even with that generally diffused opulence which goes hand in hand with culture. Germany has about twenty universities distributed about the whole empire, and about a hundred public libraries similarly distributed. There is also a great number of collections of art, and collections of objects belonging to all the kingdoms of nature; for every prince has taken care to bring around him these useful and beautiful objects. There are gymnasia and schools for arts and industry in abundance,—nay, there is scarcely a German village without its school. And how does France stand with respect to this last point!

"Then look at the quantity of German theatres, the number of which exceeds seventy, and which are not to be despised as supporters and promoters of a higher cultivation of the people. In no country is the taste for music and singing, and the practice of it so widely spread, as in Germany; and even that is something!

"And now think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgard, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life comprised within these cities; think of the effect which they have upon the neighboring provinces; and ask yourself if all this would have been the case if they had not for a long time been the residences of princes?

"Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, are great and brilliant; their effect upon the prosperity of Germany is incalculable. But would they remain what they are, if they lost their own sovereignty and became incorporated with any great German kingdom as a provincial town? I see reason to doubt this."

Tues., Dec. 16.—I dined to-day with Goethe alone, in his workroom. We talked on various literary topics.

"The Germans," said he, "cannot cease to be Philistines. They are now squabbling about some verses, which are printed both in Schiller's works and mine, and fancy it is important to ascertain which really belong to Schiller and which to me; as if anything could be gained by such investigation — as if the existence of such things were not enough. Friends, such as Schiller and I, intimate for years, with the same interests, in habits of daily intercourse, and under reciprocal obligations, live so completely into one another, that it is hardly possible to decide to which of the two the particular thoughts belong.

"We have made many distiches together; sometimes I gave the thought, and Schiller made the verse; sometimes the contrary was the case; sometimes he made one line, and I the other. What matters the mine and thine? One must be a thorough Philistine, indeed, to attach the slightest importance to the solution of such questions."

"Something similar," said I, "often happens in the literary world, when people, for instance, doubt the originality of this or that celebrated man, and seek to trace out the sources from whence he obtained his cultivation."

"That is very ridiculous," said Goethe, "we might as well question a strong man about the oxen, sheep, and swine, which he has eaten, and which have given him strength.

"We are indeed born with faculties; but we owe our development to a thousand influences of the great world, from which we appropriate to ourselves what we can, and what is suitable to us. I owe much to the Greeks and French; I am infinitely indebted to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldmith; but in saying this I do not show the sources of my culture; that would be an endless as well as an unnecessary task. What is important is to have a soul which loves truth, and receives it wherever it finds it.

"Besides, the world is now so old, so many eminent men have lived and thought for thousands of years, that there is little new to be discovered or expressed. Even my theory of colors is not entirely new. Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, and many other excellent men, have before me

found and expressed the same thing in a detached form: my merit is, that I have found it also, that I have said it again, and that I have striven to bring the truth once more into a confused world.

"The truth must be repeated over and over again, because error is repeatedly preached among us, not only by individuals, but by the masses. In periodicals and cyclopædias, in schools and universities; everywhere, in fact, error prevails, and is quite easy in the feeling that it has a decided majority on its side.

"Often, too, people teach truth and error together, and stick to the latter. Thus, a short time ago, I read in an English cyclopædia the doctrine of the origin of Blue. First came the correct view of Leonardo da Vinci, but then followed, as quietly as possible, the error of Newton, coupled with remarks that this was to be adhered to because it was the view generally adopted."

Goethe then asked about my progress in French literature, and I told him that I still took up Voltaire from time to time, and that the great talent of this man gave me the purest delight.

"I still know but little of him," said I; "I keep to his short poems addressed to persons, which I read over and over again, and which I cannot lay aside."

"Indeed," said Goethe, "all is good which is written by so great a genius as Voltaire, though I cannot excuse all his profanity. But you are right to give so much time to those little poems addressed to persons; they are unquestionably among the most charming of his works. There is not a line which is not full of thought, clear, bright, and graceful."

"And we see," said I, "his relations to all the great and mighty of the world, and remark with pleasure the distinguished position taken by himself, inasmuch as he seems to feel himself equal to the highest, and we never find that any majesty can embarrass his free mind even for a moment."

"Yes," said Goethe, "he bore himself like a man of rank. And with all his freedom and audacity, he ever kept within the limits of strict propriety, which is, perhaps,

saying still more. I may cite the Empress of Austria as an authority in such matters; she has repeatedly assured me, that in those poems of Voltaire's, there is no trace of crossing the line of CONVENANCE."

"Does your excellency," said I, "remember the short poem in which he makes to the Princess of Prussia, afterward Queen of Sweden, a pretty declaration of love, by saying that he dreamed of being elevated to the royal dignity?"

"It is one of his best," said Goethe, and he recited the lines —

"*Je vous aimais, princesse, et j'osais vous le dire;*
Les Dieux à mon reveil ne m'ont pas tout oté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire."

"How pretty that is! And never did poet have his talent so completely at command every moment as Voltaire. I remember an anecdote, when he had been for some time on a visit to Madame du Chatelet. Just as he was going away, and the carriage was standing at the door, he received a letter from a great number of young girls in a neighboring convent, who wished to play the 'Death of Julius Cæsar' on the birthday of their abbess, and begged him to write them a prologue. The case was too delicate for a refusal; so Voltaire at once called for pen and paper, and wrote the desired prologue, standing, upon the mantelpiece. It is a poem of perhaps twenty lines, thoroughly digested, finished, perfectly suited to the occasion, and, in short, of the very best class."

"I am very desirous to read it," said I.

"I doubt," said Goethe, "whether you will find it in your collection. It has only lately come to light, and, indeed, he wrote hundreds of such poems, of which many may still be scattered about among private persons."

"I found of late, a passage in Lord Byron," said I, "from which I perceived with delight that even Byron had an extraordinary esteem for Voltaire. We may see in his works, how much he liked to read, study, and make use of Voltaire."

"Byron," said Goethe, "knew too well where anything was to be got, and was too clever not to draw from this universal source of light."

The conversation then turned entirely upon Byron, and several of his works, and Goethe found occasion to repeat many of his former expressions of admiration for that great genius.

"To all that your excellency says of Byron," said I, "I agree from the bottom of my heart; but, however great and remarkable that poet may be as a genius, I very much doubt whether a decided gain for PURE HUMAN CULTURE is to be derived from his writings."

"There I must contradict you," said Goethe; "the audacity and grandeur of Byron must certainly tend toward culture. We should take care not to be always looking for it in the decidedly pure and moral. Everything that is great promotes cultivation as soon as we are aware of it."

Wed., Feb. 4.

"I HAVE continued to read Schubart," said Goethe. "He is, indeed, a remarkable man, and he says much that is excellent, if we translate it into our own language. The chief tendency of his book is to show that there is a point of view beyond the sphere of philosophy,— namely, that of common sense; and that art and science, independently of philosophy, and by means of a free action of natural human powers, have always thriven best. This is grist for our mill. I have always kept myself free from philosophy. The common sense point of view was also mine; and hence Schubart confirms what I myself have been saying and doing all my life.

"The only thing I cannot commend in him is this, that he knows certain things better than he will confess, and does not therefore go quite honestly to work. Like Hegel, he would bring the Christian religion into philosophy, though it really has nothing to do with it. Christianity has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom. Neither does the philosopher need the countenance of religion to prove certain doctrines; as, for instance, eternal duration. Man should believe in immortality; he has a right to this belief; it corresponds with the wants of his nature, and he may believe in the promises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit."

My heart, at these words, beat with admiration and love.

"Never," thought I, "was a doctrine spoken more inciting to noble minds than this. For who will not work and act indefatigably to the end of his days, when he finds therein the pledge of an eternal life?"

Goethe had a portfolio brought, full of drawings and engravings. After he had looked at some in silence, he showed me a fine engraving after a picture of Ostade's.

"Here," said he, "you have the scene of our goodman and goodwife."

I looked at the engraving with much pleasure. I saw the interior of a peasant's dwelling, with kitchen, parlor, and bedroom, all in one. Man and wife sat opposite one another; the wife spinning, the husband winding yarn; a child at their feet. In the background was a bed, and everywhere there was nothing but the rudest and most necessary household utensils. The door led at once into the open air. This idea of a happy marriage in a very limited condition was perfectly conveyed by this engraving; comfort, content, and a certain luxuriance in the loving emotions of matrimony, were expressed in the face of both man and wife, as they looked upon one another.

"The longer one looks," said I, "at this picture, the happier one feels; it has quite a peculiar charm."

"It is the charm of sensuality," said Goethe, "with which no art can dispense, and which in subjects of this kind reigns in all its fullness. On the other hand, in works of a higher kind, when the artist goes into the ideal, it is difficult to keep up the proper degree of sensuality, so as not to become dry and cold. Then youth or age may be favorable or impeding, and hence the artist should reflect on his age, and select his subjects accordingly. I succeeded with my 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' because I was young enough to penetrate and animate the ideal of the stuff with sensual feeling. At my present age, such ideal subjects would no longer be suited to me, and I do right in selecting those which comprise within themselves a certain degree of sensuality. If the Genasts stay here, I shall write two pieces for you, both in one act and in prose. One will be of the most cheerful kind, and end with a wedding; the other will be shocking and terrible, and two

corpses will be on the stage at the termination. The latter proceeds from Schiller's time, who wrote a scene of it at my request. I have long thought over both these subjects, and they are so completely present to my mind, that I could dictate either of them in a week, as I did my '*Bürgergeneral.*'"

"Do so," said I; "write the two pieces at all events; it will be a recreation to you after the '*Wanderjahre,*' and will operate like a little journey. And how pleased the world would be, if, contrary to the expectation of every one, you did something more for the stage."

"As I said," continued Goethe, "if the Genasts stay here, I am not sure that I shall not indulge in this little pleasantry. But without this prospect there is but small inducement; for a play upon paper is naught. The poet must know the means with which he has to work, and must adapt his characters to the actors who are to play them. If I can reckon upon Genast and his wife, and take besides La Roche, Herr Winterberger, and Madame Seidel, I know what I have to do, and can be certain that my intentions will be carried out.

"Writing for the stage," he continued, "is something peculiar, and he who does not understand it thoroughly, had better leave it alone. Every one thinks that an interesting fact will appear interesting on the boards,—nothing of the kind! Things may be very pretty to read, and very pretty to think about; but as soon as they are put upon the stage the effect is quite different, and that which has charmed us in the closet will probably fall flat on the boards. If any one reads my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' he thinks it might be brought out at the theatre. Töpfer has been inveigled into the experiment; but what is it, what effect does it produce, especially if it is not played in a first-rate manner, and who can say that it is in every respect a good piece? Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon, and where they are not combined, we shall scarcely have any good result."

Mon., Feb. 9.—Goethe talked of the "*Wahlverwandtschaften,*" especially remarking, that a person whom he had

never seen or known in his life had supposed the character of Mittler to be meant for himself.

"There must," said he, "be some truth in the character, and it must have existed more than once in the world. Indeed, there is not a line in the '*Wahlverwandtschaften*' that is not taken from my own experience, and there is more in it than can be gathered by any one from a first reading."

Fri., Feb. 13.—Dined with Goethe alone.

"After I have finished the '*Wanderjahre*,'" said he, "I shall turn to botany again to continue the translation with Soret; I only fear it may lead me too far, and at last prove an incubus. Great secrets still lie hidden; much I know, and of much I have an intimation. I will confide something to you that will sound odd.

"The plant goes from knot to knot, closing at last with the flower and the seed. In the animal kingdom it is not otherwise. The caterpillar and the tapeworm go from knot to knot, and at last form a head. With the higher animals and man, the vertebral bones grow one upon another, and terminate with the head, in which the powers are concentrated.

"With corporations it is the same as with individuals. The bees, a series of individuals, connected one with another, at least as a community, produce something, which is the conclusion, and may be regarded as the head of the whole—the queen bee. How this is managed is a mystery, hard to be expressed, but I may say that I have my thoughts upon it.

"Thus does a nation bring forth its heroes, who stand at the head like demigods to protect and save. Thus were the poetic powers of the French concentrated in Voltaire. Such heads of a nation are great in the generation in which they work; many last longer, but the greater part have their places supplied by others, and are forgotten by posterity."

The result of my observations, on his hypothesis of color was, that Goethe's doctrine of the colored double shadow was not thoroughly correct; that in the production of this phenomenon there was more of the objective than he had

observed, and that the law of subjective "demand" (*Forderung*) could be looked upon as merely secondary.

Indeed, generally, if the human eye were so sensitive and susceptible, that at the slightest contact of one color it had an immediate tendency to produce the opposite, it would be constantly transferring one color into another, so that the most unpleasant mixture would arise.

Fortunately, however, this is not the case; but, on the contrary, a healthy eye is so organized that it either does not observe the "demanded" colors, or if its attention is directed toward them, produces them with difficulty; indeed, this operation requires some practice and dexterity before it can succeed even under favorable circumstances.

What is really characteristic in such subjective phenomena, viz, that the eye to a certain extent requires a strong incitement to produce them, and that when they are produced they have no permanence, but are transient and quickly fading, has been too little regarded by Goethe, both in the case of the blue shadow in the snow, and in that of the colored double shadow, for in both cases the surface in question has a scarcely perceptible tinge, and in both cases the "demanded" color appears decidedly marked at the very first glance.

But Goethe, with his adherence to a law he had once recognized, and with his maxim of applying it even in such cases where it seems concealed, could easily be tempted to extend a synthesis too far, and to discern a favorite law even in cases where a totally different influence is at work.

When to-day he spoke of his "Theory of Colors," and asked how the proposed compendium was going on, I would willingly have passed over my new discoveries in silence, for I felt in some perplexity as to how I should tell him the truth without offending him.

Nevertheless, as I was really in earnest with respect to the compendium, it was necessary to remove all errors, and to rectify all misunderstandings, before I could make a sure progress in the task.

All that I could do was to make the frank confession to him that, after careful observation, I found myself compelled to differ from him in some points, inasmuch as I

found that neither his deduction of the blue shadow in the snow, nor his doctrine of the colored double shadow, was completely confirmed.

I communicated to him my thoughts and observations; but as I have not the gift of describing objects fully and clearly by word of mouth, I confined myself to a statement of the results of my observation, without going into a more minute explanation of details, intending to do this in writing.

However, I had scarcely opened my mouth, when Goethe's sublimely-serene countenance became clouded over, and I saw but too clearly that he did not approve of my objections.

"Truly," said I, "he who would get the better of your excellency must rise early in the morning; but yet it is possible that the wise may go too far, and the foolish find the spoil."

"As if, forsooth, you had found it," returned Goethe, with an ironical laugh; "with your idea of colored light you belong to the fourteenth century, and with all the rest you are in the very abyss of dialectics. The only thing good about you is that you are, at any rate, honest enough to speak out plainly what you think.

"My 'Theory of Colors,'" he continued, "fares just the same as the Christian religion. One fancies, for a while, that one has faithful disciples; but, before one is aware, they fall off and form a new sect. You are a heretic like the rest, for you are not the first that has apostatized. I have fallen out with the most excellent men about contested points in the 'Theory of Colors,' viz, with —— about ——, and with —— about ——." Here he mentioned some names of eminence.

We had now finished eating, conversation came to a standstill, and Goethe rose and placed himself against the window. I went up to him and pressed his hand, for I loved him in spite of his taunts, and I felt, moreover, that I was right, and that he was the suffering party.

Before long, we were again talking and joking about indifferent subjects; but when I went to him, and told him that he should have my objections in writing for a closer

examination, and that the only reason he did not agree with me lay in the clumsiness of my verbal statement, he could not help, half laughing and half sneering, throwing in my teeth something about heretics and heresy at the very doorway.

If it should appear strange that Goethe could not readily bear contradiction with respect to his "Theory of Colors," while with respect to his political works he always showed himself perfectly easy, and heard every well-founded objection with thanks, we may perhaps solve the riddle by reflecting that, as a poet, he received the most perfect satisfaction from without, while, by the "Theory of Colors," the greatest and most difficult of his works, he had gained nothing but censure and disapproval. During half a life he had been annoyed by the most senseless opposition on every side, and it was natural enough that he should always find himself in a sort of irritable polemic position, and be always fully armed for a passionate conflict.

His feeling for the "Theory of Colors" was like that of a mother who loves an excellent child all the more the less it is esteemed by others.

"As for what I have done as a poet," he would repeatedly say to me, "I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself, poets more excellent have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colors — of that, I say, I am not a little proud, and here I have a consciousness of a superiority to many."

Fri., Feb. 20. — Dined with Goethe. He is pleased at having finished the "*Wanderjahre*," which he will send off to-morrow. In the "Theory of Colors" he is coming over a little to my opinion concerning the blue shadow in the snow. He talked of his "Italian Journey," which he had again taken under consideration.

He then talked about the fourth volume of his "Life," and the method in which he would treat it; saying that my notes on the year 1824, concerning what he had already executed and planned, would be highly useful to him.

He read Göttling's journal aloud, which treats of the former fencing masters at Jena in a very kindly spirit. Goethe speaks very well of Göttling.

Mon. March 23.— "I have found a paper of mine among some others," said Goethe to-day, "in which I call architecture 'petrified music.' Really there is something in this; the tone of mind produced by architecture approaches the effect of music.

"Splendid edifices and apartments are for princes and kingdoms. Those who live in them feel at ease and contented, and desire nothing further.

"To my own nature this is quite repugnant. In a splendid abode, like that which I had at Carlsbad, I am at once lazy and inactive. On the contrary, a small residence, like this poor apartment in which we now are, and where a sort of disorderly order — a sort of gipsy fashion — prevails, suits me exactly. It allows my inner nature full liberty to act, and to create from itself alone."

We talked of Schiller's letters, the life which he and Goethe had led together, and how the two had daily incited each other to activity.

"Even in 'Faust,'" said I, "Schiller seems to have taken great interest; it is pleasant to see how he urges you, or allows himself to be misled by his idea of continuing 'Faust' himself. I perceive by this that there was something precipitate in his nature."

"You are right," said Goethe, "he was like all men who proceed too much from the idea. Then he was never in repose, and could never have done; as you may see by his letters on '*Wilhelm Meister*,' which he would have now this way, and now that way. I had enough to do to stand my ground, and keep his works and mine free from such influences."

"I have," said I, "been reading this morning his 'Indian Death Dirge,' and have been delighted with its excellence."

"You see," said Goethe, "what a great artist Schiller was, and how he could manage even the objective, when brought traditionally before his eyes. That 'Indian Death Song' is certainly one of his very best poems, and I only wish he had made a dozen like it. And yet — can you

believe it? — his nearest friends found fault with this poem, thinking it was not sufficiently tinctured with his ideality. Yes, my good fellow, such things one has to suffer from one's friends. Humboldt found fault with my Dorothea, because, when assailed by the soldiers, she took up arms and fought. And yet, without that trait, the character of the extraordinary girl, so adapted to the time and circumstances, is at once destroyed, and she sinks into commonplace. But the longer you live, the more you will see how few men are capable of appreciating what MUST be, and that, on the contrary, they only praise, and would only have that which is suitable to themselves. These of whom I spoke were the first and best; so you may judge what was the opinion of the multitude, and how, in fact, I always stood alone.

"Had I not had some solid foundation in the plastic arts and natural science, I should scarce have kept myself up in that evil time, and its daily influences; but this was my protection, and enabled me to aid Schiller also."

Tues., March 24.— "The higher a man is," said Goethe, "the more he is under the influence of demons, and he must take heed lest his guiding will counsel him to a wrong path.

"There was altogether something demoniac in my acquaintance with Schiller; we might have been brought together earlier or later; but that we met just at the time when I had finished my 'Italian Journey,' and Schiller began to be weary of philosophical speculation, — this, I say, led to very important consequences for us both."

Thurs., April 2.— "I will discover to you," said Goethe, to-day at dinner, "a political secret, which will sooner or later be made public. Capo d'Istria cannot long continue to be at the head of Grecian affairs, for he wants one quality indispensable for such a position; HE IS NO SOLDIER. There is no instance of a mere cabinet statesman being able to organize a revolutionary state, and bring the military and their leaders under his control. With the sabre in his hand, at the head of an army, a man may command and give laws, secure of being obeyed; but without this the attempt is hazardous. Napoleon, if he had not been a soldier, could never have attained the highest

power; and Capo d'Istria will not long keep the first place, but will very soon play a secondary part. I tell you this beforehand, and you will see it come. It lies in the nature of things, and must happen."

Goethe then talked much about the French, especially Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot.

"These men," said he, "look into, through, and round a subject, with great success. They combine perfect knowledge of the past with the spirit of the nineteenth century; and the result is wonderful."

We then came to the newest French poets, and the meaning of the terms "classic" and "romantic."

"A new expression occurs to me," said Goethe, "which does not ill define the state of the case. I call the classic HEALTHY, the romantic SICKLY. In this sense, the '*Nibelungenlied*' is as classic as the 'Iliad,' for both are vigorous and healthy. Most modern productions are romantic, not because they are new, but because they are weak, morbid, and sickly; and the antique is classic, not because it is old, but because it is strong, fresh, joyous, and healthy. If we distinguish 'classic' and 'romantic' by these qualities, it will be easy to see our way clearly."

The conversation turned upon the imprisonment of Béranger —

"He is rightly served," said Goethe. "His late poems are really contrary to all order; and he has fully deserved punishment by his offenses against king, state, and peaceful citizenship. His early poems, on the contrary, are cheerful and harmless, and are well adapted to make a circle of gay and happy people, which, indeed, is the best that can be said of songs."

"I am sure," said I, "that he has been injured by the society in which he lives, and that, to please his revolutionary friends, he has said many things which he otherwise would not have said. Your excellency should fulfill your intention of writing a chapter on influences; the subject is the richer and more important, the more one thinks of it."

"It is only too rich," said Goethe; "for in truth all is influence except ourselves."

"We have only to see," said I, "whether an influence is injurious or beneficial — whether it is suitable or repugnant to our nature."

"That is indeed the point," said Goethe, "but the difficulty is for our better nature to maintain itself vigorously, and not to allow the demons more power than is due."

Conversation then turned on the newest French literature, and Goethe spoke again with admiration of the lectures of MM. Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot.

"Instead of the superficial lightness of Voltaire," said he, "they have an erudition, such as, in earlier days, was unknown out of Germany. And such intellect! such searching and pressing out of the subject! superb! It is as if they trod the wine press. All three are excellent, but I would give the preference to Guizot; he is my favorite."

Speaking on topics of universal history, Goethe spoke thus on the subject of rulers: —

"To be popular, a great ruler needs no other means than his greatness. If he has striven and succeeded in making his realm happy at home and honored abroad, it matters not whether he ride about in a state coach, dressed in all his orders, or in a bearskin, with his cigar in his mouth, in a miserable DROSKY, he is sure of love and esteem from his people.

"But if a prince lacks personal greatness, and does not know how to conciliate his subjects by good deeds, he must think of other means, and there is none better and more effective than religion and a sympathy with the customs of his people. To appear at church every Sunday; to look down upon, and let himself be looked at for an hour by the congregation, is the best means of becoming popular which can be recommended to a young sovereign, and one which, with all his greatness, Napoleon himself did not disdain."

Conversation again turned upon the Catholics, and it was remarked how great were the silent operation and influence of the ecclesiastics. An anecdote was related of a young writer of Henault, who had made somewhat merry with the rosary in a periodical which he edited. The paper was

immediately bought up through the influence of the priests over their several congregations.

"An Italian translation of my 'Werther,'" said Goethe, "very soon appeared at Milan. Not a single copy of it was to be seen a short time afterward. The bishop had caused the whole edition to be bought up by the clergy in the various districts. I was not vexed, but pleased with the shrewd gentleman, who saw, at once, that 'Werther' was a bad book for the Catholics, and I could not do otherwise than commend him for taking immediately the most effective measures quietly to suppress it."

"I am now reading Napoleon's campaign in Egypt," said Goethe; "namely, what is related by the hero's everyday companion, Bourrienne, which destroys the romantic cast of many scenes, and displays facts in their naked sublime truth. It is evident that he undertook this expedition merely to fill up an epoch when he could do nothing in France to make himself ruler. He was at first undecided what to do; he visited all the French harbors on the Atlantic coast, to inspect the fleets, and see whether an expedition against England were practicable or not. He found it was not, and then decided on going to Egypt."

"It raises my admiration," said I, "that Napoleon, at that early age, could play with the great affairs of the world as easily and securely as if many years' practice and experience had gone before."

"That, my dear friend," said Goethe, "is an inborn quality with great talents. Napoleon managed the world as Hummel his piano; both achievements appear wonderful, we do not understand one more than the other, yet so it is, and the whole is done before our eyes. Napoleon was in this especially great — that he was at all hours the same. Before a battle, during a battle, after a victory, after a defeat, he stood always firm, and was always clear and decided as to what he should do. He was always in his element, and equal to each situation and each moment, just as it is all alike to Hummel whether he plays an *adagio* or an *allegro*, bass or treble. This facility we find everywhere where there is real talent, in the arts of peace as well as in war; at the harpsichord as behind the cannon.

"We see, by this book," continued Goethe, "how many fables have been invented about the Egyptian campaign. Much, indeed, is corroborated, but much is not, and most that has been said is contradicted. That he had eight hundred Turkish prisoners shot is true; but the act appears as the mature determination of a long council of war, on the conviction, after a consideration of all the circumstances, that there were no means of saving them. That he descended into the Pyramids is a fable. He stood at his ease on the outside, and let others tell him what they had seen below. In the same way, the tradition that he wore the Eastern dress is inaccurate. He put it on once at home, and appeared in it among his followers, to see how it became him. But the turban does not suit such long heads, and he never put on the dress again.

"He really visited those sick of the plague, and, indeed, in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear could vanquish the plague also. And he was right! I can instance a fact from my own life, when I was inevitably exposed to infection from a putrid fever, and warded off the disease merely by force of will. It is incredible what power the moral will has in such cases. It penetrates, as it were, the body; and puts it into a state of activity which repels all hurtful influences. Fear, on the other hand, is a state of indolent weakness and susceptibility, which makes it easy for every foe to take possession of us. This Napoleon knew well, and he felt that he risked nothing in giving his army an imposing example.

"But," continued he, gayly, "pay your respects. What book do you think Napoleon carried in his field library? — my 'Werther!'"

"We may see by his levée at Erfurt," said I, "that he had studied it well."

"He had studied it as a criminal judge does his documents," said Goethe, "and in this spirit talked with me about it. In Bourrienne's work there is a list of the books which Napoleon took to Egypt, among which is 'Werther.' But what is worth noticing in this list, is the manner in which the books are classed under different rubrics. Under the head *Politique*, for instance, we find the Old Testament,

the New Testament, the Koran; by which we see from what point of view Napoleon regarded religious matters."

He told us many other interesting matters from the book. Among others, the incident was mentioned how Napoleon with his army went through part of the dry bed in the narrow part of the Red Sea, at the time of ebb; but was overtaken by the flood, and the last men waded up to their arms in water, so that the exploit nearly ended in Pharaoh's style. This led Goethe to say much that was new on the rise of the flood. He compared it with that of the clouds, which do not come from a great distance, but arise at once in various parts, and pass along symmerically everywhere.

Wed., April 15.— We talked of people who, without having any real talent, are excited to productiveness, and of others who write about things they do not understand.

"What seduces young people," said Goethe, "is this— we live in a time in which so much culture is diffused, that it has communicated itself, as it were, to the atmosphere which a young man breathes. Poetical and philosophic thoughts live and move within him, he has sucked them in with his very breath, but he thinks they are his own property, and utters them as such. But after he has restored to the time what he has received from it, he remains poor. He is like a fountain which plays for a while with the water with which it is supplied, but which ceases to flow as soon as the liquid treasure is exhausted."

Tues., Sept. 1.— I told Goethe of a person now traveling through Weimar, who had heard a lecture of Hegel's on the proof of the existence of a God. Goethe agreed with me, that the time for such lectures was gone by.

"The period of doubt," said he, "is past; men now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity, the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connection with our bodies, are eternal problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no farther. A French philosopher, of the most recent times, begins his chapter confidently thus: —

"'It is acknowledged that man consists of two parts, body and soul; accordingly, we will begin with the body, and then speak of the soul.'

"Fichte went a little farther, and extricated himself somewhat more cleverly from the dilemma, by saying — 'We shall treat of man regarded as a body, and of man regarded as a soul.' He felt too well that a so closely combined whole could not be separated. Kant has unquestionably done the best service, by drawing the limits beyond which human intellect is not able to penetrate, and leaving at rest the insoluble problems. What a deal have people philosophized about immortality — and how far have they got? I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with the *entelecheia*. But we are not all, in like manner, immortal; and he who would manifest himself in future as a great *entelecheia*, must be one now.

"While the Germans are tormenting themselves with the solution of philosophical problems, the English, with their great practical understanding, laugh at us, and win the world. Everybody knows their declamations against the slave trade; and while they have palmed upon us all sorts of humane maxims as the real foundation of their proceedings, it is at last discovered that their true motive is a practical object, which the English always notoriously require in order to act, and which should have been known before. In their extensive domains on the western coast of Africa they themselves use the blacks, and it is against their interest for them to be carried off. They have founded large colonies of negroes in America, which are very productive, and yearly return a large profit in blacks. From these they can supply the demand in North America, and since they thus carry on a highly profitable trade, an importation from without would be against their commercial interests; so they preach with a practical view against the inhuman African slave trade. Even at the Congress of Vienna, the English envoy denounced it with great zeal, but the Portuguese envoy had the good sense to reply quietly, that he did not know they had come together to sit in judgment on the world, or to decide upon principles of morality. He well knew the object of England; and he had also his own, which he knew how to plead for and obtain."

Sun., Dec. 6. — To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the first scene of the second act of "Faust."* The effect was great, and gave me a high satisfaction. We are once more transported into Faust's study, where Mephistophiles finds all just as he had left it. He takes from the hook Faust's old study gown, and a thousand moths and insects flutter out from it. By the directions of Mephistophiles as to where these are to settle down, the locality is brought very clearly before our eyes. He puts on the gown, while Faust lies behind a curtain in a state of paralysis, intending to play the doctor's part once more. He pulls the bell, which gives such an awful tone among the old solitary convent halls, that the doors spring open and the walls tremble. The servant rushes in, and finds in Faust's seat Mephistophiles, whom he does not recognize, but for whom he has respect. In answer to inquiries he gives news of Wagner, who has now become a celebrated man, and is hoping for the return of his master. He is, we hear, at this moment deeply occupied in his laboratory, seeking to produce a Homunculus. The servant retires, and the bachelor enters, — the same whom we knew some years before as a shy young student, when Mephistophiles (in Faust's gown) made game of him. He is now become a man, and is so full of conceit that even Mephistophiles can do nothing with him, but moves his chair further and further, and at last addresses the pit.

Goethe read the scene quite to the end. I was pleased with his youthful productive strength, and with the closeness of the whole. "As the conception," said Goethe, "is so old — for I have had it in my mind for fifty years — the materials have accumulated to such a degree, that the difficult operation is to separate and reject. The invention of the whole second part is really as old as I say; but it may be an advantage that I have not written it down till now, when my knowledge of the world is so much clearer. I am like one who in his youth has a great deal of small silver and copper money, which in the course of his life he constantly changes for the better, so that at last the prop-

* That is, the second act of the second part of "Faust," which was not published entire till after Goethe's death. — TRANS.

erty of his youth stands before him in pieces of pure gold."

We spoke about the character of the Bachelor. "Is he not meant," said I, "to represent a certain class of ideal philosophers?"

"No," said Goethe, "the arrogance which is peculiar to youth, and of which we had such striking examples after our war for freedom, is personified in him. Indeed, every one believes in his youth that the world really began with him, and that all merely exists for his sake.

"Thus, in the East, there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him, and would not go to work till he had commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command till the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing."

Goethe remained a while absorbed in silent thought; then he began as follows: —

"When one is old one thinks of worldly matters otherwise than when one is young. Thus I cannot but think that the demons, to tease and make sport with men, have placed among them single figures, which are so alluring that every one strives after them, and so great that nobody reaches them. Thus they set up Raffaelle, with whom thought and act were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have approached him, but none have equalled him. Thus, too, they set up Mozart as something unattainable in music; and thus Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say against this thought; but I only mean natural character, the great innate qualities. Thus, too, Napoleon is unattainable. That the Russians were so moderate as not to go to Constantinople is indeed very great; but we find a similar trait in Napoleon, for he had the moderation not to go to Rome."

Much was associated with this copious theme; I thought to myself in silence that the demons had intended something of the kind with Goethe, inasmuch as he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, and too great to be reached.

Wed., Dec. 16. — To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the second scene of the second act of "Faust," where

Mephistophiles visits Wagner, who is on the point of making a human being by chemical means. The work succeeds; the Homunculus appears in the phial, as a shining being, and is at once active. He repels Wagner's questions upon incomprehensible subjects; reasoning is not his business; he wishes to ACT, and begins with our hero, Faust, who, in his paralyzed condition, needs a higher aid. As a being to whom the present is perfectly clear and transparent, the Homunculus sees into the soul of the sleeping Faust, who, enraptured by a lovely dream, beholds Leda visited by swans, while she is bathing in a pleasant spot. The Homunculus, by describing this dream, brings a most charming picture before our eyes. Mephistophiles sees nothing of it, and the Homunculus taunts him with his northern nature.

"Generally," said Goethe, "you will perceive that Mephistophiles appears to disadvantage beside the Homunculus, who is like him in clearness of intellect, and so much superior to him in his tendency to the beautiful, and to a useful activity. He styles him cousin; for such spiritual beings as this Homunculus, not yet saddened and limited by a thorough assumption of humanity, were classed with the demons, and thus there is a sort of relationship between the two."

"Certainly," said I, "Mephistophiles appears here in a subordinate situation; yet I cannot help thinking that he has had a secret influence on the production of the Homunculus. We have known him in this way before; and, indeed, in the 'Helena' he always appears as a being secretly working. Thus he again elevates himself with regard to the whole, and in his lofty repose he can well afford to put up with a little in particulars."

"Your feeling of the position is very correct," said Goethe; "indeed, I have doubted whether I ought not to put some verses into the mouth of Mephistophiles as he goes to Wagner, and the Homunculus is still in a state of formation, so that his co-operation may be expressed and rendered plain to the reader."

"It would do no harm," said I. "Yet this is intimated by the words with which Mephistophiles closes the scene—

«'*Am Ende hängen wir doch ab*
Von Creaturen die wir machten.'

«'We are dependent after all,
On creatures that we make.'»

«True,» said Goethe, «that would be almost enough for the attentive; but I will think about some additional verses.»

«But,» said I, «those concluding words are very great, and will not easily be penetrated to their full extent.»

«I think,» said Goethe, «I have given them a bone to pick. A father who has six sons is a lost man, let him do what he may. Kings and ministers, too, who have raised many persons to high places, may have something to think about from their own experience.»

Faust's dream about Leda again came into my head, and I regarded this as a most important feature in the composition.

«It is wonderful to me,» said I, «how the several parts of such a work bear upon, perfect, and sustain one another! By this dream of Leda, 'Helena' gains its proper foundation. There we have a constant allusion to swans and the child of a swan; but here we have the act itself, and when we come afterward to 'Helena,' with the sensible impression of such a situation, how much more clear and perfect does all appear!»

Goethe said I was right, and was pleased that I remarked this.

«Thus you will see,» said he, «that in these earlier acts the chords of the classic and romantic are constantly struck, so that, as on a rising ground, where both forms of poetry are brought out, and in some sort balance one another, we may ascend to 'Helena.'

«The French,» continued Goethe, «now begin to think justly of these matters. Both classic and romantic, say they, are equally good. The only point is to use these forms with judgment, and to be capable of excellence. You can be absurd in both, and then one is as worthless as the other. This, I think, is rational enough, and may content us for a while.»

Sun., Dec. 20.— Dined with Goethe. We spoke of the Chancellor, and I asked whether he did not bring any news of Manzoni, on his return from Italy.

"He wrote to me about him," said Goethe. "The Chancellor paid Manzoni a visit; he lives on his estate near Milan, and is, I am sorry to say, always indisposed."

"It is singular," said I, "that we so frequently find persons of distinguished talents, especially poets, with weak constitutions."

"The extraordinary performances of these men," said Goethe, "presuppose a very delicate organization, which makes them susceptible to unusual emotions, and capable of hearing celestial voices. Such an organization, in conflict with the world and the elements, is easily disturbed and injured; and he who does not, like Voltaire, combine with great sensibility an equally uncommon toughness, is easily exposed to perpetual indisposition. Schiller was always ill. When I first knew him, I thought he could not live a month; but he, too, had a certain toughness; he sustained himself many years, and would have done so longer, if he had lived in a way more favorable to health."

We spoke of the theatre, and how far a certain performance had been successful.

"I have seen Unzelmann in the part," said Goethe. "It was always a pleasure to see him, on account of the perfect freedom of his mind, which he imparted to us; for it is with acting as with all other arts. What the artist does or has done excites in us the mood in which he himself was when he did it. A free mood in the artist makes us free; a constrained one makes us uncomfortable. We usually find this freedom of the artist where he is fully equal to his subject. It is on this account we are so pleased with Dutch pictures; the artists painted the life around them, of which they were perfect masters. If we are to feel this freedom of mind in an actor, he must, by study, imagination, and natural disposition, be perfect master of his part, must have all bodily requisites at his command, and must be upheld by a certain youthful energy. But study is not enough without imagination, and study and imagination together are not enough without natural disposition. Women do the most through imagination and temperament; thence came the excellence of Madame Wolff."

We pursued this subject further, talking of many of the chief actors of the Weimar stage, and mentioning their performance in several parts with due acknowledgment.

In the meanwhile, "Faust" came once more into my head, and I talked of the manner in which the Homunculus could be rendered clear upon the stage. "If we do not see the little man himself," said I, "we must see the light in the bottle, and his important words must be uttered in a way that would surpass the capacity of a child."

"Wagner," said Goethe, "must not let the bottle go out of his hands, and the voice must sound as if it issued from the bottle. It would be a part for a ventriloquist such as I have heard. A man of that kind would solve the difficulty to a certainty."

We then talked of the Grand Carnival, and the possibility of representing it upon the stage. "It would be a little more than the market place at Naples," said I.

"It would require a very large theatre," said Goethe, "and is hardly to be imagined."

"I hope to see it some day," was my answer. "I look forward with especial delight to the elephant, led by Prudence, and surmounted by Victory, with Hope and Fear in chains on each side. This is an allegory that could not easily be surpassed."

"The elephant would not be the first on the stage," said Goethe. "At Paris there is one, which forms an entire character. He belongs to a popular party, and takes the crown from one king and places it on another, which must indeed have an imposing effect. Then, when he is called at the end of the piece, he appears quite alone, makes his bow, and retires. You see, therefore, that we might reckon on an elephant for our carnival. But the whole scene is much too large, and requires a manager such as is not easily found."

"Still, it is so brilliant and effective," said I, "that a stage will scarcely allow it to escape. Then how does it build itself up, and become more and more striking! First, there are the beautiful gardeners, male and female, who decorate the stage, and at the same time form a mass, so that the various objects, as they increase in importance, are

never without spectators, and a background. Then there is the team of dragons, which coming from the background, through the air, soars overhead. Then the appearance of the great Pan with the apparent fire, and its extinction by the wet clouds, which roll to the spot. If all this is carried out as you have conceived, the public will, in its amazement, confess that it has not sense and intellect sufficient to appreciate such a profusion of phenomena."

"Pray, no more about the public," said Goethe; "I wish to hear nothing about it. The chief point is, that the piece is written; the world may now do with it as it pleases, and use it as far as it can."

We then talked of the "Boy Lenker."

"That Faust is concealed under the mask of Plutus, and Mephistophiles under that of Avarice, you will have already perceived. But who is the 'Boy Lenker?'"

I hesitated, and could not answer.

"It is Euphorion," said Goethe.

"But how can he appear in the carnival here," asked I, "when he is not born till the third act?"

"Euphorion," replied Goethe, "is not a human, but an allegorical being. In him is personified poetry, which is bound to neither time, place, nor person. The same spirit who afterward chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the 'Boy Lenker,' and is so far like a spectre, that he can be present everywhere, and at all times."

Sun., Dec. 27.— To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the scene of the paper money, in the second part of "Faust."

"You recollect," said he, "that at the imperial assembly the end of the song is that there is a want of money, and that Mephistophiles promises to provide some. This theme continues through the masquerade, when Mephistophiles contrives that the Emperor, while in the mask of the great Pan, shall sign a paper, which, being thus endowed with a money-value, is multiplied a thousand-fold and circulated. Now, in this scene the affair is discussed before the Emperor, who does not know what he has done. The treasurer hands over the banknotes, and makes everything clear. The Emperor is at first enraged, but afterward, on a closer inspection of his profit, makes splendid presents of paper

money to those around him, and as he retires drops some thousand crowns, which the fat court fool picks up, and then goes off at once to turn his paper into land."

While Goethe reads this noble scene, I was pleased with the happy notion of deducing the paper money from Mephistophiles, and thus in so striking a manner bringing in and immortalizing one of the main interests of the present day.

Scarcely had the scene been read over and discussed, when Goethe's son came down and seated himself with us at the table. He told us of Cooper's last novel, which he had read, and which he now described admirably in his own graphic manner. We made no allusion to the scene we had just read, but he began of his own accord to tell a great deal about Prussian treasury bills, and to say that they were paid for above their value. While young Goethe went on talking in this way, I looked at the father with a smile, which he returned, and thus we gave each other to understand how very *apropos* was the subject of the scene.

Wed., Dec. 30.—To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the next scene.

"Now they have got money at the imperial court," said he, "they want to be amused. The Emperor wishes to see Paris and Helen, and they are through magical art, to appear in person. Since, however, Mephistophiles has nothing to do with Greek antiquity, and has no power over such personages, this task is assigned to Faust, who succeeds in it perfectly. The scene showing the means which Faust must adopt to render the apparition possible is not quite complete yet, but I will read it to you next time. The actual appearance of Paris and Helen you shall hear to-day."

I was happy in the anticipation of what was coming, and Goethe began to read. I saw the Emperor and his court pass through the ancient hall to witness the spectacle. The curtain rises, and the stage, representing a great temple, is before my eyes. Mephistophiles is in the prompter's box, the astrologer is one side of the proscenium, and Faust, with the tripod, on the other. He utters the

necessary formula, and Paris appears rising from the fumes of incense. While this handsome youth is moving about to ethereal music, a description of him is given. He sits down, and leans with his arm bent on his head, as we find him in ancient sculptures. He is the delight of the ladies, who express how they are charmed by the bloom of his youth, and is hated by the men, who are moved by jealousy and hatred, and depreciate him as much as they can. Paris goes to sleep, and Helen makes her appearance. She approaches the sleeper, imprints a kiss upon his lips, retires from him, and then turns round to gaze at him. While in the act of turning, she looks especially charming, and makes the same impression on the men which Paris made upon the women. The men are inspired to love and praise, the women to envy, hatred, and detraction. Faust himself is quite enraptured, and at the aspect of the beauty which he has called forth forgets time, place, and circumstance, so that Mephistophiles finds it necessary to remind him every moment that he is getting out of his part. A mutual affection between Paris and Helen seems to increase, the youth clasps her to carry her away; Faust is about to tear him from her, but, when he turns the key toward him, a violent explosion ensues, the apparations melt into vapor, and Faust falls paralyzed to the ground.

1830

Sun., Jan. 31, 1830.

PAID a visit to Goethe, in company with the Prince. He received us in his workroom.

We spoke of the different editions of his works, when I was surprised to hear that he himself did not possess the greater part of these editions. He had not even the first edition of his "Roman Carnival," with engravings from his own original drawing. He had bid, he said, six dollars for it at an auction, but did not get it.

He then showed us the first manuscript of his "*Götz von Berlichingen*," quite in the original form, just as he had written it fifty years ago, in a few weeks, at the instigation of his sister. The fine strokes of the handwriting already bore completely the free clear character which his later German writing afterward retained, and retains even now. The manuscript was very clear, whole pages could be read without the least correction, so that one would rather take it for a copy than the first rough draft.

Goethe wrote his earliest works, as he told us, with his own hand, even his "Werther"; but the manuscript had been lost. In later times, on the contrary, he had dictated almost everything, and there are only poems and lightly noted sketches in his own hand. Very often he did not think of taking a copy of a new production; but frequently abandoned the most valuable works to chance, often sending the only copy he possessed to the printing office at Stuttgard.

After we had sufficiently looked at the manuscript of "*Götz von Berlichingen*," Goethe showed us the original of his "Italian Journey." In these daily noted down observations and remarks, there are the same good qualities in the handwriting as in the "Götz." All is decided, firm, and sure; there are no corrections; and one sees that the details of his momentary notes were always fresh and clear in the mind of the writer. Nothing could have been changed for

the better excepting the paper, which was different in form and color in every town at which the traveler stopped.

Toward the end of the manuscript I found a spirited pen-and-ink drawing by Goethe, namely, the representation of an Italian advocate, holding a speech before the court in his robe of office. It was the most remarkable figure that one could imagine, and the dress was so striking, that one would have thought he had chosen it to go to a masquerade. And yet all was but a faithful copy of real life. With his forefinger upon the point of his thumb, and the rest of his fingers stretched out, the stout orator stood comfortably enough, and this slight movement was in perfect accordance with the great *perruque* with which he had adorned himself.

Wed., Feb. 3. — Dined with Goethe. We talked of Mozart.

"I saw him", said Goethe, "at seven years old, when he gave a concert while traveling our way. I myself was about fourteen years old, and remember perfectly the little man, with his *frisure* and sword."

I stared, for it seemed to me almost wonderful that Goethe was old enough to have seen Mozart, when a child.

Wed., Feb. 3. — We spoke of the "Globe" and the "Temps," and this led to the French literature and *literati*.

"Guizot," said Goethe, among other things, "is a man after my own heart; he is solid. He possesses deep knowledge, combined with an enlightened liberality, which being above parties goes its own way. I am curious to see what part he will play in the Chamber, to which he has just been elected."

"People, who only appear to know him superficially," returned I, "have described him as somewhat pedantic."

"It remains to be known," answered Goethe, "with what sort of pedantry he is reproached. All distinguished men who, in their mode of life adopt a sort of regularity and firm principles, who have reflected much, and who do not trifle with the affairs of life, may very easily appear to be pedants in the eyes of superficial observers. Guizot is a far-seeing, calm, constant man, who in the face of fickleness cannot be sufficiently prized, and is exactly such a man as they want.

"Villemain," continued Goethe, "is perhaps more brilliant as an orator; he possesses the art of thoroughly developing a subject from its foundation; he is never at a loss for striking expressions with which to fix the attention of his hearers, and awaken them to loud applause; but he is far more superficial than Guizot, and far less practical.

"As for Cousin, he can indeed give little to us Germans, since the philosophy which he introduces to his countrymen as something new has been known to us for years; but he is of great importance for the French. He will give them an entirely new tendency.

"Cuvier, the great naturalist, is admirable for his power of representation and his style. No one expounds a fact better than he; but he has scarcely any philosophy. He will bring up very well-informed, but few profound scholars."

It was the more interesting to me to hear all this, as it accorded with Dumont's view of the persons in question. I promised Goethe to copy the passages relating to this subject from Dumont's manuscript, that he might compare them with his own opinion.

The mention of Dumont brought the conversation to the intimacy of Dumont with Bentham, on which subject Goethe expressed himself as follows: —

"It is an interesting problem for me," said he, "when I see that a rational and moderate man like Dumont could be the disciple and faithful worshiper of that madman Bentham."

"To a certain extent," returned I, "Bentham is to be looked upon as a twofold person. I distinguish Bentham the genius — who discovered the principles which Dumont rescued from oblivion, by working them out — from Bentham the impassioned, who, through an exaggerated zeal for utility, overstepped the limits of his own doctrine, and thus became a radical both in politics and in religion."

"That is a new problem for me," returned Goethe, "that an old man can close the career of a long life, by becoming a radical in his last days."

I endeavored to solve this contradiction, by remarking that Bentham, being fully convinced of the excellence of his doctrine and his legislation, and of the impossibility of

introducing them into England without an entire change in the system of Government, allowed himself to be carried away so much the more by his passionate zeal, as he came but little into contact with the outward world, and was unable to judge of the danger of violent overthrow.

"Dumont, on the contrary," continued I, "who possesses more clearness and less passion, has never approved of Bentham's exaggeration, and has been far removed from falling into a like fault himself. Besides, he has had the advantage of applying Bentham's principles in a country which, in consequence of the political events of the times, might be regarded as new — namely, in Geneva, where everything perfectly succeeded, and the fortunate result proved the worth of the principle."

"Dumont," returned Goethe, "is a moderate liberal just as all rational people are and ought to be, and as I myself am. It is in this spirit I have endeavored to act during a long life.

"The true liberal," he continued, "endeavors to effect as much good as he can, with the means which he has at command; but he would not extirpate evils, which are often inevitable, with fire and sword. He endeavors, by a judicious progress, gradually to remove glaring defects, without at the same time destroying an equal amount of good by violent measures. He contents himself in this ever imperfect world with what is good, until time and circumstances favor his attaining something better."

Sat., Feb. 6. — Dined with Frau von Goethe. Young Goethe related some pleasant anecdotes of his grandmother, Frau Rath Goethe, of Frankfort, whom he had visited twenty years before as a student, and with whom he was one day invited to dine at the Prince Primate's. The Prince, as a mark of particular politeness, had come to meet the Frau Rath on the stairs; but as he wore his usual clerical costume, she took him for an Abbé, and paid him no particular respect. Even when first seated by his side at table, she did not put on the most friendly face. In the course of the conversation, however, she gradually perceived, from the deportment of the rest of the guests, that he was the Primate. The Prince then drank the health of

her and her son, whereupon she rose and proposed the health of his Highness.

Sun., *Feb. 7.* — Dined with Goethe. A great deal of conversation about the Prince Primate — that he had contrived to defend him by a skillful turn at the Empress of Austria's table; the Prince's deficiency in philosophy; his *dilettante* love of painting, without taste; the picture given to Miss Gore; his goodness of heart and weak liberality, which at last brought him to poverty. Conversation on the nature of the "*Desobligeant.*" After dinner young Goethe, with Walter and Wolf, appeared in his masquerade dress, in the character of Klingsohr, and then went to Court.

Wed., *Feb. 10.* — Dined with Goethe. He spoke with real gratification of the poem written by Riemer, for the festival of the 2d of February.

"All," added Goethe, "that Riemer does is fit to be seen both by master and journeyman."

We talked also of the classic "Walpurgis-night," and he said that he came to things which surprised even himself. The subject, too, had become more diffuse than he had expected.

"I am not half through it," said he, "but I will keep to it, and hope to have finished it by Easter. You shall see nothing more of it before, but, as soon as it is done, I will give it to you to take home, that you may examine it quietly. If you made up the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth volumes,* so that we might send off the last part at Easter, it would be a good arrangement, and we should have the summer open for something great. I would occupy myself with 'Faust,' and endeavor to get over the fourth act."

I was pleased with this notion, and promised every assistance on my part.

Goethe then sent his servant to inquire after the Grand Duchess Dowager, who had been very ill, and seemed to him in a dangerous situation.

"She should not have seen the masquerade," said he; "but princesses are accustomed to have their own way, and thus all the protests of the Court and the physicians were in vain. With the same strong will with which she once

*That is, of Goethe's complete works.

confronted Napoleon, she now resists her bodily weakness; and can foresee already that she will go off, like the Grand Duke, in the full vigor and mastery of her mind, although her body may have ceased to obey it."

Goethe appeared in low spirits, and remained silent for a while. Soon, however, we again conversed on cheerful subjects; and he told me of a book written in defense of Sir Hudson Lowe.

"It contains," he said, "most valuable traits which can only have been derived from immediate eyewitnesses. You know that Napoleon ordinarily wore a dark green uniform. It was at last so much worn and sunburnt as entirely to lose its color, and a necessity was felt of supplying its place with another. He wished for the same dark green color, but no article of the sort was to be found in the island. There was indeed a green cloth, but the color was not pure, and ran into a yellowish tinge. The lord of the world found it intolerable to put such a color on his body, and nothing was left but to turn his old uniform and wear it in that way.

"What do you say to that? Is it not a perfectly tragic trait? Is it not touching to see the master of kings so reduced at last that he must wear a turned uniform? And yet, when we reflect that such an end befell a man who had trampled under foot the life and happiness of millions, his fate appears after all very mild. Fate is here a Nemesis, who, in consideration of the hero's greatness cannot avoid being a little generous. Napoleon affords us an example of the danger of elevating oneself to the Absolute, and sacrificing everything to the carrying out of an idea."

Sat., Mar. 6.— Goethe had been reading, for some time, the "Memoirs of St. Simon."

"With the death of Louis the Fourteenth," said he to me some days ago, "I came to a stop. Until then the dozen volumes interested me to a high degree, through the contrast of the will of the master and the aristocratic virtue of the servant. But from the moment when that monarch takes his departure, and another personage enters, who is so bad that St. Simon himself appears to advantage

by his side, I felt no more pleasure in reading; repugnance followed, and I left the book where the 'Tyrant' left me."

Goethe had also ceased, during the last fortnight, to read the "Globe" and the "Temps," which he had read for many months with the greatest ardor. Now, when the numbers arrive folded up, he lays them aside unopened. However, he begs his friends to tell him what is going on in the world. He has been for some time very productive, and quite buried in the second part of his "Faust." It is the classical "*Walpurgis-nacht*" which has especially absorbed him for some weeks, and which is therefore making rapid and striking progress. In such thoroughly productive epochs Goethe does not like reading, unless, as something light and cheerful, it affords him a healthy repose, or stands in harmony and assists him with the subject he has immediately in hand. He avoids it, on the contrary, when it has so strong and exciting an effect as to disturb his quiet and calm production, and dissipate and distract his active interest. The last appears to have been the case with the "Globe" and the "Temps."

"I see," said he, "that important events are about to take place in Paris; we are on the eve of a great explosion. But since I have no influence upon it, I shall wait for it quietly, without allowing myself to be unnecessarily excited every day by the interesting progress of the drama. I now read neither the 'Globe' nor the 'Temps,' and my '*Walpurgis-nacht*' progresses the better for it."

He spoke of the state of the most modern French literature, which interests him much.

"What the French," said he, "in their present literary tendency, consider something new, is in fact nothing but the reflection of what the German literature has intended, and has been for fifty years. The germ of the historical pieces which are now new to them, is to be found in my 'Götz,' written half a century ago.

"Besides," continued he, "the German authors have never thought, and have never written with a view of exerting an influence over the French. I myself have always had only Germany before my eyes, and it was only yesterday or the day before that it occurred to me to turn my

glances westward, to see what our neighbors think of me on the other side of the Rhine. And even now they have no influence over my productions. Wieland himself, who imitated the French forms and manner, always remained a German at bottom, and would make a bad figure in a translation."

Sun., Mar. 7.— Went to Goethe about twelve, and found him remarkably fresh and strong. He told me that he had been forced to lay aside the classical "Walpurgis-night," to finish the last number of his entire works.

"I have shown my wisdom," said he, "in leaving off when I was in a good vein, and had much to say that I had already invented. In this way, it is much easier to resume my subject, than if I had gone on writing till I came to a standstill."

I noted down this as good doctrine. We had intended to take a ride before dinner, but we both found it so pleasant in the room that the horses were countermanded.

In the meanwhile, Frederic, the servant, had unpacked a large chest, which had arrived from Paris. It was a present from the sculptor David, of bas-relief portraits in plaster of fifty-seven celebrated persons. Frederic brought in the casts in the different drawers, and we were much amused in looking at all the persons of distinction. I was particularly curious about Mérimée; the head appeared as powerful and bold as his talent, and Goethe remarked that he had something humorous about him. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, appeared with clear, free, cheerful faces. We were also pleased to see Mademoiselle Gay, Madame Tastu, and other young female writers. The powerful head of Fabvier reminded us of the men of earlier ages; we felt delight in looking at it again and again.

Thus we went on from one eminent person to another, and Goethe could not help saying repeatedly that through this present from David he possessed a treasure for which he could not sufficiently thank the admirable artist. He would not fail to show this collection to travelers, and in that way attain verbal information about some of those personages who were unknown to him.

Some books had also been packed up in the chest, which he had ordered to be taken into the front rooms, whither we followed them and sat down to dine. We were in good spirits, and spoke of works and plans of works.

"It is not good for man to be alone," said Goethe, "and especially to work alone. On the contrary, he needs sympathy and suggestion to do anything well. I owe to Schiller the 'Achilleis,' and many of my ballads, to which he urged me; and you may take the credit to yourself, if I complete the second part of 'Faust.' I have often told you so before, but I must repeat it that you may know it."

These words rejoiced me, for I felt that there might be much truth in what he said. After dinner, Goethe opened one of the packets. This contained the poems of Emile Deschamps, accompanied by a letter, which Goethe gave me to read. I saw with delight what influence was attributed to Goethe over the new life of French literature, and how the young poets loved and revered him as their intellectual head. Thus had Shakespeare worked upon the youth of Goethe. It could not be said of Voltaire that he had had an influence of the kind on the young poets of other countries, that they assembled in his spirit, and recognized him as their lord and master. The letter of Deschamps was written altogether with a very amiable cordiality and freedom.

"You see there the springtime of a beautiful mind," said Goethe.

We found also a leaf, which David had sent with drawings of Napoleon's hat in various positions.

"That is something for my son," said Goethe, and sent him the leaf immediately. It produced its effect, for young Goethe soon came down full of glee, and declared that these hats of his hero were the *ne plus ultra* of his collection. Five minutes had not passed before the leaf, under glass and in a frame, was in its place among other attributes and monuments of the hero.

Sun., Mar. 14.— This evening at Goethe's. He showed me all the treasures, now put in order, from the chest which he had received from David, and with the unpacking

of which I had found him occupied some days ago. The plaster medallions, with the profiles of the principal young poets of France, he had laid in order side by side upon tables. On this occasion, he spoke once more of the extraordinary talent of David, which was as great in conception as in execution. He also showed me a number of the newest works, which had been presented to him, through the medium of David, as gifts from the most distinguished men of the romantic school. I saw works by St. Beuve, Ballanche, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, Jules Janin, and others.

"David," said he, "has prepared happy days for me, by this present. The young poets have already occupied me the whole week, and afford me new life by the fresh impressions which I receive from them. I shall make a separate catalogue of these much esteemed portraits and books, and shall give them both a special place in my collection of works of art and my library."

One could see from Goethe's manner that this homage from the young poets of France afforded him the heartiest delight,

He then read something from the "Studies," by Emile Deschamps. He praised the translation of the "Bride of Corinth," as faithful, and very successful.

"I possess," said he, "the manuscript of an Italian translation of this poem, which gives the original, even to the rhymes."

"The Bride of Corinth" induced Goethe to speak of the rest of his ballads. "I owe them, in a great measure, to Schiller," said he, "who impelled me to them, because he always wanted something new for his 'Horen.' I had already carried them in my head for many years; they occupied my mind as pleasant images, as beautiful dreams, which came and went, and by playing with which my fancy made me happy. I unwillingly resolved to bid farewell to these brilliant visions, which had so long been my solace, by embodying them in poor, inadequate words. When I saw them on paper, I regarded them with a mixture of sadness. I felt as if I were about to be separated forever from a beloved friend.

"At other times," continued Goethe, "it has been totally different with my poems. They have been preceded by no impressions or forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying before me written on one side, and I have not discovered it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more. I have possessed many such sheets written crossways, but they have been lost one after another, and I regret that I can no longer show any proofs of such poetic abstraction."

The conversation then returned to the French literature, and the modern ultra-romantic tendency of some not unimportant men of genius. Goethe was of opinion that this poetic revolution, which was still in its infancy, would be very favorable to literature, but very prejudicial to the individual authors who effect it.

"Extremes are never to be avoided in any revolution," said he. "In a political one, nothing is generally desired in the beginning but the abolition of abuses; but before people are aware, they are deep in bloodshed and horror. Thus the French, in their present literary revolution, desired nothing at first but a freer form; however, they will not stop there, but will reject the traditional contents together with the form. They begin to declare the representation of noble sentiments and deeds as tedious, and attempt to treat of all sorts of abominations. Instead of the beautiful subjects from Grecian mythology, there are devils, witches, and vampires, and the lofty heroes of antiquity must give place to jugglers and galley slaves. This is piquant! This is effective! But after the public has once tasted this highly seasoned food, and has become accustomed to it, it will always long for more, and that stronger. A young man of talent, who would produce an effect and be acknowledged, and who is great enough to go his own way, must accommodate himself to the taste of the day — nay, must seek to outdo his predecessors in the horrible and frightful. But in this chase after outward means of effect, all profound

study, and all gradual and thorough development of the talent and the man from within, is entirely neglected. And this is the greatest injury which can befall a talent, although literature in general will gain by this tendency of the moment."

"But," added I, "how can an attempt which destroys individual talents be favorable to literature in general?"

"The extremes and excrescences which I have described," returned Goethe, "will gradually disappear; but at last this great advantage will remain — besides a freer form, richer and more diversified subjects will have been attained, and no object of the broadest world and the most manifold life will be any longer excluded as unpoetical. I compare the present literary epoch to a state of violent fever, which is not in itself good and desirable, but of which improved health is the happy consequence. That abomination which now often constitutes the whole subject of a poetical work, will in future only appear as an useful expedient; aye, the pure and the noble, which is now abandoned for the moment, will soon be resought with additional ardor."

"It is surprising to me," remarked I, "that even Mérimée, who is one of your favorites, has entered upon this ultra-romantic path, through the horrible subjects of his 'Guzla.'"

"Mérimée," returned Goethe, "has treated these things very differently from his fellow authors. These poems certainly are not deficient in various horrible MOTIVES, such as churchyards, nightly crossways, ghosts, and vampires; but the repulsive themes do not touch the intrinsic merit of the poet. On the contrary, he treats them from a certain objective distance, and, as it were, with irony. He goes to work with them like an artist, to whom it is an amusement to try anything of the sort. He has, as I have said before, quite renounced himself, nay, he has ever renounced the Frenchmen, and that to such a degree, that at first these poems of Guzla were deemed real Illyrian popular poems, and thus little was wanting for the success of the imposition he had intended.

"Mérimée," continued Goethe, "is indeed a thorough fellow! Indeed, generally, more power and genius are

required for the objective treatment of a subject than is supposed. Thus, too, Lord Byron, notwithstanding his predominant personality, has sometimes had the power of renouncing himself altogether, as may be seen in some of his dramatic pieces, particularly in his 'Marino Faliero.' In this piece one quite forgets that Lord Byron, or even an Englishman, wrote it. We live entirely in Venice, and entirely in the time in which the action takes place. The personages speak quite from themselves, and from their own condition, without having any of the subjective feelings, thoughts, and opinions of the poet. That is as it should be. Of our young French romantic writers of the exaggerating sort, one cannot say as much. What I have read of them — poems, novels, dramatic works — have all borne the personal coloring of the author, and none of them ever make me forget that a Parisian — that a Frenchman — wrote them. Even in the treatment of foreign subjects one still remains in France and Paris, quite absorbed in all the wishes, necessities, conflicts, and fermentations of the present day."

"Béranger also," I threw in experimentally, "has only expressed the situation of the great metropolis, and his own interior."

"That is a man," said Goethe, "whose power of representation and whose interior are worth something. In him is all the substance of an important personality. Béranger is a nature most happily endowed, firmly grounded in himself, purely developed from himself, and quite in harmony with himself. He has never asked — what would suit the times? what produces an effect? what pleases? what are others doing? — in order that he might do the like. He has always worked only from the core of his own nature, without troubling himself as to what the public, or what this or that party expects. He has certainly, at different critical epochs, been influenced by the mood, wishes, and necessities of the people; but that has only confirmed him in himself, by proving to him that his own nature is in harmony with that of the people; and has never seduced him into expressing anything but what already lay in his heart.

"You know that I am, upon the whole, no friend to what is called political poems, but such as Béranger has composed I can tolerate. With him there is nothing snatched out of the air, nothing of merely imagined or imaginary interest; he never shoots at random; but, on the contrary, has always the most decided, the most important subjects. His affectionate admiration of Napoleon, and his reminiscences of the great warlike deeds which were performed under him, and that at a time when these recollections were a consolation to the somewhat oppressed French; then his hatred of the domination of priests, and of the darkness which threatened to return with the Jesuits; these are things to which one cannot refuse hearty sympathy. And how masterly is his treatment on all occasions! How he turns about and rounds off every subject in his own mind before he expresses it! And then, when all is matured, what wit, spirit, irony, and persiflage, and what heartiness, *naïveté*, and grace, are unfolded at every step! His songs have every year made millions of joyous men; they always flow glibly from the tongue, even with the working classes, while they are so far elevated above the level of the commonplace, that the populace, in converse with these pleasant spirits, becomes accustomed and compelled to think itself better and nobler. What more would you have? and, altogether, what higher praise could be given to a poet?"

"He is excellent, unquestionably!" returned I. "You know how I loved him for years, and can imagine how it gratifies me to hear you speak of him thus. But if I must say which of his songs I prefer, his amatory poems please me more than his political, in which the particular references and allusions are not always clear to me."

"That happens to be your case," returned Goethe; "the political poems were not written for you; but ask the French, and they will tell you what is good in them. Besides, a political poem, under the most fortunate circumstances, is to be looked upon only as the organ of a single nation, and in most cases only as the organ of a single party; but it is seized with enthusiasm by this nation and this party when it is good. Again, a political poem should

always be looked upon as the mere result of a certain state of the times; which passes by, and with respect to succeeding times takes from the poem the value which it derived from the subject. As for Béranger, his was no hard task. Paris is France. All the important interests of his great country are concentrated in the capital, and there have their proper life and their proper echo. Besides, in most of his political songs he is by no means to be regarded as the mere organ of a single party; on the contrary, the things against which he writes are for the most part of so universal and national an interest, that the poet is almost always heard as a great VOICE of the people. With us, in Germany, such a thing is not possible. We have no city, nay, we have no country, of which we could decidedly say — HERE IS GERMANY! If we inquire in Vienna, the answer is — this is Austria! and if in Berlin, the answer is — this is Prussia! Only sixteen years ago, when we tried to get rid of the French, was Germany everywhere. Then a political poet could have had an universal effect; but there was no need of one! The universal necessity, and the universal feeling of disgrace, had seized upon the nation like something dæmonic; the inspiring fire which the poet might have kindled was already burning everywhere of its own accord. Still, I will not deny that Arndt, Körner, and Rückert, have had some effect."

"You have been reproached," remarked I, rather inconsiderately, "for not taking up arms at that great period, or at least co-operating as a poet."

"Let us leave that point alone, my good friend," returned Goethe. "It is an absurd world, which does not know what it wants, and which one must allow to have its own way. How could I take up arms without hatred, and how could I hate without youth? If such an emergency had befallen me when twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last; but it found me as one who had already passed the first sixties.

"Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say, that in those things which nature has appointed

for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much and that as well, as I could. If every one can say the same of himself, it will prove well with all."

"The fact is," said I, by way of conciliation, "that you should not be vexed at that reproach, but should rather feel flattered at it. For what does it show, but that the opinion of the world concerning you is so great, that it desires that he who has done more for the culture of his nation than any other, should at last do everything!"

"I will not say what I think," returned Goethe. "There is more ill-will toward me hidden beneath that remark than you are aware of. I feel therein a new form of the old hatred with which people have persecuted me, and endeavored quietly to wound me for years. I know very well that I am an eyesore to many; that they would all willingly get rid of me; and that, since they cannot touch my talent, they aim at my character. Now, it is said, I am proud; now egotistical; now, full of envy toward young men of genius; now, immersed in sensuality; now, without Christianity; and now, without love for my native country, and my own dear Germans. You have now known me sufficiently for years, and you feel what all that talk is worth. But if you would learn what I have suffered, read my 'Xenien,' and it will be clear to you, from my retorts, how people have from time to time sought to imbitter my life.

"A German author is a German martyr! Yes, my friend, you will not find it otherwise! And I myself can scarcely complain; none of the others have fared better — most have fared worse; and in England and France it is quite the same as with us. What did not Molière suffer? What Rousseau and Voltaire? Byron was driven from England by evil tongues: and would have fled to the end of the world, if an early death had not delivered him from the Philistines and their hatred.

"And if it were only the narrow-minded masses that persecuted noble men! But no! one gifted man and one genius persecutes another; Platen scandalizes Heine, and

Heine Platen, and each seeks to make the other hateful; while the world is wide enough for all to live and to let live; and every one has an enemy in his own talent, who gives him quite enough to do.

"To write military songs, and sit in a room! That forsooth was my duty! To have written them in the bivouac, when the horses at the enemy's outposts are heard neighing at night, would have been well enough; however, that was not my life and not my business, but that of Theodore Körner. His war songs suit him perfectly. But to me, who am not of a warlike nature, and who have no warlike sense, war songs would have been a mask which would have fitted my face very badly.

"I have never affected anything in my poetry. I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have only composed love songs when I have loved. How could I write songs of hatred without hating! And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?

"Altogether," continued Goethe, "national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent ABOVE nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighboring people, as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was comformable to my nature, and I had become strengthened in it long before I had reached my sixtieth year."

Mon. Mar. 15.—This evening, passed a short hour at Goethe's. He spoke a great deal of Jena, and of the arrangements and improvements which he had made in the different branches of the university. For chemistry, botany, and mineralogy, which had formerly been treated only so far as they belonged to pharmacy, he had introduced especial chairs. Above all, he had done much good for the museum of natural history and the library. On this occasion he

again related to me, with much self-satisfaction and good humor, the history of his violent occupation of a room adjoining the library, of which the medical faculty had taken possession, and which they would not give up.

"The library," said he, "was in very bad condition. The situation was damp and close, and by no means fit to contain its treasures in a proper manner; particularly as by the purchase of the Büttner library, on the part of the Grand Duke, an addition had been made of 13,000 volumes, which lay in large heaps upon the floor, because, as I have said, there was no room to place them properly. I was really in some distress on that account. An addition should have been made to the building, but for this the means were wanting; and, besides, this addition could easily be avoided, since adjoining the library there was a large room which was standing empty, and which was quite calculated to supply all our necessities most admirably. However, this room was not in the possession of the library, but was used by the medical faculty, who sometimes employed it for their conferences. I therefore applied to these gentlemen, with this very civil request,— that they would give up this room to me for the library. To this the gentlemen would not agree. They were willing, they said, to give it up if I would have a new room built for their conferences, and that immediately. I replied that I should be very ready to have another place prepared for them, but that I could not promise them a new building immediately. This answer did not appear to have satisfied the gentlemen; for when I sent the next morning for the key, I was told that it could not be found!

"There now remained no other course but to enter as a conqueror. I therefore sent for a bricklayer, and took him into the library, before the wall of the said adjoining room. 'This wall, my friend,' said I, 'must be very thick, for it separates two different parts of the dwelling: just try how strong it is.' The bricklayer went to work, and scarcely had he given five or six hearty blows, when bricks and mortar fell in, and one could see, through the opening, some venerable perukes, with which the room had been decorated. 'Go on, my friend,' said I; 'I cannot yet see

clearly enough. Do not restrain yourself, but act just as if you were in your own house.' This friendly encouragement so animated the bricklayer, that the opening was soon large enough to serve perfectly for a door; when my library attendants rushed into the room each with an armful of books, which they threw upon the ground as a sign of possession.

"Benches, chairs, and desks vanished in a moment; and my assistants were so quick and active, that in a few days all the books were arranged in the most beautiful order along the walls of their repository. The doctors, who soon afterward entered their room, *in corpore*, through their usual door, were quite confounded to find so great and unexpected a change. They did not know what to say, and retired in silence; but they all harbored a secret grudge against me. Still, when I see them singly, and particularly when I have any one of them to dine with me, they are quite charming, and my very dear friends. When I related to the Grand Duke the course of this adventure, which was certainly achieved with his consent and perfect approbation, it amused him right royally, and we have very often laughed at it since."

Goethe was in a very good humor, and happy in these reminiscences.

"Yes, my friend," continued he, "we had our share of trouble in doing good. Afterward, when, on account of the great dampness in the library, I wished to take down and remove the whole of the old city wall, which was quite useless, I found no better success. My entreaties, good reasons, and rational representations found no hearing, and I was obliged, at last, here also to go to work as a conqueror. When the city authorities saw my workmen at work upon their old wall, they sent a deputation to the Grand Duke, who was then at Dornburg, with the humble request that his Highness would be pleased, by a word of command, to check my violent destruction of their venerable old city wall. But the Grand Duke, who had secretly authorized me to take this step, answered very wisely,—'I do not intermeddle with Goethe's affairs. He knows what he has to do, and must act as he thinks right. Go to him, and speak to him yourself, if you have the courage!'

"However, no one made his appearance at my house," continued Goethe, laughing; "I went on pulling down as much of the old wall as was in my way, and had the happiness of seeing my library dry at last."

Tues., March 16.— This morning Herr von Goethe paid me a visit, and informed me that his long contemplated tour to Italy had been decided on; that his father had allowed the necessary money; and that he wished me to accompany him. We were both highly pleased, and talked a great deal about our preparations.

When I passed Goethe's house at noon, Goethe beckoned me at the window, and I hastened up to him. He was in the front apartments, and seemed very fresh and cheerful. He began to talk about his son's tour, saying that he approved of it, thought it very rational, and was glad that I would accompany him.

"It will be a good thing for you both," said he, "and your cultivation in particular will receive no small advantage."

He then showed me a Christ with twelve Apostles, and we talked of the poverty of these forms as subjects for sculpture.

"One Apostle," said Goethe, "is always much like another, and very few have enough life and action connected with them to give them character and significance. I have on this occasion amused myself with making a cycle of twelve biblical figures, in which every one is significant and distinct from the rest, and therefore every one is a grateful subject for the artist.

"First comes Adam — the most beautiful of men, as perfect as can be imagined. He may have his hand upon a spade, as a symbol that man is called to till the earth.

"Next Noah, with whom a new creation begins. He cultivates the vine, and therefore this figure may have something of the character of the Indian Bacchus.

"Next Moses, as the first lawgiver.

"Then David, as warrior and king.

"Next to him Isaiah, as prince and prophet.

"Then Daniel, who points to the FUTURE Christ.

"Christ.

"Next to him John, who loves the PRESENT Christ. Thus Christ would be placed between two youthful figures, one of whom, viz, Daniel, should be painted with a mild expression, and long hair, while the other should be impassioned and with short curly hair. But who shall come after John?

"The Captain of Capernaum, as a representation of the faithful, who expect immediate aid.

"Then the Magdalen, as a symbol of penitent man urging forgiveness and eager for reformation. In these two figures the idea of Christianity would be contained.

"Then Paul may follow, who most vigorously propagated the new doctrine.

"After him James, who went to the remotest nations, and represents missionaries.

"Peter would conclude the whole. The artist should place him near the door, and give him an expression as if he examined those who entered, in order to see whether they were worthy to tread the sanctuary.

"What do you say to this cycle? I think it would be richer than that of the twelve Apostles, where all look like each other. Moses and the Magdalen I would represent sitting."

I was very pleased to hear all this, and requested Goethe to write it down, which he promised to do. "I will think it over again," he said, "and then give it with other new things for the thirty-ninth volume."

Wed., March 17.—"So Sömmering is dead," began Goethe, "and scarcely seventy-five wretched years old. What blockheads men are, that they have not the courage to last longer than that! There I praise my friend Bentham, that extremely radical madman; he keeps himself well, and yet he is some weeks older than I am."

"It might be added," returned I, "that he equals you in one other point, for he still works with all the activity of youth."

"That may be," returned Goethe; "but we are at opposite ends of the chain: he wishes to pull down, and I wish to support and build up. To be such a radical, at his age, is the height of all madness."

"I think," rejoined I, "we should distinguish between two kinds of radicalism. The one to build up for the future will first make a clean path by pulling down everything; while the other is contended to point out the weak parts and the faults of an administration, in hopes of attaining good without the aid of violent measures. If you had been born in England, you would not certainly have avoided belonging to this last class."

"What do you take me for?" returned Goethe, who now adopted the mien and tone of his Mephistophiles. "I forsooth should have searched out abuses, and detected and published them into the bargain? I who in England should have lived upon abuses? If I had been born in England, I should have been a rich Duke, or rather a Bishop with £30,000 a year."

"Very good," returned I; "but if, by chance, you had not drawn the great prize, but a blank? there are so many blanks."

"It is not every one, my dear friend," returned Goethe, "who is made for the great prize. Do you believe that I should have committed the folly of lighting on a blank? I should, above all things, have taken the part of the Thirty-Nine Articles; I should have advocated them on all sides, and in all directions — particularly the Ninth Article, which would have been for me an object of special attention and tender devotion. I would have played the hypocrite, and lied so well and so long, both in rhyme and prose, that my £30,000 a year should not have escaped me. And then, having once attained this eminence, I would have neglected nothing to keep my position. Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance if possible still darker. Oh, how would I have tried to cajole the good, silly multitude; and how would I have humbled the schoolboys, so that no one should have observed, or even have had the courage to remark, that my brilliant position was based upon the most scandalous abuses."

"With you," answered I, "people would at least have had the consolation of thinking that you had attained such eminence by means of eminent talent. But in England, the most stupid and incapable people are often those who are

in enjoyment of the highest worldly prosperity, for which they have to thank not their own deserts, but patronage, chance — and, above all, birth."

"It is the same in the end," returned Goethe, "whether one attains brilliant worldly prosperity through one's own exertions, or through inheritance. The first possessors were still, in every case, people of genius, who turned to their own account the ignorance and weakness of others. The world is so full of simpletons and madmen, that one need not seek them in a madhouse. This reminds me that the late Grand Duke, who knew my objection to madhouses, once endeavored to take me into one by a sudden stratagem. However, I smelt the rat in time, and told him that I felt no necessity to see the madmen who were in confinement, as I had already seen enough of those who went about at liberty. 'I am very ready,' said I, 'to follow your Highness anywhere, with the sole exception of a madhouse.' . .

"By the way, I have already made a trial in the religious style. As a boy of sixteen, I wrote a dithyrambic poem upon the descent into hell, which has been printed but not acknowledged, and which has but lately fallen into my hands again. You know it, Riemer?"

"No, your excellency," returned Riemer, "I do not know it. But I recollect that, in the first year after my arrival, you were seriously ill, and that in a state of delirium you recited the most beautiful verses on that subject. These were, doubtless, recollections of that poem of your early youth."

"That is very probable," said Goethe. "I knew a case in which an old man of low condition, who lay at the last gasp, quite unexpectedly recited the most beautiful Greek sentences. People were perfectly convinced that the man did not understand a word of Greek, and there was no end to their astonishment; the cunning had already begun to derive advantage from the credulity of the fools, when it was unfortunately discovered that the old man in his early youth had been obliged to learn all sorts of Greek sentences by heart, in the presence of a boy of high family, whom his example, it was hoped, would incite. He had learned truly classical Greek quite mechanically, without understanding it,

and had not thought of it again for fifty years, until, in his last illness, this lumber of words with which he was crammed began to revive."

We talked then about ill health, and the reciprocity of body and mind.

"It is incredible," said Goethe, "how much the mind can do to sustain the body. I suffer often from a disordered state of the bowels, but my will, and the strength of the upper part of my body, keep me up. The mind must not yield to the body. Thus I work more easily when the barometer is high than when it is low: since I know this, I endeavor, when the barometer is low, to counteract the injurious effect by great exertion,—and my attempt is successful."

"But there are things in poetry which cannot be forced; and we must wait for favorable hours to give us what we cannot obtain by mental determination. Thus I now take my time with my 'Walpurgis-night', that there may be throughout the proper strength and grace. I have advanced a good way, and hope to have finished it before your departure.

"Wherever there is a point, I have detached it from the individual objects, and given it a general application, so that the reader has no want of illusions, but cannot tell how they are really directed. I have, however, endeavored to mark out everything in distinct outline, in the antique style, so that there may be nothing vague or undecided, which might suit the romantic style well enough.

"The idea of the distinction between classical and romantic poetry, which is now spread over the whole world, and occasions so many quarrels and divisions, came originally from Schiller and myself. I laid down the maxim of objective treatment in poetry, and would allow no other; but Schiller, who worked quite in the subjective way, deemed his own fashion the right one, and to defend himself against me, wrote the treatise upon 'Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' He proved to me that I myself, against my will, was romantic, and that my 'Iphigenia,' through the predominance of sentiment, was by no means so classical and so much in the antique spirit as some people supposed.

"The Schlegels took up this idea, and carried it further, so that it has now been diffused over the whole world; and every one talks about classicism and romanticism — of which nobody thought fifty years ago."

I turned the conversation again upon the cycle of the twelve figures, and Goethe made some explanatory remarks.

"Adam must be represented as I have said, but not quite naked, as I best conceive him after the Fall; he should be clothed with a thin deer skin; and, at the same time, in order to express that he is the father of the human race, it would be well to place by him his eldest son, a fearless boy, looking boldly about him — a little Hercules stifling a snake in his hand.

"And I have had another thought about Noah, which pleases me better than the first. I would not have him like an Indian Bacchus; but I would represent him as a vintager; this would give the notion of a sort of redeemer, who, as the first fosterer of the vine, made man free from the torment of care and affliction."

Mon., April 5.—It is well known that Goethe is no friend to spectacles.

"It may be a mere whim of mine," said he, on various occasions, "but I cannot overcome it. Whenever a stranger steps up to me with spectacles on his nose, a discordant feeling comes over me, which I cannot master. It annoys me so much, that on the very threshold it takes away a great part of my benevolence, and so spoils my thoughts, that an unconstrained natural development of my own nature is altogether impossible. It always makes on me the impression of the *desobligeant*, as if a stranger would say something rude to me at the first greeting. I feel this still stronger, since it has been impressed upon me for years how obnoxious spectacles are. If a stranger now comes with spectacles, I think immediately — 'he has not read my latest poems!' and that is of itself a little to his disadvantage; or 'he has read them, knows their peculiarity, and sets them at naught,' and that is still worse. The only man with whom spectacles do not annoy me is Zelter; with all others they are horrible. It always seems to me as if I am to serve strangers as an object for

strict examination, and as if with their armed glances they would penetrate my most secret thoughts, and spy out every wrinkle of my old face. But while they thus endeavor to make my acquaintance, they destroy all fair equality between us, as they prevent me from compensating myself by making theirs. For what do I gain from a man into whose eyes I cannot look when he is speaking, and the mirror of whose soul is veiled to me by a pair of glasses which dazzle me?"

"Some one has remarked," added I, "that wearing spectacles makes men conceited, because spectacles raise them to a degree of sensual perfection which is far above the power of their own nature, but through which the delusion at last creeps in that this artificial eminence is the force of their own nature after all."

"The remark is very good," returned Goethe, "it appears to have proceeded from a natural philosopher. However, when examined, it is not tenable. For if this were actually the case, all blind men would of necessity be very modest; and, on the other hand, all endowed with excellent eyes would be conceited. But this is not the case; we rather find that all mentally and bodily endowed men are the most modest, while, on the other hand, all who have some peculiar mental defect think a great deal more of themselves. It appears that bountiful Nature has given to all those whom she has not enough endowed in higher respects, imagination and presumption by way of compensation and complement.

"Besides, modesty and presumption are moral things of so spiritual a nature, that they have little to do with the body. With narrow-minded persons, and those in a state of mental darkness, we find conceit; while with mental clearness and high endowments we never find it. In such cases there is generally a joyful feeling of strength; but since this strength is actual, the feeling is anything else you please, only not conceit."

We still conversed on various other subjects, and came at last to the "Chaos"—the Weimar journal conducted by Frau von Goethe—in which not only the German gentlemen and ladies of the place take part, but also the young

English, French, and other foreigners who reside here; so that almost every number presents a mixture of nearly all the best known European tongues.

"It was a good thought of my daughter," said Goethe, "and she should be praised and thanked for having achieved this highly original journal, and kept the individual members of our society in such activity that it has now lasted for nearly a year. It is certainly only a *dilettante* pastime, and I know very well that nothing great and durable will proceed from it; but still it is very neat, and, to a certain extent, a mirror of the intellectual eminence of our present Weimar society. Then, which is the principal thing, it gives employment to our young gentlemen and ladies, who often do not know what to do with themselves; through this, too, they have an intellectual centre which affords them subjects for discussion and conversation, and preserves them from mere empty hollow chat. I read every sheet just as it comes from the press, and can say that, on the whole, I have met with nothing stupid, but occasionally something very pretty. What, for instance, could you say against the elegy, by Frau von Bechtolsheim, upon the death of the Grand Duchess Dowager? Is not the poem very pretty? The only thing that could be said against it, or, indeed, against most that is written by our young ladies and gentlemen is, that, like trees too full of sap, which have a number of parasitical shoots, they have a superabundance of thoughts and feelings which they cannot control, so that they often do not know how to restrain themselves, or to leave off in the right place. This is the case with Frau von Bechtolsheim. In order to preserve a rhyme, she had added another line, which was completely detrimental to the poem, and in some measure spoiled it. I saw this fault in the manuscript, and was able to strike it out in time.

"One must be an old practitioner," he added, laughing, "to understand striking out. Schiller was particularly great in that. I once saw him, on the occasion of his 'Musenalmanach,' reduce a pompous poem of TWO-AND-TWENTY strophes to SEVEN; and no loss resulted from this terrible operation. On the contrary, those seven strophes

contained all the good and effective thoughts of the two-and-twenty."

On the afternoon of the 20th of November I left Nordheim, and set off for Göttingen, which I reached at dusk.

In the evening, at the *table d'hôte*, when the landlord heard that I had come from Weimar, and was on my way back, he calmly told me that the great poet Goethe had had to undergo a severe misfortune in his old age, since, according to the papers of the day, his only son had died of paralysis, in Italy.

I passed a sleepless night. The event which affected me so nearly was constantly before my eyes. The following days and nights, which I passed on the road, and in the Mühlhausen and Gotha, were no better. Being alone in the carriage, under the influence of the gloomy November days and in desert fields, where there was no external object to distract my attention or to cheer me, I in vain endeavored to fix my attention upon other thoughts. While among the people at the inns, I constantly heard of the mournful event which so nearly affected myself, as of one of the novelties of the day. My greatest fear was, that Goethe, at his advanced years, would not be able to surmount the violent storm of paternal feelings. And what an impression, I thought, will my own arrival make — when I departed with his son, and now come back alone. It will seem as though he has not really lost him till he sees me.

With these thoughts and feelings, I reached the last station before Weimar, on Tuesday, the 23d of November, at six o'clock in the evening. I felt, for the second time in my life, that human existence has heavy moments through which one must pass. I communed in thought with higher beings above me, when I was struck by the light of the moon, which came from amid thick clouds, and after shining brightly for some moments was wrapped in darkness as before. Whether this was chance, or something more, I took it as a favorable omen from above, and thus received unexpected encouragement.

I just greeted the people at my residence, and then set off at once for Goethe's house. I first went to Frau von

Goethe. I found her already in mourning, but calm and collected, and we had a great deal to say to each other.

Thurs., Nov. 25.— This morning Goethe sent me some books, which had arrived as presents for me from English and German authors.

At noon I went to dine with him. I found him looking at a portfolio of engravings and drawings, which had been offered him for sale. He told me he had had the pleasure that morning of a visit from the Grand Duchess, to whom he had mentioned my return.

Frau von Goethe joined us, and we sat down to dinner. I was obliged to give an account of my travels. I spoke of Venice, Milan, Genoa; and he seemed particularly interested about the family of the English consul there. I then spoke of Geneva; and he asked with sympathy after the Soret family, and Herr von Bonstetten. He wished for a particular description of the latter, which I gave him as well as I could.

After dinner, I was pleased that Goethe began to speak of my "Conversations."

"It must be your first work," said he; "and we will not let it go till the whole is complete, and in order."

Still, Goethe appeared to me unusually silent to-day, and oftentimes lost in thought, which I feared was no good sign.

Tues., Nov. 30.— Last Friday, we were thrown into no small anxiety. Goethe was seized with a violent hemorrhage in the night, and was near death all the day. He lost, counting the vein they opened, six pounds of blood, which is a great quantity, considering that he is eighty years old. However, the great skill of his physician, Hofrath Vogel, and his incomparable constitution, have saved him this time, so that he recovers rapidly, has once more an excellent appetite, and sleeps again all night. Nobody is admitted, and he is forbidden to speak; but his ever active mind cannot rest; he is already thinking of his work. This morning, I received from him the following note, written in bed, with a lead pencil:—

"Have the goodness, my best doctor, to look once again at the accompanying poems, with which you are familiar,

and to rearrange the others which are new, so as to adapt them to their place in the whole. 'Faust' shall presently follow. In hope of a happy meeting, GOETHE.

"Weimar, 30th November, 1830."

On Goethe's complete recovery, which soon followed, he devoted his whole attention to the first act of "Faust," and to the completion of the fourth volume of "*Dichtung und Wahrheit.*"

He wished me to examine his short heretofore unpublished papers, and to look through his journals and letters, that we might know how to proceed with the new edition.

Examining my "Conversations" with him was at present out of the question. Besides, I thought it wiser, instead of occupying myself with what I had already written, to increase my stock with something new, while opportunity was still vouchsafed me by a kindly fate.

1831

Sat., Jan. 1.

Of Goethe's letters to various persons, copies of which have been kept in parcels since the year 1807, I have during the last weeks carefully gone through the series of several years. I will in the following paragraphs set down some general remarks, which may be used in some future edition.

1.— In the first place, the question has arisen,— whether it is expedient to give these letters merely in the shape of extracts.

To this I reply that altogether it has been Goethe's nature to go to work with some intention even in the smallest matters, and that this seems to have been particularly the case with regard to these letters, where the author has always devoted his whole soul to the subject, so that not only is every sheet perfectly written from beginning to end, but there is not a line which does not reveal a superior nature and thorough cultivation.

It is my opinion, therefore, that the letters should be given entire, especially as the single passages of importance often receive their true lustre and real significance only through what precedes and follows.

Then, if we look closely at the matter, and fancy these letters laid before a large and varied world, who would presume to say which passage was important and worthy of communication, and which was not? The grammarian, the biographer, the philosopher, the moralist, the man of natural science, the artist, the poet, the academician, the actor, and so on *ad infinitum*, have each of them his own peculiar interest, so that one will skip a passage which another regards as highly important, and applies to himself.

Thus, for instance, in the first series belonging to 1807, there is a letter to a friend, whose son is about to devote himself to a forest-life, and to whom Goethe prescribes the course which the young man is to adopt. A young author

will probably pass over a letter of this kind, while a forester will certainly perceive with delight that the poet has looked at HIS department as well as others, and has here also tried to give good counsel.

I repeat, therefore, that I am for giving these letters just as they are, without mutilation, especially as they are already distributed entire, and we may be sure that the persons who have received them will some day print them as they have been written.

2.— If, however, there are letters which one would scruple to publish entire, but which contain good isolated passages, one may copy these passages, and either assign them to the year to which they belong, or make of them a special collection, accordingly as it seems most expedient.

3.— It is possible that a letter may appear of no importance in the first parcel in which we find it, and that we may be against its publication. If, however, it is found that such a letter has consequences in after years, and may be regarded as the first link of an extended chain, it will be rendered important by this very circumstance, and may be classed with those fit for publication.

4.— The doubt may arise, whether it is more expedient to arrange the letters according to the persons to whom they are addressed, or to let them follow according to years, without any further order.

I am for the latter method,— first because it will cause a beautiful and ever refreshing variety ; for, when another person is addressed, not only is there always a change in the style, but the subjects themselves are different, so that the theatre, poetical labors, natural studies, domestic affairs, communications with friends and with persons of rank, pass along in ever-varied succession.

I am also for an arrangement according to years, and without further order, because the letters of any one year, through contemporary influences, not only bear the character of that year, but show the circumstances and occupations of the writer in every direction, so that such letters would be perfectly fitted to complete, with a fresh animated detail, the summary biography of the "*Tag und Jahreshefte*," already printed.

5.— Letters which other persons have already printed, because, perhaps, they contain an acknowledgment of their merits, or some other commendation or peculiarity, should be again introduced in this collection, partly because they belong to the series, partly because these persons will be gratified by the proof afforded to the world that their documents were genuine.

6.— The question whether a letter of introduction shall be received into the collection or not, shall be decided after due consideration of the person recommended. If he has done nothing, and the letter contains nothing else of value, it is to be omitted; if, on the other hand, he has gained an honorable name in the world, it is to be inserted.

7.— Letters to persons who are known through Goethe's "Life," such as Lavater, Jung, Behrisch, Kniep, Hackert, and others, are of themselves interesting, and should be published, even if they contain nothing of importance.

8.— We must not be too fastidious in the publication of these letters, since they give us an idea of Goethe's broad existence and varied influence in all directions; while his deportment toward persons most unlike each other, and in the most different positions, may be regarded as highly instructive.

9.— If several letters treat of the same subject, the best are to be selected; and when a certain point appears in several letters, it should be struck out in some, and left where it is best expressed.

10.— In the letters of 1811 and 1812, there are perhaps twenty places where the autograph of remarkable persons is requested. These and similar passages must not be suppressed, as they appear highly characteristic and amiable.

The preceding paragraphs have been occasioned by a survey of the letters of 1807, 1808, and 1809. Any general remarks that may occur in the further progress of the work will be added as a supplement.— E.

Weimar, January 1, 1831.

Thurs., Feb. 17.— Dined with Goethe. I brought him his "Residence at Carlsbad," for the year 1807, which I had finished revising that morning. We spoke of wise passages, which occur there as hasty remarks of the day.

"People always fancy," said Goethe, laughing, "that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of his life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth, as in his sixtieth year.

"We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the heights of a promontory, another from the glacier fields of the primary mountains. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of the world than from the other; but that is all, and we cannot say that we see more truly from any one than from the rest. When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should have an innate foundation and good will; that he should, at each step, have seen and felt clearly, and that, without any secondary aims, he should have said distinctly and truly what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they were right at the step where they originated, remain always right, however the writer may develop or alter himself in after times."

I heartily assented to this excellent remark.

"Lately," continued Goethe, "I found a piece of waste paper which I read. 'Humph,' said I to myself, 'what is written there is not so bad; you do not think otherwise, and would not have expressed yourself very differently.' But when I looked closely at the leaf, it was a fragment from my own works. For, as I am always striving onward, I forget what I have written, and soon regard my productions as something quite foreign."

I asked about "Faust," and what progress he had made with it.

"That," said Goethe, "will not again let me loose. I daily think and invent more and more of it. I have now had the whole manuscript of the second part stitched together, that it may lie a palpable mass before me. The place of the yet wanting fourth act I have filled with white paper; and, undoubtedly, what is finished will allure and urge me to complete what has yet to be done. There is more than people think in these matters

of sense, and we must aid the spiritual by all manner of devices."

He sent for the stitched "Faust," and I was surprised to see how much he had written; for a good folio volume was before me.

"And all," said I, "has been done in the six years that I have been here; and yet, amid so many other occupations, you could have devoted but little time to it. We see how much a work grows, even if we only now and then add something!"

"Of that one is still more convinced as one grows older," said Goethe; "while youth believes all must be done in a single day. If fortune favor, and I continue in good health, I hope in the next spring months to get a great way on with the fourth act. It was, as you know, long since invented; but the other parts have, in the course of the execution, grown so much, that I can now use only the outline of my first invention, and must fill out this introduced portion so as to make it of a piece with the rest."

"A far richer world is displayed," said I, "in this second part than in the first."

"I should think so," said Goethe. "The first part is almost entirely subjective; it proceeded entirely from a perplexed, impassioned individual, and his semi-darkness is probably highly pleasing to mankind. But, in the second part, there is scarcely anything of the subjective; here is seen a higher, broader, clearer, more passionless world, and he who has not looked about him and had some experience, will not know what to make of it."

"There will be found exercise for thought," said I; "some learning may also be needful. I am glad that I have read Schelling's little book on the Cabiri, and that I now know the drift of that famous passage in the 'Walpurgis-night.'"

"I have always found," said Goethe, laughing, "that it is well to know something."

Fri., Feb. 18.— Dined with Goethe. We talked of different forms of government; and it was remarked what difficulties an excess of liberalism presents, inasmuch as it calls forth

the demands of individuals, and, from the quantity of wishes, one does not know which to satisfy. It will be found that one cannot succeed in the long run with over-great goodness, mildness, and moral delicacy, while one has beneath a mixed and sometimes vicious world to manage and hold in respect.

It was also remarked that the art of governing is a great *metier*, requiring the whole man, and that it is therefore not well for a ruler to have too strong tendencies for other affairs, as, for instance, a predominant inclination for the fine arts; since thus not only the interest of the Prince, but also the powers of the State, must be withdrawn from more necessary matters. A predominating love for the fine arts better suits rich private persons.

Sun., Feb. 20.— Goethe then told me of the book of a young natural philosopher, which he could not help praising, on account of the clearness of his descriptions, while he pardoned him for his teleological tendency.

"It is natural to man," said Goethe, "to regard himself as the final cause of creation, and to consider all other things merely in relation to himself so far as they are of use to him. He makes himself master of the vegetable and animal world, and while he claims other creatures as a fitting diet, he acknowledges his God, and praises His goodness in this paternal care. He takes milk from the cow, honey from the bee, wool from the sheep; and while he gives these things a purpose which is useful to himself, he believes that they were made on that account. Nay, he cannot conceive that even the smallest herb was not made for him, and if he has not yet ascertained its utility, he believes that he may discover it in future.

"Then, too, as man thinks in general, so does he always think in particular, and he does not fail to transfer his ordinary views from life into science, and to ask the use and purpose of every single part of our organic being.

"This may do for a time, and he may get on so for a time in science, but he will soon come to phenomena, where this small view will not be sufficient, and where, if he does not take a higher stand, he will soon be involved in mere contradictions.

"The utility teachers say that oxen have horns to defend themselves; but I ask, why is the sheep without any — and when it has them, why are they twisted about the ears so as to answer no purpose at all?

"If, on the other hand, I say the ox defends himself with his horns because he has them, it is quite a different matter.

"The question as to the purpose — the question WHEREFORE is completely unscientific. But we get on farther with the question HOW? For if I ask HOW has the ox horns, I am led to study his organization, and learn at the same time why the lion has no horns, and cannot have any.

"Thus, man has in his skull two hollows which are never filled up. The question WHEREFORE could not take us far in this case, but the question HOW informs me that these hollows are remains of the animal skull, which are found on a larger scale in inferior organization, and are not quite obliterated in man, with all his eminence.

"The teachers of utility would think that they lost their God if they did not worship Him who gave the ox horns to defend itself. But I hope I may be allowed to worship Him who, in the abundance of His creation, was great enough, after making a thousand kinds of plants, to make one more, in which all the rest should be comprised; and after a thousand kinds of animals, a being which comprises them all — a man.

"Let people serve Him who gives to the beast his fodder, and to man meat and drink as much as he can enjoy. But I worship Him who has infused into the world such a power of production, that, when only the millionth part of it comes out into life, the world swarms with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire, and water cannot prevail against them. That is MY God!"

Mon. Feb. 28. — I have been occupied all day with the manuscript of the fourth volume of Goethe's "Life," which he sent me yesterday, that I might see if anything remained to be done. I am very happy with this work, when I reflect what it already is, and what it may become. Some books appear quite complete, and leave nothing to desire. In others, on the contrary, a certain want of congruity may

be observed, which may have arisen from the fact that the author has worked at very different epochs.

This fourth volume is altogether very different from the three preceding. Those constantly proceed in a certain given direction, while the course is through many years. In this volume, on the contrary, time seems scarcely to move, and we can see no decisive effort on the part of the principal character; much is undertaken but not completed, much is willed but otherwise directed, and thus we everywhere feel the influence of a secret power, a kind of destiny, drawing out many threads for the web which future years must complete.

This volume, therefore, affords a suitable occasion to speak of that secret, problematical power, which all men feel, which no philosopher explains, and over which the religious help themselves with consoling words.

Goethe names this unspeakable world and life enigma the Dæmonic (*dämonisch*); and, while he defines its nature, we feel that so it is, and the curtains seem to have been drawn away from before certain backgrounds of our life. We seem to see further and more clearly, but soon perceive that the object is too great and manifold, and that our eyes only reach a certain limit.

Man is born only for the little; only what is known to him can be comprehended by him, or give him pleasure. A great connoisseur understands a picture; he knows how to combine the various particulars into the Universal, which is familiar to him; the whole is, to him, as living as the details. Neither does he entertain a predilection for detached portions; he asks not whether a face is ugly or beautiful, whether a passage is light or dark, but whether everything is in its place, according to law and order. But if we show an ignorant man a picture of some compass, we shall see that, as a WHOLE, it leaves him unmoved or confused; that some parts attract, others repel him; and that he at last abides by little things which are familiar to him, praising, perhaps, the good execution of a helmet or plume.

But, in fact, we men play more or less the part of this ignorant person before the great destiny picture of the world.

The lighted part, the Agreeable, attracts us, the shadowy and unpleasant parts repel us, the whole confuses us, and we vainly seek the idea of a single Being to whom we attribute such contradictions.

Now, in human things, one may indeed become a great connoisseur, inasmuch as one may appropriate to oneself the art and knowledge of a master, but, in divine things, this is only possible with a being equal to the Highest. Nay, if the Supreme Being attempted to reveal such mysteries to us, we should not understand them or know what to do with them; but again resemble that ignoramus before the picture, to whom the connoisseur cannot by all the talking in the world impart the premises on which he judges. On this account it is quite right that forms of religion have not been given directly by God himself, but, as the work of eminent men, have been conformed to the wants and the understanding of a great mass of their fellows. If they were the work of God, no man could understand them; but, being the work of men, they do not express the Inscrutable.

The religion of the highly cultivated ancient Greeks went no further than to give separate expressions of the Inscrutable by particular Deities. As these individualities were only limited beings, and a gap was obvious in the connection of the whole, they invented the idea of a Fate, which they placed over all; but as this in its turn remained a many-sided Inscrutable, the difficulty was rather set aside than disposed of.

Christ thought of a God, comprising all in one, to whom he ascribed all qualities which he found excellent in himself. This God was the essence of his own beautiful soul; full of love and goodness, like himself: and every way suited to induce good men to give themselves up trustingly to him, and to receive this Idea, as the sweetest connection with a higher sphere. But, as the great Being whom we name the Deity manifests himself not only in man, but in a rich, powerful nature, and in mighty world-events, a representation of him, framed from human qualities, cannot of course be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon come to imperfections and contradictions, which will drive

him to doubt, nay, to despair, unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a higher point of view.

Such a point Goethe early found in Spinoza; and he acknowledges with joy how much the views of that great thinker answered the wants of his youth. In him he found himself, and in him therefore could he fortify himself to the best advantage.

And as these views were not of the subjective sort, but had a foundation in the works and manifestations of God through the world, so were they not mere husks which he, after his own later, deeper search into the world and nature, threw aside as useless, but were the first root and germ of a plant that went on growing with equally healthy energy for many years, and at last unfolded the flower of a rich knowledge.

His opponents have often accused him of having no faith; but he merely had not theirs, because it was too small for him. If he spoke out his own, they would be astonished; but they would not be able to comprehend him.

But Goethe is far from believing that he knows the Highest Being as it is. All his written and oral expressions intimate that it is somewhat inscrutable, of which men can only have approximating perceptions and feelings.

For the rest, nature and we men are all so penetrated by the Divine, that it holds us; that we live, move, and have our being in it; that we suffer and are happy under eternal laws; that we practice these, and they are practiced on us, whether we recognize them or not.

The child enjoys his cake without knowing anything of the baker; the sparrow the cherries, without thinking how they grew.

Wed., March 2.— I dined with Goethe to-day, and the conversation soon turning again on the Dæmonic, he added the following remarks to define it more closely.

"The Dæmonic," said he, "is that which cannot be explained by Reason or Understanding; it lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it."

"Napoleon," said I, "seems to have been of the dæmonic sort."

"He was so thoroughly," said Goethe, "and in the highest degree, so that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Our late Grand Duke, too, was a dæmonic nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little. Dæmonic beings of such sort the Greeks reckoned among their demigods."

"Is not the Dæmonic," said I, "perceptible in events also?"

"Particularly," said Goethe, "and, indeed, in all which we cannot explain by Reason and Understanding. It manifests itself in the most varied manner throughout all nature — in the invisible as in the visible. Many creatures are of a purely dæmonic kind; in many parts of it are effective."

"Has not Mephistophiles," said I, "dæmonic traits too?"

"No," said Goethe, "Mephistophiles is much too negative a being. The Dæmonic manifests itself in a thoroughly active power.

"Among artists," he continued, "it is found, more among musicians — less among painters. In Paganini, it shows itself in a high degree; and it is thus he produces such great effects."

I was much pleased at all these remarks, which made more clear to me what Goethe meant by the Dæmonic.

Thurs., March 3. — At noon with Goethe. He was looking through some architectural designs, and observed it required some courage to build palaces, inasmuch as we are never certain how long one stone will remain upon another.

"Those are most fortunate," said he, "who live in tents, or who, like some Englishmen, are always going from one city and one inn to another, and find everywhere a good table ready."

Sun., March 6. — At dinner talked on various subjects with Goethe. We spoke of children and their naughty tricks, and he compared these to the stem leaves of a plant, which fall away gradually of their own accord; and which need not be corrected with great severity.

"Man," said he, "has various stages which he must go through, and each brings with it its peculiar virtues and faults, which, in the epoch to which they belong, are to be

considered natural, and in a manner right. On the next step he is another man; there is no trace left of the earlier virtues of faults; but others have taken their place. And so on to the final transformation, with respect to which we know not what we shall be."

Tues., March 8. — Dined to-day with Goethe, who began by telling me that he had been reading "Ivanhoe."

"Walter Scott," said he, "is a great genius; he has not his equal; and we need not wonder at the extraordinary effect he produces on the whole reading world. He gives me much to think of; and I discover in him a wholly new art, with laws of its own."

We spoke then of the fourth volume of the biography, and came upon the subject of the Dæmonic before we were aware.

"In poetry," said Goethe, "especially in that which is unconscious, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which therefore produces effects so far surpassing all conception, there is always something dæmonic.

"So is it with music, in the highest degree, for it stands so high that no understanding can reach it, and an influence flows from it which masters all, and for which none can account. Hence, religious worship cannot dispense with it; it is one of the chief means of working upon men miraculously. Thus the Dæmonic loves to throw itself into significant individuals, especially when they are in high places, like Frederic and Peter the Great.

"Our late Grand Duke had it to such a degree, that nobody could resist him. He had an attractive influence upon men by his mere tranquil presence, without needing even to show himself good-humored and friendly. All that I undertook by his advice succeeded; so that, in cases where my own understanding and reason were insufficient, I needed only to ask him what was to be done, when he gave me an answer instinctively, and I could always be sure of happy results.

"He would have been enviable indeed if he could have possessed himself of my ideas and higher strivings; for when the dæmonic spirit forsook him, and only the human was left, he knew not how to set to work, and was much troubled at it.

"In Byron, also, this element was probably active in a high degree, whence he possessed powers of attraction to a great extent, so that women especially could not resist him."

"Into the idea of the Divine," said I, by way of experiment, "this active power which we name the Dæmonic would not seem to enter."

"My good friend," said Goethe, "what do we know of the idea of the Divine? and what can our narrow ideas tell of the Highest Being? Should I, like a Turk, name it with a hundred names, I should still fall short, and, in comparison with such boundless attributes, have said nothing."

Wed., March 9. — Goethe continued to speak of Sir Walter Scott with the highest acknowledgment.

"We read far too many poor things," said he; "thus losing time, and gaining nothing. We should only read what we admire, as I did in my youth, and as I now experience with Sir Walter Scott. I have just begun 'Rob Roy,' and will read his best novels in succession. All is great — material, import, characters, execution; and then what infinite diligence in the preparatory studies! what truth of detail in the execution! We see, too, what English history is; and what a thing it is when such an inheritance falls to the lot of a clever poet. Our German history, in five volumes, is, on the other hand, sheer poverty; so that, after 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' writers went immediately into private life, giving us an 'Agnes Bernauerin,' and an 'Otto von Wittelsbach,' which was really not much."

Thurs., March 10. — This morning a short half hour with Goethe. I had to bring him the information that the Grand Duchess had determined to bestow the sum of a thousand dollars upon the directors of the theatre, to be employed in the cultivation of promising young talent. This information gave evident pleasure to Goethe, who has at heart the further prosperity of the theatre.

I had then to consult him concerning a commission of another kind. It is the intention of the Grand Duchess to invite to Weimar the best German author of the present

time, provided he is without employment or fortune, and merely lives on the fruits of his talent, and to provide a sinecure place for him, so that he may find leisure to allow all his works to attain the utmost perfection, and not be in the piteous case of working hastily from necessity, to the prejudice of his own talent and of literature.

"The intention of the Grand Duchess," returned Goethe, "is most princely, and I bow before her noble views; but it will be very difficult to make a proper choice. The most distinguished of our present men of genius are already in easy circumstances, through state employment, pensions, and their own private resources. Besides, every one would not suit here, and every one would not be really assisted by coming. I will, however, bear the noble design in mind, and see what good the next year may bring us."

Fri., March 11.— At dinner with Goethe, talked on various subjects. "It is a peculiarity of Walter Scott's," said he, "that his great talent in representing details often leads him into faults. Thus, in 'Ivanhoe,' there is a scene where they are seated at a table in a castle hall, at night, and a stranger enters. Now, he is quite right in describing the stranger's appearance and dress, but it is a fault that he goes to the length of describing his feet, shoes, and stockings. When we sit down in the evening, and some one comes in, we see only the upper part of his body. If I describe the feet, daylight enters at once, and the scene loses its nocturnal character."

I felt the force of these words, and noted them down for future occasions.

Goethe then continued to speak with great admiration of Sir Walter Scott. I requested him to put his views on paper, which he refused to do, remarking that Scott's art was so high that it is hard to give a public opinion about him.

Sun., March 20.— Goethe told me at table that he had been lately reading "Daphnis and Chloe."

"The book," said he, "is so beautiful, that, amid the bad circumstances in which we live, we cannot retain the impression we receive from it, but are astonished anew every

time we read it. The clearest day prevails in it, and we think we are looking at nothing but Herculanean pictures, while these paintings react upon the book, and assist our fancy as we read."

"I was much pleased," said I, "at a certain isolation in which the whole is placed. There is scarcely a foreign allusion to take us out of those happy regions. Of the deities, Pan and the nymphs are alone active, any other is scarcely named, and still we see that these are quite enough for the wants of shepherds."

"And yet, notwithstanding all this isolation," said Goethe, "a complete world is developed. We see shepherds of every kind, agriculturists, gardeners, vinedressers, sailors, robbers, and warriors, besides genteel townsmen, great lords, and serfs."

"We also see man," said I, "in all his grades of life, from his birth to his old age; and all the domestic circumstances which are occasioned by changes of season pass before our eyes."

"Then the landscape," said Goethe,—"how clearly is it given with a few touches! We can see, rising behind the persons, vineyards, fields, and orchards; below, the meadow and the stream; and, in the distance, the broad sea. Then there is not a trace of gloomy days, of mists, clouds, and damp, but always the clearest, bluest sky, a charming air and the driest soil, so that one would readily stretch one's naked limbs anywhere.

"The whole poem,"* continued Goethe, "shows the highest art and cultivation. It has been so well considered, that not a motive is wanting, but all are of the best and most substantial kind; as, for instance, that of the treasure near the dolphin on the shore. Then there is a taste, and a perfection, and a delicacy of feeling, which cannot be excelled. Everything that is repulsive and disturbs from without the happy condition which the poem expresses—such as invasion, robbery, and war—is got rid of as quickly as possible, so that scarcely a trace of it is left. Then vice appears in the train of the townsmen, and there not in

* *Gedicht* has a wider meaning than the English word "poem." —TRANS.

the principal characters, but in a subordinate personage. All this is of the highest beauty."

"Then," said I, "I was much pleased to see how well the relation between master and servant is expressed. On the one hand, there is the kindest treatment; on the other, in spite of all naïve freedom, great respect and an endeavor to gain, in any way, the favor of the master. Thus the young townsman, who has rendered himself odious to Daphnis, endeavors, when the latter is recognized as his master's son, to regain his favor by boldly rescuing Chloe from the cowherds, and bringing her back to him."

"All these things," said Goethe, "show great understanding; it is excellent also that Chloe preserves her innocence to the end,—and the motives for this are so well contrived, that the greatest human affairs are brought under notice. One must write a whole book properly to estimate all the great merits of this poem, and one would do well to read it every year, to be instructed by it again and again, and to receive anew the impression of its great beauty."

Mon., March 21.— We talked on political subjects,—of the incessant disturbances at Paris, and the fancy of young people to meddle in the highest affairs of state.

"In England, also," said I, "the students some time ago tried to obtain an influence on the decision of the Catholic question by sending in petitions; but they were laughed at, and no further notice was taken of them."

"The example of Napoleon," said Goethe, "has, especially in the young people of France who grew up under that hero, excited a spirit of egotism; and they will not rest until a great despot once again rises up among them, in whom they may see the perfection of what they themselves wish to be. The misfortune is, that a man like Napoleon will not so soon again be born; and I almost fear that some hundred thousands of human lives will be wasted before the world is again tranquillized.

"Of literary influence there can be no thought at present; one can now do nothing further than quietly prepare good things for a more peaceful time."

After these few political remarks, we spoke again of "Daphnis and Chloe." Goethe praised Courier's translation as perfect.

"Courier did well," said he, "to respect and retain Amyot's old translation, and only in parts to improve, to purify, and bring it nearer the original. The old French is so naive, and suits the subject so perfectly, that it will not be easy to make, in any language, a more perfect translation of this book."

We then spoke of Courier's own works,—of his little fugitive pieces, and the defense of the famous ink spot on the manuscript at Florence.

"Courier," said Goethe, "is a great natural talent. He has features of Lord Byron, as also of Beaumarchais and Diderot. He is like Byron in command over all things which may serve him as argument,—like Beaumarchais in his adroitness as an advocate,—like Diderot in dialectic skill,—and it is not possible to be more spirited and witty. However, he seems not entirely to clear himself from the ink spot accusation, and is, in his whole tendency, not sufficiently positive to claim unqualified praise. He is at variance with all the world, and we cannot but suppose that some fault is on his side."

We spoke of the difference between the German notion *Geist*, and the French *Esprit*.

"The French *Esprit*," said Goethe, "means nearly the same with our German word *Witz*. Our *Geist* might, perhaps, be expressed in French by *Esprit* and *Ame*. It includes the idea of productivity, which is not in the French *Esprit*."

"Voltaire," said I, "had nevertheless what we name *Geist* in the German sense of the word. And as *Esprit* does not suffice, what word do the French use?"

"In such a lofty instance," said Goethe, "they say *Génie*."

"I am now reading," said I, "a volume of Diderot, and am astonished by the extraordinary talent of the man. And what knowledge! what a power of language! We look into a great animated world, where one constantly stimulated another, and mind and character were kept in such

constant exercise, that both must be flexible and strong. But it seems to me quite extraordinary to see what men the French had in their literature in the last century. I am astonished when I only look at it."

"It was the metamorphosis of a hundred-year-old literature," said Goethe, "which had been growing ever since Louis XIV., and stood now in full flower. But it was really Voltaire who excited such minds as Diderot, D'Alembert, and Beaumarchais; for to be SOMEWHAT near him a man needed to be MUCH, and could take no holidays."

Goethe then told me of a young professor of the Oriental languages and literature at Jena, who had lived a long time at Paris, and was so highly cultivated, that he wished I would make his acquaintance.

As I went, he gave me an essay, by Schrön, on the expected comet, that I might not remain entirely a stranger to such matters.

Tues., March 22.— After dinner, Goethe read to me passages from the letter of a young friend, at Rome. Some German artists appeared there with long hair, mustaches, shirt collars turned over on old-fashioned German coats, tobacco pipes, and bulldogs. They do not seem to visit Rome for the sake of the great masters, or to learn anything. To them Raphael seems weak, and Titian merely a good colorist.

"Niebuhr," said Goethe, "was right when he saw a barbarous age coming. It is already here, we are in the midst of it; for wherein does barbarism consist, unless in not appreciating what is excellent!"

Our young friend then gave an account of the carnival, the election of the new pope, and the revolution which broke out immediately after.

We saw Horace Vernet ensconcing himself like a knight, while some German artists stay quietly home, and cut off their beards, which seems to intimate that they have not, by their conduct, made themselves very popular among the Romans.

We discussed the question whether the errors now perceptible in some young German artists had proceeded from

individuals, and spread abroad by intellectual contagion, or whether they had their origin in the general tendency of the time.

"They come," said Goethe, "from a few individuals, and have now been in operation for forty years. The doctrine was, that the artist chiefly needs piety and genius to be equal to the best. Such a doctrine was very flattering, and was eagerly snatched up. For, to become pious, a man need learn nothing, and genius each one inherited from his mother. One need only utter something that flatters indolence and conceit, to be sure of plenty of adherents among commonplace people."

Fri., March 25.— Goethe showed me an elegant green elbowchair, which he had lately bought at an auction.

"However," said he, "I shall use it but little, or not at all; for all kinds of commodiousness are against my nature. You see in my chamber no sofa; I always sit in my old wooden chair, and never till a few weeks ago have I had a leaning-place put for my head. If surrounded by convenient tasteful furniture, my thoughts are absorbed, and I am placed in an agreeable but passive state. Unless we are accustomed to them from early youth, splendid chambers and elegant furniture are for people who neither have nor can have any thoughts."

Sun., March 27.— After long expectations, the finest spring weather has come at last. On the perfectly blue heaven floats only some little white cloud now and then, and it is warm enough to resume summer clothing.

Goethe had the table covered in a pavilion in the garden, and so we dined once more in the open air. We talked of the Grand Duchess; how she is quietly at work in all directions, doing good, and making the hearts of all her subjects her own.

"The Grand Duchess," said Goethe, "has as much intellect and sweetness as good-will; she is a true blessing to the country. And as men are everywhere quick to feel whence they receive benefits, worshiping the sun and kindly elements, I wonder not that all hearts turn to her with love, and that she is speedily appreciated, as she deserves to be."

I mentioned that I had begun "Minna von Barnhelm" with the prince, and observed how excellent this piece appeared to me.

"Lessing," said I, "has been spoken of as a cold man of understanding; but I find in this drama as much heart, soul, charming naturalness, and free world culture of a fresh, cheerful, living man, as one could desire."

"You may imagine," said Goethe, "what an effect that work produced on us young people when it came out in that dark time. Truly it was a glittering meteor. It taught us to perceive that there was something higher than that of which the weak literary epoch gave any notion. The first two acts are a model in the art of introduction; from which much has been learned, and much may be learned still. Nowadays, indeed, writers are not curious about this art: the effect, which was once expected in the third act, they will now have in the first scene; and they do not reflect that it is with poetry as with going to sea, where we should push from the shore, and reach a certain elevation before we unfurl all our sails."

Goethe had some excellent Rhine wine brought, which had been sent by his Frankfort friends, as a present, on his last birthday. He told some stories about Merck, and how he could not pardon the Grand Duke for having once, in the Ruhl near Eisenach, praised an ordinary wine as excellent.

"Merck and I," he continued, "were always to one another as Mephistophiles to Faust. Thus he scoffed at a letter written by my father from Italy, in which the latter complained of the miserable way of living,—the heavy wine, the food to which he was unaccustomed, and the mosquitoes. Merck could not forgive him, in that delicious country and surrounded by such magnificence, for being troubled about such little matters as eating, drinking, and flies.

"All Merck's tauntings, no doubt, proceeded from a high state of culture; only, as he was not productive, but had, on the contrary, a decidedly negative tendency, he was ever more inclined to blame than praise, and was involuntarily always seeking for means to gratify this inclination."

"In the description of your love affair with Lili (in the 'Autobiography')" said I, "we never miss your youth, but these scenes bear the perfect breath of early years."

"That is because such scenes are poetical," said Goethe, "and I was able to compensate by the force of poetry for the feeling of youthful love, in which I was deficient."

We then talked of the remarkable passage, in which Goethe describes his sister's situation. "This chapter," said he, "will be read with interest by many ladies of education, for there will be many like my sister in this respect, that, with superior mental and moral endowments, they are without the advantage of personal beauty."

"That, when a ball or festival was at hand," said I, "she was generally afflicted with an eruption in the face, is so odd that it may be ascribed to the influence of something dæmonic."

"She was a remarkable being," said Goethe; "she stood morally very high, and had not a trace of sensuality about her. The thought of resigning herself to a man was repulsive to her, and we may imagine that this peculiarity caused many unpleasant hours in marriage. Women who have a similar aversion, or do not love their husbands, will feel the force of this. On this account I could never look upon my sister as married; she would have been much more in her place as an abbess in a convent.

"Although she was married to one of the best of men, she was still unhappy in a married life, and hence it was that she so passionately opposed my projected union with Lili."

Tues., March 29. — We talked to-day about Merck, and Goethe told me some more characteristic features.

"The late Grand Duke," said he, "was very fond of Merck, so that he at once became his security for a debt of four thousand dollars. Before long, Merck, to our astonishment, sent the bond back. His circumstances had not improved, and we could not divine what sort of a negotiation he had made. When I saw him again, he explained the enigma thus: —

"'The Duke,' said he, 'is an excellent, generous man, who trusts and helps men whenever he can. Now, I thought

to myself, "If you cheat him out of his money, that will prejudice a thousand others; for he will lose his precious trustfulness, and many unfortunate but worthy men will suffer, because one was a rascal." Well, now — what have I done? I have made a speculation, and borrowed the money from a scoundrel, for if I cheat him it will be no matter; but if I had cheated our good lord, it would have been a pity.'"

We laughed at the whimsical greatness of the man.

"Merck had a habit," continued Goethe, "of continually shouting HE, HE, as he talked. This habit grew upon him with advancing years, till at length it was like the bark of a dog. He fell at last into a deep hypochondriacal gloom, the consequence of his many speculations, and finished by shooting himself. He imagined he must become bankrupt; but it was found that his affairs were by no means in so bad a state as he had supposed."

Wed., March 30. — We talked again of the Dæmonic.

"It throws itself willingly into figures of importance," said Goethe, "and prefers somewhat dark times. In a clear prosaic city, like Berlin, for instance, it would scarcely find occasion to manifest itself."

In this remark Goethe expressed what I had been thinking some days since. This gave me pleasure, as we always feel delight in finding our thoughts confirmed.

Yesterday and this morning I had been reading the third volume of his "Biography," and felt, as in the case of a foreign language, when, after making some progress, we again read a book, which we thought we understood before, but now first perceive in its minutest touches and delicate shades.

"Your 'Biography,'" said I, "is a book by which we find our culture greatly assisted."

"Those are merely results from my life," said he; "and the particular facts that are related serve only to confirm a general reflection — a higher truth."

"What you state about Basedow," said I, "how, in order to attain his higher ends, he stood in need of persons, and would have gained their favor, but never reflected that he would spoil all by such a totally reckless utterance of his

offensive religious views, and by making men regard with suspicion that to which they adhered with love,— these and similar traits appear to me highly important."

"I imagine," said Goethe, "that there are in the book some symbols of human life. I called it '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*' (Poetry and Truth), because it raises itself by higher tendencies from the region of a lower Reality. Now Jean Paul, in the spirit of contradiction, has written '*Wahrheit aus meinem Leben*' (Truth out of my Life), as if the TRUTH from the life of such a man could be any other than that the author was a Philistine. But the Germans do not easily understand how to receive anything out of the common course, and what is of a high nature often passes by them without their being aware of it. A fact of our lives is valuable, not so far as it is true, but so far as it is significant."

Wed., March 31.— Goethe had been for some time very unwell, so that he could only see his most intimate friends. Some weeks before, bleeding had been ordered him; then he felt uneasiness and pain in his right leg, until at last his internal complaint vented itself by a wound in the foot; when improvement speedily followed. This wound, too, has now healed for some days, and he is now as lively as ever.

The Grand Duchess has paid him a visit to-day, and had returned very well satisfied. She had inquired after his health; when he very gallantly answered, that until to-day he had not perceived his recovery, but that her presence had made him once more feel the blessing of restored health.

Wed., April 14.— A *soirée* at the Prince's. One of the old gentlemen present, who remembered many things of the first years of Goethe's residence here, related to us the following very characteristic anecdote: —

"I was present," said he, "when Goethe, in the year 1784, made his well-known renowned speech, on the solemn opening of the Ilmenau mine, to which he had invited all the officers and influential persons of the town and environs. He appeared to have had his speech well in his head; for he spoke for a long while with perfect fluency,

and without any hesitation. All at once, however, he appeared to be quite forsaken by his good genius; the thread of his thoughts seemed to be cut off, and he appeared quite to have lost the power of grasping what he had further to say. This would have thrown any one else into great embarrassment, but it was not so with him. On the contrary, he looked for at least ten minutes, steadily and quietly, round the circle of his numerous audience, who were so struck by his personal power, that during the very long and almost ridiculous pause, every one remained perfectly quiet. At last he appeared to have again become master of his subject; he went on with his speech, and, without hesitation, continued it very ably to the end, as unembarrassed and serene as if nothing had happened."

Mon., May 2. — Goethe delighted me with the information that he had lately succeeded in almost finishing the fifth act of "Faust," which had hitherto been wanting.

"The purport of these scenes," said he, "is above thirty years old; it was of such importance that I could not lose my interest in it, but so difficult to carry out that it frightened me. By various arts I am now in the right train again, and, if fortune favors, I shall write off the fourth act at once."

Goethe then mentioned a well-known author. "He is a genius," said he, "to whom party-hatred serves as an alliance, and who would have produced no effect without it. We find frequent instances in literature, where hatred supplies the place of genius, and where men of small talent appear important, by coming forward as organs of a party. Thus too, in life, we find a multitude of persons, who have not character enough to stand alone; these in the same way attach themselves to a party, by which they feel themselves strengthened, and can at last make some figure."

Sun., May 15. — Dined alone with Goethe in his workroom. After much cheerful discourse he at last turned the conversation to his personal affairs, by rising and taking from his desk a written paper.

"When one, like myself," said he, "has passed the age of eighty, one has hardly a right to live, but ought each day

to hold oneself ready to be called away, and think of setting one's house in order. I have, as I lately told you appointed you in my will editor of my literary remains, and have this morning drawn up, as a sort of contract, a little paper which I wish you to sign with me."

With these words, Goethe placed before me the paper, in which I found mentioned by name the works, both finished and unfinished, which were to be published after his death. I had come to an understanding with him upon essentials, and we both signed the contract.

The material, which I had already from time to time been busy in revising, I estimated at about fifteen volumes. We then talked of certain matters of detail, which had not been yet decided.

"The case may arise," said Goethe, "that the publisher is unwilling to go beyond a certain number of sheets, and that hence some part of the material must be omitted. In that case, you may omit the polemic part of my 'Theory of Colors.' My peculiar doctrine is contained in the theoretical part; and as the historical part is already of a polemic character, inasmuch as the leading errors of the Newtonian theory are discussed there, you will almost have polemics enough. I by no means disavow my severe dissection of the Newtonian maxims; it was necessary at the time, and will also have its value hereafter; but, at bottom, all polemic action is repugnant to my proper nature, and I can take but little pleasure in it."

We next talked about the "Maxims and Reflections," which had been printed at the end of the second and third volumes of the "*Wanderjahre.*"

When he began to remodel and finish this novel, which had previously appeared in one volume,* Goethe intended to expand it into two, as indeed is expressed in the announcement of the new edition of his entire works. But, as the work progressed, the manuscript grew beyond expectation; and, as his secretary wrote widely, Goethe was

* This original shorter "*Wanderjahre*" is the one translated by Mr. Carlyle, and inserted in his "Specimens of German Romance." The larger novel, which appears in Goethe's collected works, has not, to my knowledge, been translated. — TRANS.

deceived, and thought that he had enough not only for two but for three volumes, and accordingly the manuscript went in three volumes to the publishers. However, when the printing had reached a certain point, it was found that Goethe had made a miscalculation, and that the two last volumes especially were too small. They sent for more manuscript, and, as the course of the novel ("Roman") could not be altered, and it was impossible to invent, write, and insert a new tale ("Novelle") in the hurry of the moment, Goethe was really in some perplexity.

Under these circumstances he sent for me, told me the state of the case, and mentioned at the same time how he thought to help himself out of the difficulty, laying before me two large bundles of manuscript, which he had caused to be fetched for that purpose.

"In these two parcels you will find various papers hitherto unpublished, detached pieces, finished and unfinished, opinions on natural science, art, literature, and life, all mingled together. Suppose you were to make up from these, six or eight printed sheets to fill the gaps in my '*Wanderjahre.*' Strictly speaking, they have nothing to do with it, but the proceeding may be justified by the fact that mention is made of an archive in Makaria's house, in which such detached pieces are preserved. Thus we shall not only get over a great difficulty for the moment, but find a fitting vehicle for sending a number of very interesting things into the world."

I approved of the plan, set to work at once, and completed the desired arrangement in a short time. Goethe seemed well satisfied. I had put together the whole in two principal parts, one under the title "From Makaria's Archive"; the other under the head "According to the Views of the Wanderer." And as Goethe, at this time, had just finished two important poems, one "On Schiller's Skull," and the other "*Kein Wesen kann zu nichts zerfallen*" (No being can fall away to nothing), he was desirous to bring out these also, and we added them at the close of the two divisions.

But when the "*Wanderjahre*" came out, no one knew what to make of it. The progress of the romance was seen to

be interrupted by a number of enigmatical sayings, the explanation of which could be expected only from men of certain departments, such as artists, *literati*, and natural philosophers, and which greatly annoyed all other readers, especially those of the fair sex. Then, as for the two poems, people could as little understand them as they could guess how they got into such a place. Goethe laughed at this.

"What is done, is done," said he to-day, "and all you have to do is, when you edit my literary remains, to insert these things in their proper places, so that when my works are republished, they may be distributed in proper order, and the '*Wanderjahre*' may be reduced to two volumes, according to the original intention."

We agreed that I should hereafter arrange all the aphorisms relating to Art in a volume on subjects of art, all relating to Nature in a volume on natural science in general, and all the ethical and literary maxims in a volume likewise adapted for them.

Wed., May 5.— We talked of "Wallenstein's Camp." I had often heard that Goethe had assisted in the composition of this piece, and, in particular, that the Capuchin sermon came from him. To-day, at dinner, I asked him, and he replied: —

"At bottom, it is all Schiller's own work. But, as we lived in such a relation that Schiller not only told me his plan, and talked it over with me, but also communicated what he did from day to day, hearing and using my remarks, I may be said to have had some share in it. For the Capuchin sermon, I sent him a discourse, by Abraham a Sancta Clara, from which he immediately composed his with great talent.

"I scarcely remember that any passages came from me except the two lines —

'*Ein Hauptmann den ein andrer erstach*
Liess mir ein paar glückliche Würfel nach.'

'A captain whom another slew,
Left me a pair of lucky dice.'

Wishing to give some motive for the peasant's possession of the false dice, I wrote down these lines in the manuscript

with my own hand. Schiller had not troubled himself about that, but, in his bold way, had given the peasant the dice without inquiring much how he came by them. A careful linking together of motives was, as I have said, not in his way; whence, perhaps, his pieces had so much the greater effect on the stage."

Mon., June 6. — Goethe showed me to-day the beginning of the fifth act of "Faust," which has hitherto been wanting. I read to the place where the cottage of Philemon and Baucis is burned, and Faust, standing by night on the balcony of his palace, smells the smoke, which is borne to him by a light breeze.

"These names, Philemon and Baucis," said I, "transport me to the Phrygian coast, reminding me of the famous couple of antiquity. But our scene belongs to modern days, and a Christian landscape."

"My Philemon and Baucis," said Goethe, "have nothing to do with that renowned ancient couple, and the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters. The persons and relations are similar, and hence the use of the names has a good effect."

We then spoke of Faust, whom the hereditary portion of his character — discontent — has not left even in his old age, and who, amid all the treasures of the world, and in a new dominion of his own making, is annoyed by a couple of lindens, a cottage, and a bell, which are not his. He is therein not unlike Ahab, King of Israel, who fancied he possessed nothing, unless he could also make the vineyard of Naboth his own.

"Faust," said Goethe, "when he appears in the fifth act, should, according to my design, be exactly a hundred years old, and I rather think it would be well expressly to say so in some passage."

We then spoke of the conclusion, and Goethe directed my attention to the passage —

"Delivered is the noble spirit
From the control of evil powers;
Who ceaselessly doth strive with merit
That we should save and make him ours

If *Love* celestial never cease
To watch him from its *upper sphere;*
The children of eternal peace
Bear him to cordial welcome there.»

« In these lines," said he, « is contained the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself there is an activity which becomes constantly higher and purer to the end, and from above there is eternal love coming to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious views, according to which we cannot obtain heavenly bliss through our own strength alone, but with the assistance of divine grace.

« You will confess that the conclusion, where the redeemed soul is carried up, was difficult to manage; and that I, amid such supersensual matters, about which we scarcely have even an intimation, might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply-drawn figures, and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

In the following weeks Goethe finished the fourth act, which had yet been wanting; so that in August the whole second part was sewed together quite complete. Goethe was extremely happy in having at last attained this object, toward which he had been striving so long.

« My remaining days," said he, « I may now consider a free gift; and it is now, in fact, of little consequence what I now do, or whether I do anything."

Sun., June 20.— This afternoon a short half hour at Goethe's, whom I found still at dinner.

We conversed upon some subjects of natural science; particularly upon the imperfection and insufficiency of language, by which errors and false views which afterward could not easily be overcome were spread abroad. « The case is simply this," said Goethe. « All languages have arisen from surrounding human necessities, human occupations, and the general feelings and views of man. If, now, a superior man gains an insight into the secret operations of nature, the language which has been handed down to him is not sufficient to express anything so remote from human affairs. He ought to have at command the language

of spirits to express adequately his peculiar perceptions. But as this is not the case, he must, in his views of the extraordinary in nature, always grasp at human expressions, with which he almost always falls too short, lowering his subject, or even injuring and destroying it."

"If YOU say this," said I, "you who always pursue your subjects very closely, and as an enemy to phrases, can always find the most fitting expressions for your higher perceptions, there is something in it. But I should have thought that, generally, we Germans might be contented. Our language is so extraordinarily rich, elaborated, and capable of progress, that even if we are obliged sometimes to have recourse to a trope, we can still arrive pretty nearly at the proper expression. The French are at a great disadvantage when compared with us. With them the expression for some higher view of nature by a trope, generally borrowed from a technicality, is at once material and vulgar, so that it is by no means adequate to a higher view."

"How right you are," said Goethe, "has appeared to me lately, on the occasion of the dispute between Cuvier and Geoffrey de St. Hilaire. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire is a man who has certainly a great insight into the spiritual workings of nature; but his French language, so far as he is constrained to use traditional expressions, leaves him quite in the lurch. And this not only in mysteriously spiritual, but also in visible, purely corporeal subjects and relations. If he would express the single parts of an organic being, he has no other word but *materialien:* thus, for instance, the bones, which, as homogeneous parts, form the organic whole of an arm, are placed upon the same scale of expression as the stones and planks with which a house is built.

"In the same inappropriate manner," continued Goethe, "the French use the expression COMPOSITION, in speaking of the productions of nature. I can certainly put together the individual parts of a machine made of separate pieces, and, upon such a subject, speak of a composition; but not when I have in my mind the individual parts of an organic whole, which produce themselves with life, and are pervaded by a common soul."

"It appears to me," added I, "that the expression COMPOSITION is also inappropriate and degrading to genuine productions of art and poetry."

"It is a thoroughly contemptible word," returned Goethe, "for which we have to thank the French, and of which we should endeavor to rid ourselves as soon as possible. How can one say, Mozart has COMPOSED (*componirt*) Don Juan! Composition! As if it were a piece of cake or biscuit, which had been stirred together out of eggs, flour, and sugar! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are pervaded by ONE spirit, and by the breath of ONE life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the dæmonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to his orders."

Sun., July 27.—We spoke of Victor Hugo. "He has a fine talent," said Goethe, "but quite entangled in the unhappy romantic tendency of his time, by which he is seduced to represent, together with what is beautiful, also that which is most insupportable and hideous. I have lately been reading his '*Notre Dame de Paris*,' and required no little patience to support the horror with which this reading has inspired me. It is the most abominable book that ever was written! Besides, one is not even indemnified for the torture one has to endure by the pleasure one might receive from a truthful representation of human nature or human character. His book is, on the contrary, utterly destitute of nature and truth! The so-called acting personages whom he brings forward are not human beings with living flesh and blood, but miserable wooden puppets, which he deals with as he pleases, and which he causes to make all sorts of contortions and grimaces just as he needs them for his desired effects. But what an age it must be which not only renders such a book possible, and calls it into existence, but even finds it endurable and delightful."

Wed., July 14.—I and the Prince accompanied his Majesty, the King of Würtemburg, to Goethe's. On our return the king appeared much pleased, and deputed me to convey his thanks to Goethe, for the pleasure this visit had given him.

Tues., July 20. — After dinner, a short half hour with Goethe, whom I found in a very cheerful, mild humor. He spoke of various things, at last of Carlsbad; and he joked about the various love affairs which he had experienced there. "A little passion," said he. "is the only thing which can render a watering place supportable; without it, one dies of *ennui*. I was almost always lucky enough to find there some little 'elective affinity' (*Wahlverwandtschaft*), which entertained me during the few weeks. I recollect one circumstance in particular, which even now gives me pleasure.

"I one day visited FRAU VON RECK. After a commonplace chat, I had taken my leave, and met, as I went out, a lady with two very pretty young girls. 'Who was that gentleman who just now left you?' asked the lady. 'It was Goethe,' answered Frau von Reck. 'O, how I regret,' returned the lady, 'that he did not stay, and that I have not had the happiness of making his acquaintance!' 'You have lost nothing by it, my dear,' said Frau von Reck. 'He is very dull among ladies, unless they are pretty enough to inspire him with some interest. Ladies of our age must not be expected to make him talkative or amiable.'

"When the two young ladies left the house with their mother, they thought of Frau von Reck's words. 'We are young, we are pretty,' said they, 'let us see if we cannot succeed in captivating and taming this renowned savage. The next morning, on the promenade by the Sprudel, they made me, in passing, the most graceful and amiable salutations, and I could not forbear taking the opportunity of approaching and accosting them. They were charming! I spoke to them again and again, they led me to their mother, and so I was caught. From that time we saw each other daily, nay, we spent whole days together. In order to make our connection more intimate, it happened that the betrothed of the one arrived, when I devoted myself more exclusively to the other. I was also very amiable to the mother, as may be imagined; in fact, we were all thoroughly pleased with one another, and I spent so many happy days with this family, that the recol-

lection of them is even now highly agreeable. The two girls soon related to me the conversation between their mother and Frau von Reck, describing the conspiracy which they had contrived for my conquest, and brought to a fortunate issue."

An anecdote of another kind occurs to me, which Goethe had related to me before, but which may find a place here.

"I was once walking," said he, "toward evening, in the castle garden with a friend, when, at the end of an avenue, we unexpectedly remarked two other persons of our circle, who were walking in quiet conversation with one another. I cannot name either the lady or the gentleman; but that is not to the purpose. They conversed and appeared to think of nothing,— when, suddenly, their heads inclined toward each other, and they exchanged a hearty kiss. They then resumed their former direction, and continued their conversation as if nothing had happened. 'Did you see it?' exclaimed my friend, full of astonishment; 'May I believe my eyes!' 'I did see it,' returned I, quietly, 'but I do not believe it.'"

At the close of this, and in the beginning of the next year, Goethe turned again to his favorite studies, the natural sciences. At the suggestion of Boisserée, he occupied himself with deeper inquiries into the laws of the rainbow; and also, from sympathy with the dispute between Cuvier and St. Hilaire, with subjects referring to the metamorphoses of the plant and animal world. He, likewise, revised with me the historical part of the "Theory of Colors," taking also lively interest in a chapter on the blending of colors, which I, by his desire, was arranging to be inserted in the theoretical volume.

During this time, there was no lack of interesting conversation between us, or of valuable utterances on his side. But, as he was daily before my eyes, fresh and energetic as ever, I fancied this must always be the case, and was too careless of recording his words till it was too late, and, on the 22d of March, 1832, I, with thousands of noble Germans, had to weep for his irreparable loss.

Fri., Feb. 17.

I HAD sent Goethe a portrait of Dumont, which had been engraved in England, and which appeared to interest him very much.

"I have repeatedly examined the portrait of this remarkable man," said Goethe, when I visited him this evening. "At first I found something repulsive in it, which, however, I would have attributed to the treatment of the artist, who had cut the lines a little too deep and hard. But the longer I looked at this highly remarkable head, the more did all hardness disappear, and from the dark ground there came forth a beautiful expression of repose, goodness, and mildness blended with acuteness, so characteristic of the clever benevolent man, ever active for the general good, and so refreshing to the mind of the spectator."

We then spoke further of Dumont; particularly of the memoirs which he wrote with reference to Mirabeau, and in which he reveals the various expedients which Mirabeau had contrived to employ, and also mentions by name many persons of talent whom he had set in motion for his purposes, and with whose powers he had worked.

"I know no more instructive book," said Goethe, "than these memoirs; by means of which we get an insight into the most secret recesses of that time and by means of which the wonder Mirabeau becomes natural to us, while at the same time, the hero losses nothing of his greatness. But now we have the latest critics of the French journals, who think a little differently on this point. These good folks think that the author of these memoirs wants to spoil their Mirabeau, because he unveils the secret of his superhuman activity, and allows other people a share in the great merit which, until now, the name of Mirabeau had monopolized.

"The French look upon Mirabeau as their Hercules — and they are perfectly right. But they forget that even

the Colossus consists of individual parts, and that even the Hercules of antiquity is a collective being — a great supporter of his own deeds and the deeds of others.

"But, in fact, we are all collective beings, let us place ourselves as we may. For how little HAVE we, and ARE we, that we can strictly call our own property? We must all receive and learn from both those who were before us, and from those who are with us. Even the greatest genius would not go far if he tried to owe everything to his own internal self. But many very good men do not comprehend that; and they grope in darkness for half a life, with their dreams of originality. I have known artists who boasted of having followed no master, and of having to thank their own genius for everything. Fools! as if that were possible at all; and as if the world would not force itself upon them at every step, and make something of them in spite of their own stupidity. Yes, I maintain that if such an artist were only to survey the walls of this room, and cast only a passing glance at the sketches of some great masters, with which they are hung, he would necessarily, if he had any genius at all, quit this place another and a higher man. And, indeed, what is there good in us, if it is not the power and the inclination to appropriate to ourselves the resources of the outward world, and to make them subservient to our higher ends. I may speak of myself, and may modestly say what I feel. It is true that, in my long life, I have done and achieved many things of which I might certainly boast. But to speak the honest truth, what had I that was properly my own, besides the ability and the inclination to see and to hear, to distinguish and to choose, and to enliven with some mind what I had seen and heard, and to reproduce with some degree of skill. I by no means owe my works to my own wisdom alone, but to a thousand things and persons around me, who provided me with material. There were fools and sages, minds enlightened and narrow, childhood, youth, and mature age — all told me what they felt, what they thought, how they lived and worked, and what experiences they had gained; and I had nothing further to do than to put out my hand and reap what others had sown for me.

"It is, in fact, utter folly to ask whether a person has anything from himself, or whether he has it from others; whether he operates by himself, or operates by means of others. The main point is to have a great will, and skill and perseverance to carry it out. All else is indifferent. Mirabeau was therefore perfectly right, when he made what use he could of the outer world and its forces. He possessed the gift of distinguishing talent; and talent felt itself attracted by the demon of his powerful nature, so that it willingly yielded itself to him and his guidance. Thus he was surrounded by a mass of distinguished forces, which he inspired with his ardor, and set in activity for his own higher aims. This very peculiarity, that he understood how to act with others and by others,—this was his genius —this was his originality—this was his greatness."

Sun., March 11.—This evening for an hour with Goethe, talking of various interesting subjects. I had bought an English Bible, in which I found, to my great regret, that the apocryphal books were not contained. They had been rejected, because they were not considered genuine and of divine origin. I greatly missed the noble Tobias, that model of a pious life, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Jesus Sirach,—all writings of such high mental and moral elevation, that few others equal them. I spoke to Goethe of my regret at the very narrow view by which some of the writings of the Old Testament are looked upon as immediately proceeding from God; while others, equally excellent, are not so. As if there could be anything noble and great which did not proceed from God, and which was not a fruit of his influence.

"I am thoroughly of your opinion," returned Goethe. "Still, there are two points of view from which biblical subjects may be contemplated. There is the point of view of a sort of primitive religion, of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will always be the same, and will last and prevail as long as divinely endowed beings exist. It is, however, only for the elect, and is far too high and noble to become universal. Then there is the point of view of the Church, which is of a more human nature. This is defective and subject to change; but it will last, in

a state of perpetual change, as long as there are weak human beings. The light of unclouded divine revelation is far too pure and brilliant to be suitable and supportable to poor weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator, to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped, and many are benefited. Through the belief that the Christian Church, as the successor of Christ, can remove the burden of human sin, it is a very great power. To maintain themselves in this power and in this importance, and thus to secure the ecclesiastical edifice, is the chief aim of the Christian priesthood.

"This priesthood, therefore, does not so much ask whether this or that book in the Bible greatly enlightens the mind, and contains doctrines of high morality and noble human nature. It rather looks upon the books of Moses, with reference to the fall of man and the origin of a necessity for a Redeemer; it searches the prophets for repeated allusion to Him, the Expected One, and regards, in the Gospels, His actual earthly appearance, and His death upon the cross, as the atonement for our human sins. You see, therefore, that for such purposes, and weighed in such a balance, neither the noble Tobias, nor the Wisdom of Solomon, nor the sayings of Sirach, can have much weight. Still, with reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our highest development! What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow, which brings no fruit — at least no good fruit! If the authenticity of a biblical book is to be decided by the question, — whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the authenticity of the Gospels, since those of Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but, according to oral tradition, long afterward; and the last, by the disciple John, was not written till he was of a very advanced age. Nevertheless, I look upon all the four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was

of as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say — certainly! I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I again say — certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. I adore in him the light and the productive power of God; by which we all live, move, and have our being — we, and all the plants and animals with us. But if I am asked — whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb bone of the apostle Peter or Paul, I say — 'Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities!'

"'Quench not the spirit,' says the apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude, which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly-endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as it was possible. Besides, what can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly-endowed bishop, when he sees in the Gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, traveled humbly on foot, while the princely bishop rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses!

"We scarcely know," continued Goethe, "what we owe to Luther, and the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely-endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the gospel!

"But the better we Protestants advance in our noble development, so much the more rapidly will the Catholics follow us. As soon as they feel themselves caught up by the ever-extending enlightenment of the time, they must go on, do what they will, till at last the point is reached where all is but one.

"The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith, to a Christianity of feeling and action."

The conversation turned upon the great men who had lived before Christ, among the Chinese, the Indians, the Persians, and the Greeks; and it was remarked, that the divine power had been as operative in them as in some of the great Jews of the Old Testament. We then came to the question how far God influenced the great natures of the present world in which we live?

"To hear people speak," said Goethe, "one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and his daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters, a divine influence is indeed still allowed, but in matters of science and art it is believed that they are merely earthly, and nothing but the product of human powers.

"Let any one only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the creations that bear the names of MOZART, RAPHAEL, or SHAKESPEARE. I know very well that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art innumerable excellent geniuses have operated, who have produced things as perfectly good as those just mentioned. But if they were as great as those, they rose above

ordinary human nature, and in the same proportion were as divinely endowed as they.

"And after all, what does it all come to? God did not retire to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, if He had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material basis. So He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones."

Goethe was silent. But I cherished his great and good words in my heart.

Last Tuesday, Upper-Consistorial Councilor Schwabe met me in the street. I walked with him a little way; he told me of his manifold occupations, and thus I was enabled to look into the important sphere of action of this distinguished man. He said that he employed his spare hours in editing a little volume of new sermons; that one of his school books had lately been translated into Danish, that forty thousand copies of it had been sold, and that it had been introduced into the best schools of Prussia. He begged me to visit him, which I gladly promised to do.

At dinner with Goethe, I spoke of Schwabe, and Goethe agreed entirely with my praises of him.

"The Grand Duchess," said he, "values him highly; and, indeed, she always knows what people are worth. I shall have him drawn for my collection of portraits, and you will do well to visit him, and ask his permission in this respect.

"Visit him, and show sympathy in what he is doing and planning. It will be interesting for you to observe a peculiar sphere of action, which cannot be rightly understood without a closer intercourse with such a man."

Wednesday, just before dinner, while walking in the Erfurt road, I met Goethe, who stopped me and took me into his carriage. We went a good way by the fir-wood, and talked about natural history.

The mountains and hills were covered with snow, and I mentioned the great delicacy of the yellow, observing that at a distance of nine miles, with some density intervening,

a dark surface rather appeared blue than a white one yellow. Goethe agreed with me, and we then spoke of the high significance of the primitive phenomena, behind which we believe the Deity may directly be discerned.

"I ask not," said Goethe, "whether this highest Being has reason and understanding, but I feel that He is Reason, is Understanding itself. Therewith are all creatures penetrated; and man has so much of it that he can recognize parts of the Highest."

Wednesday — The annual meeting of the society for the promotion of agriculture was held to-day at Belvidere. We had also the first exposition of products and objects of industry, which was richer than had been expected. Then there was a great dinner of the numerous assembled members. Goethe joined them, to the joyful surprise of all present. He remained some time, and surveyed the objects exhibited with evident interest. His appearance made a most agreeable impression, especially upon those who had not seen him before.

I recently enjoyed a short time with Goethe, in varied conversation. We then came to Soret.

"I have lately been reading a very pretty poem of his," said Goethe, "a trilogy,— the first two parts of which possess an agreeable rusticity, but the last, under the title 'Midnight,' bears a sombre character. In this 'Midnight' he has succeeded. In reading it, one actually breathes the breath of night; almost as in the pictures of Rembrandt, in which one also seems to feel the night-air. Victor Hugo has treated similar subjects, but not with such felicity. In the nocturnal scenes of this indisputably great man, it is never actually night; on the contrary, the subjects remain always as distinct and visible as if it were still day, and the represented night were merely a deception. Soret has, unquestionably, surpassed the renowned Victor Hugo in his 'Midnight.'"

I was pleased at this commendation, and resolved to read the said trilogy, by Soret, as soon as possible. "We possess, in our literature, very few trilogies," remarked I.

"This form," returned Goethe, "is very rare among the moderns generally. It sometimes happens that one

finds a subject which seems naturally to demand a treatment in three parts; so that in the first there is a sort of introduction, in the second a sort of catastrophe, and in the third a satisfying denouement. In my poem of 'The Youth and the Fair Miller' these requisites are found, although when I wrote it I by no means thought of maka trilogy. My 'Paria,' also, is a perfect trilogy; and, indeed, it was a trilogy that I intentionally treated this cycle. My '*Trilogie der Leidenschaft*' (Trilogy of Passion), as it is called, was, on the contrary, not originally conceived as a trilogy, but became a trilogy gradually, and to a certain extent incidentally. At first, as you know, I had merely the elegy, as an independent poem. Then Madame Szimanowska, who had been at Marienbad with me that summer, visited me, and, by her charming melodies, awoke in me the echo of those youthful happy days. The strophes which I dedicated to this fair friend are therefore written quite in the metre and tone of the elegy, and suit very well as a satisfactory conclusion. Then Weygand wished to prepare a new edition of my 'Werther,' and asked me for a preface; which to me was a very welcome occasion to write 'My Poem to Werther.' But as I had still a remnant of that passion in my heart, the poem, as it were, formed itself into an introduction to the elegy. Thus it happened that all the three poems which now stand together are pervaded by the same love-sick feeling; and the '*Trilogie der Leidenschaft*' formed itself I knew not how.

"I have advised Soret to write more trilogies, and, indeed, he should do it as I have described. He should not take the trouble to seek a particular subject for a trilogy, but should rather select, from the rich store of his unprinted poems, one that is especially pregnant with meaning, and, when occasion offers, add a sort of introduction, and conclusion, yet still so that the three productions are separated by a perceptible gap. In this manner one attains one's end far more easily, and spares oneself much thinking, which is notoriously, as Meyer says, a very difficult thing."

We then spoke of Victor Hugo, remarking that his too great fertility had been highly prejudicial to his talent.

"How can a writer help growing worse, and destroying the finest talent in the world," said Goethe, "if he has the audacity to write in a single year two tragedies and a novel; and further, when he only appears to work in order to scrape together immense sums of money. I do not blame him for trying to become rich, and to earn present renown; but if he intends to live long in futurity, he must begin to write less and to work more."

Goethe then went through "*Maire de Lorme*," and endeavored to make it clear to me that the subject only contained sufficient material to make one single good and and really tragical act; but that the author had allowed himself, by considerations of quite a secondary nature, to be misled into stretching out his subject to five long acts. "Under these circumstances," said Goethe, "we have merely the advantage of seeing that the poet is great in the representation of details, which certainly is something, and that no trifle."

On a recent day I dined with Goethe. We talked of the reason why his 'Theory of Colors,' had been so little diffused.

"It is very hard to communicate," said he, "for, as you know, it requires not only to be read and studied, but to be DONE, and this is difficult. The laws of poetry and painting may likewise be communicated to a certain extent; but to be a good poet and painter genius is required, which is not to be communicated. To receive a simple, primitive phenomenon, to recognize it in its high significance, and to go to work with it, requires a productive spirit, which is able to take a wide survey, and is a rare gift, only to be found in very superior natures.

"And even this is not enough. For, as with every rule, and with all genius, one is yet no painter, but still requires uninterrupted practice, so with the 'Theory of Colors' it is not enough for one to know the chief laws and have a suitable mind, but it is necessary to occupy oneself constantly with the several single phenomena, which are often very mysterious, and with their deductions and combinations.

"Thus, for instance, we know well enough the general proposition that a green color is produced by a mixture of

yellow and blue; but before a person can say that he comprehends the green of the rainbow, or of foliage, or of sea water, there will be requisite a thorough investigation of the whole region of color, with a consequent acme of acuteness, which scarcely any one has yet attained.

After dinner, we looked at some landscapes by Poussin.

"Those places," observed Goethe, "on which the painter throws the principal light, do not admit of detail in the execution; and therefore water, masses of rock, bare ground, and buildings, are most suitable subjects to bear the principal light. Things, on the contrary, which require more detail in the drawing cannot well be used by the artist in those light places.

"A landscape painter," continued Goethe, "should possess various sorts of knowledge. It is not enough for him to understand perspective, architecture, and the anatomy of men and animals; he must also have some insight into botany and mineralogy, that he may know how to express properly the characteristics of trees, plants, and the character of the different sorts of mountains. It is not, indeed, necessary that he should be an accomplished mineralogist, since he has to do chiefly with lime, slate and sandstone mountains, and only needs know in what forms they lie, how they are acted upon by the atmosphere, and what sort of trees thrive, and are stunted upon them."

He showed me then some landscapes, by Hermann von Schwanefeld, making various remarks upon the art and personality of that eminent man.

"We find in him," said he, "art and inclination more completely identified than in any other. He has a deep love for nature, and a divine tranquillity, which communicates itself to us when we look upon his pictures. He was born in the Netherlands, and studied at Rome, under Claude Lorraine. On this master he formed himself to the highest degree of perfection, and developed his fine capacities in the freest manner."

We looked, after dinner, at some engravings after the most modern artists, especially in the landscape department, and we remarked with pleasure that nothing false could be detected.

"For ages there has been so much good in the world," said Goethe, "that one ought not in reason to wonder when it operates and produces good in its turn."

"The worst of it is," said I, "that there are so many false doctrines, and that a young genius does not know to what saint he should devote himself."

"Of this we have proofs," said Goethe; "we have seen whole generations ruined or injured by false maxims, and have also suffered ourselves. Then there is the facility nowadays of universally diffusing every error by means of printing. Though a critic may think better after some years, and diffuse among the public his better convictions, his false doctrine has operated in the meanwhile, and will in future, like a spreading weed, continue to co-operate with what is good. My only consolation is, that a really great talent is not to be led astray or spoiled."

We looked further at the engravings. "These are really good things," said Goethe. "You have before you the works of very fair talents, who have learned something, and have acquired no little taste and art. Still, something is wanting in all these pictures — the MANLY. Take notice of this word, and underscore it. The pictures lack a certain urgent power, which in former ages was generally expressed, but in which the present age is deficient, and that with respect not only to painting, but to all the other arts. We have a more weakly race, of which we cannot say whether it is so by its origin, or by a more weakly training and diet."

"We see here," said I, "how much in art depends on a great personality, which indeed was common enough in earlier ages. When, at Venice, we stand before the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, we feel the powerful mind of these men, both in their first conception of the subject, and in the final execution. Their great energetic feeling has penetrated the members of the whole picture, and this higher power of the artist's personality expands our own nature, and elevates us above ourselves, when we contemplate such works. This manly mind of which you speak is also to be found especially in the landscapes of Rubens. They, indeed, consist merely of trees, soil, water, rocks,

and clouds, but his own bold temperament has penetrated into the forms, and thus while we see familiar nature we see it penetrated by the power of the artist, and reproduced according to his views."

"Certainly," said Goethe, "personality is everything in art and poetry; nevertheless, there are many weak personages among the modern critics who do not admit this, but look upon a great personality in a work of poetry or art merely as a kind of trifling appendage.

"However, to feel and respect a great personality one must be something oneself. All those who denied the sublime to Euripides were either poor wretches incapable of comprehending such sublimity, or shameless charlatans, who, by their presumption, wished to make more of themselves, and really did make more of themselves than they were."

Early in March.— Goethe mentioned at table that he had received a visit from Baron Carl von Spiegel, and that he had been pleased with him beyond measure.

"He is a very fine young man," said Goethe; "in his mien and manners he has something by which the nobleman is seen at once. He could as little dissemble his descent as any one could deny a higher intellect; for birth and intellect both give to him who once possesses them a stamp which no incognito can conceal. Like beauty, these are powers which one cannot approach without feeling that they are of a higher nature."

Some days later.— We talked of the tragic idea of Destiny among the Greeks.

"It no longer suits our way of thinking," said Goethe; "it is obsolete, and is also in contradiction with our religious views. If a modern poet introduces such antique ideas into a drama, it always has an air of affectation. It is a costume which is long since out of fashion, and which, like the Roman toga, no longer suits us.

"It is better for us moderns to say with Napoleon, 'Politics are Destiny.' But let us beware of saying, with our latest *literati*, that politics are poetry, or a suitable subject for the poet. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on the Seasons, but a very bad one on

Liberty, and that not from want of poetry in the poet, but from want of poetry in the subject.

"If a poet would work politically, he must give himself up to a party; and so soon as he does that, he is lost as a poet; he must bid farewell to his free spirit, his unbiased view, and draw over his ears the cap of bigotry and blind hatred.

"The poet, as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his POETIC powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. Therein is he like the eagle, who hovers with free gaze over whole countries, and to whom it is of no consequence whether the hare on which he pounces is running in Prussia or in Saxony.

"And, then, what is meant by love of one's country? what is meant by patriotic deeds? If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudices, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? how could he have acted more patriotically?

"To make such ungrateful and unsuitable demands upon a poet is just as if one required the captain of a regiment to show himself a patriot, by taking part in political innovations, and thus neglect his proper calling. The captain's country is his regiment, and he will show himself an excellent patriot by troubling himself about political matters only so far as they concern him, and bestowing all his mind and all his care on the battalions under him, trying so to train and discipline them, that they may do their duty if ever their native land should be in peril.

"I hate all bungling like sin, but most of all bungling in state affairs, which produces nothing but mischief to thousands and millions.

"You know that, on the whole, I care little what is written about me; but yet it comes to my ears, and I know well enough that, hard as I have toiled all my life, all my labors are as nothing in the eyes of certain people, just because I have disdained to mingle in political parties. To please such people I must have become a member of a

Jacobin club, and preached bloodshed and murder. However, not a word more upon this wretched subject, lest I become unwise in railing against folly."

In the same manner he blamed the political course, so much praised by others, of Uhland.

"Mind," said he, "the politician will devour the poet. To be a member of the states, and to live amid daily jostlings and excitements, is not for the delicate nature of a poet. His song will cease, and that is in some sort to be lamented. Swabia has plenty of men, sufficiently well educated, well meaning, able, and eloquent, to be members of the states, but only one poet of Uhland's class."

The last stranger whom Goethe entertained as his guest was the eldest son of Frau von Arnim; the last words he wrote were some verses in the album of this young friend.

The morning after Goethe's death, a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant, Frederic, opened for me the chamber in which he was laid out. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and security reigned in the features of his sublimely noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbor thoughts. I wished for a lock of his hair; but reverence prevented me from cutting it off. The body lay naked, only wrapped in a white sheet; large pieces of ice had been placed near it, to keep it fresh as long as possible. Frederic drew aside the sheet, and I was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart — there was a deep silence — and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.

END.

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